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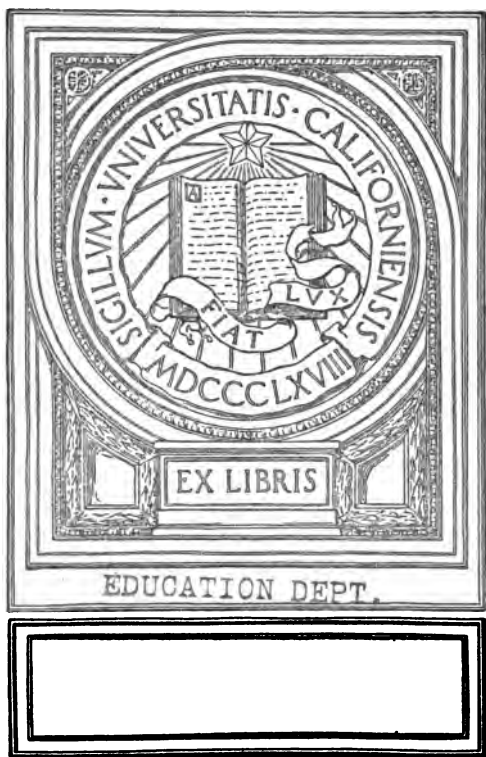
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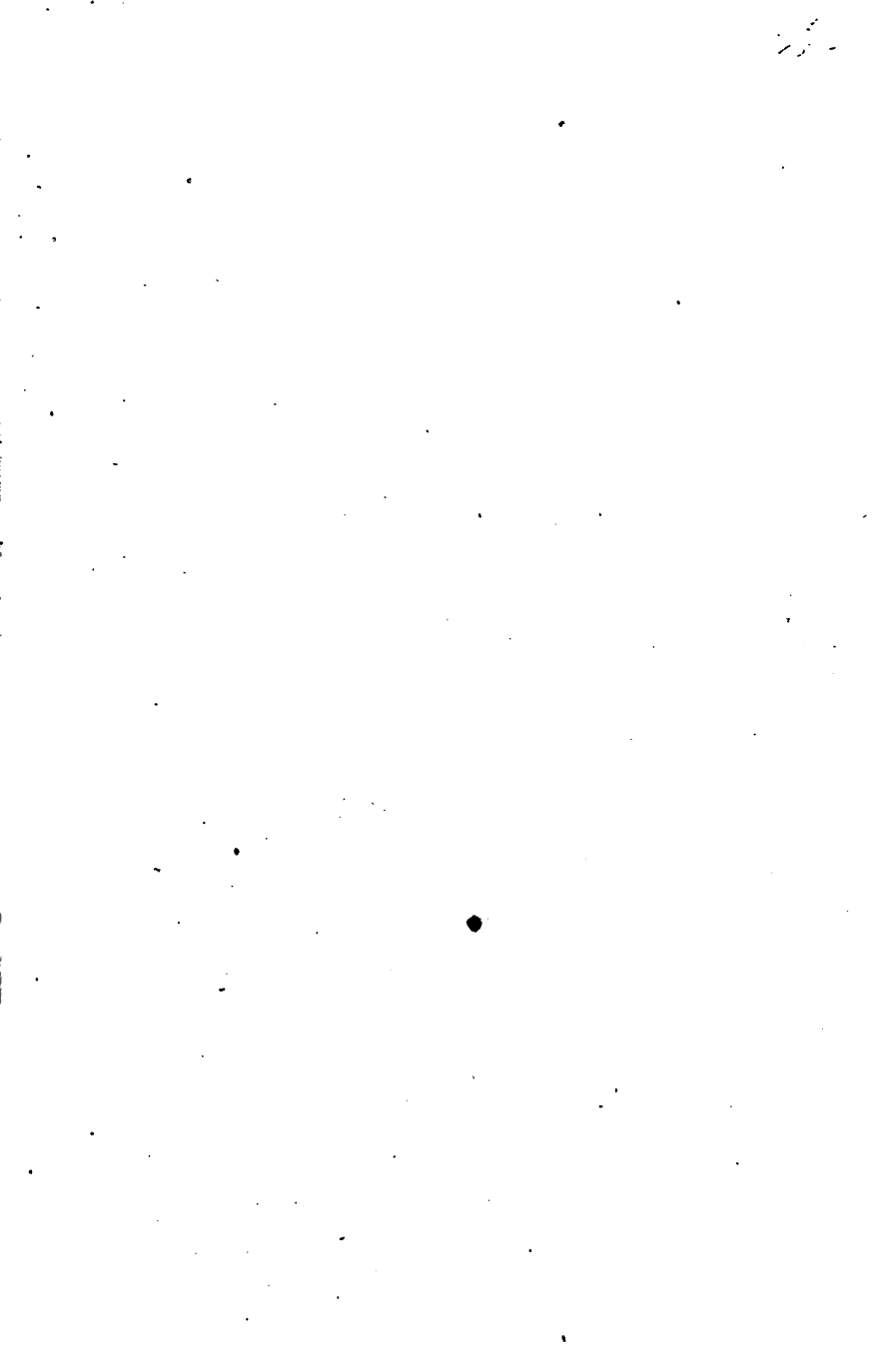
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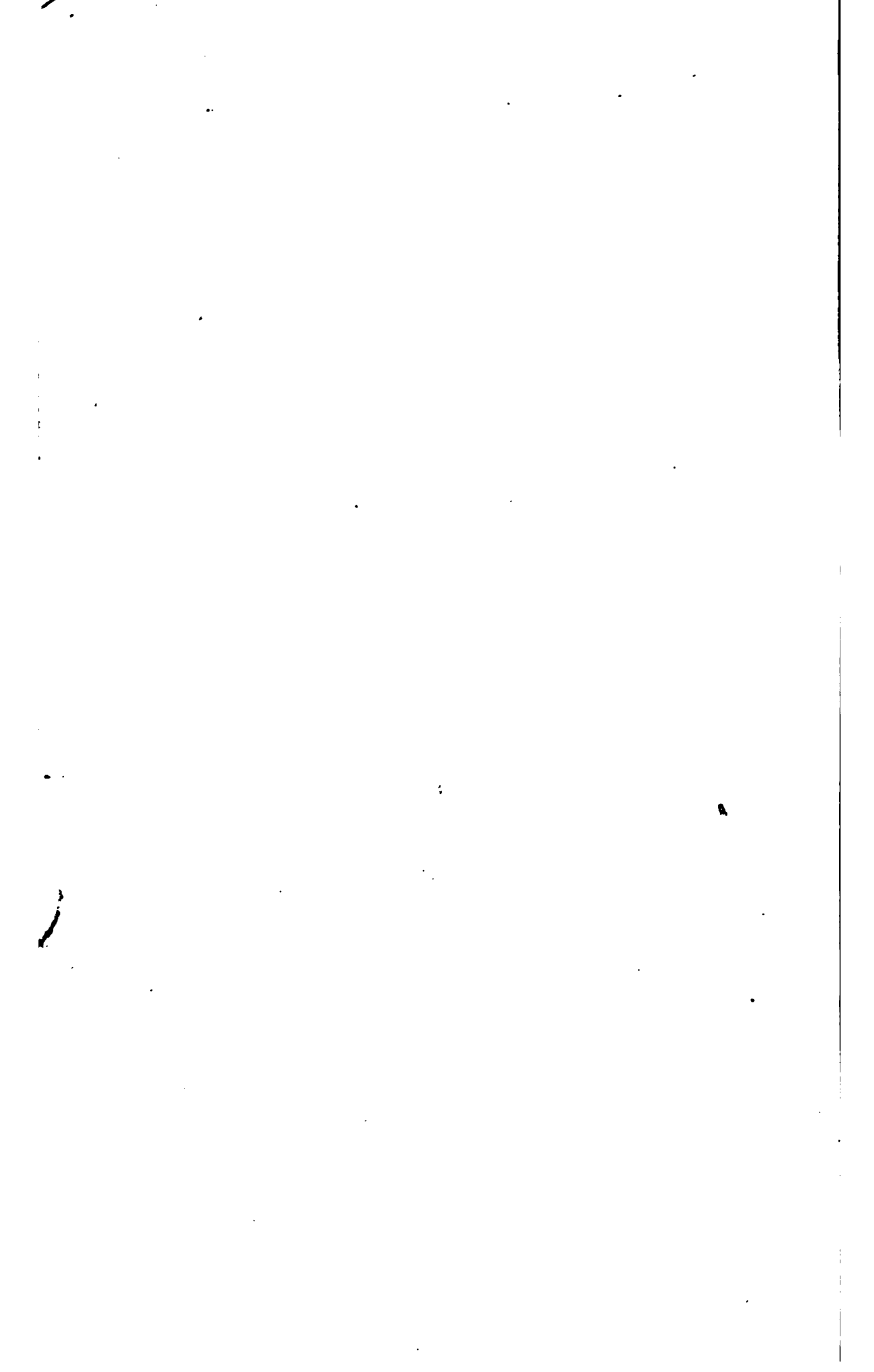
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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA
THE

BOOK OF ORATORY:

A NEW COLLECTION OF EXTRACTS IN

PROSE, POETRY, AND DIALOGUE,

CONTAINING SELECTIONS FROM

DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN AND ENGLISH ORATORS,
DIVINES, AND POETS;

OF WHICH

MANY ARE SPECIMENS OF THE ELOQUENCE OF STATESMEN OF THE
PRESENT DAY.

FOR THE USE OF COLLEGES, ACADEMIES, AND SCHOOLS.

BY EDWARD C. MARSHALL, M. A.

LATE INSTRUCTOR IN A MILITARY SCHOOL AT WEST POINT, IN GENEVA COLLEGE,
AND IN THE NEW YORK UNIVERSITY.

Nemo est orator, qui se Demosthenis similem esse nolit.

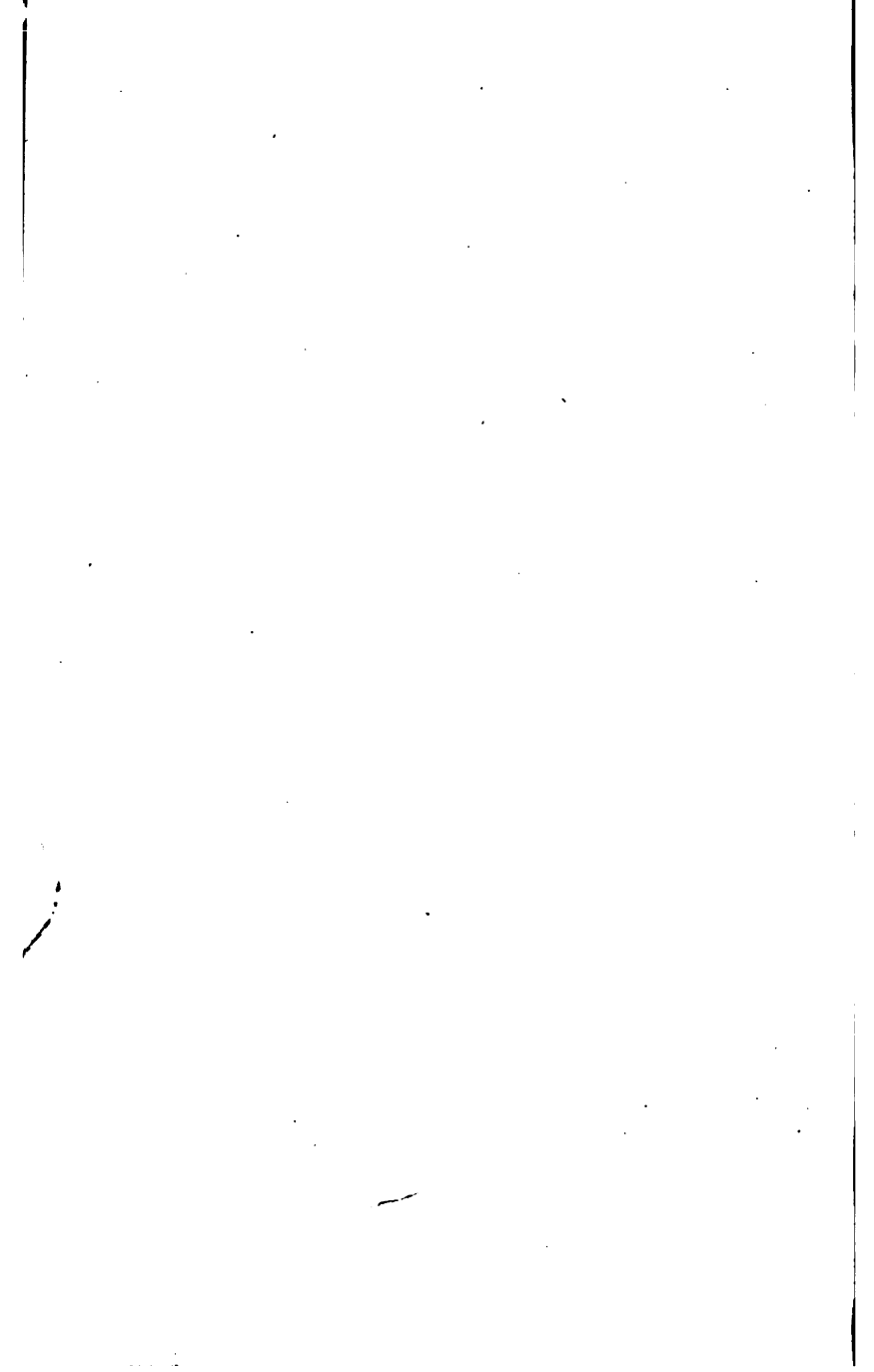
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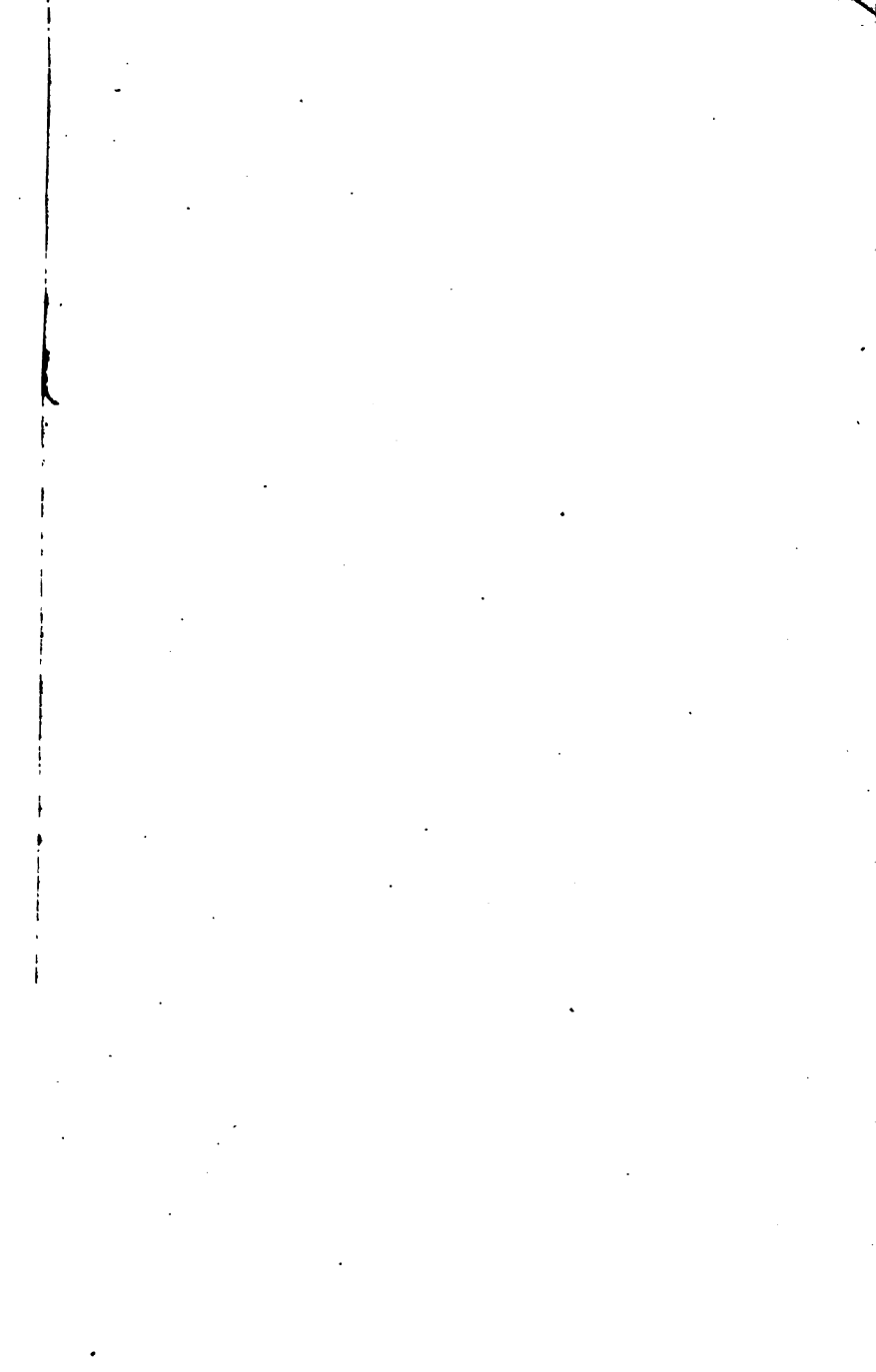
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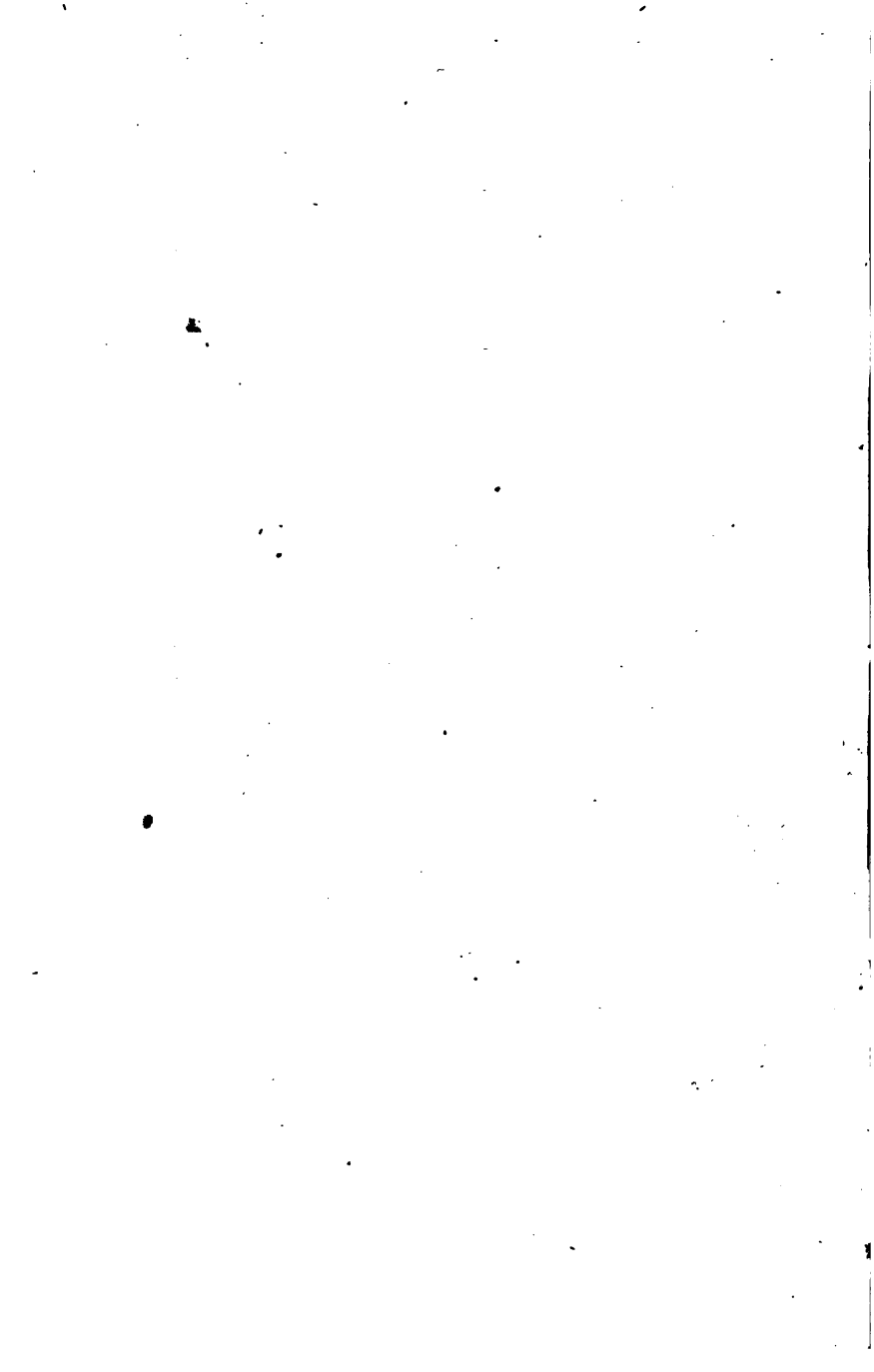
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1870.







PREFACE.

AN experience of eight years as an instructor of elocution, as well as of other branches, in a military school at West Point, in Geneva College, and in the discharge of duties, among which is the teaching of oratory in the department of History and Belles-Lettres of the New York Free Academy, having induced the belief that the selections in the leading books upon this subject are mostly too hackneyed to be used with great benefit in our colleges and schools, the determination was formed to prepare a collection of newer material, and the present volume is offered as the result of that undertaking. A great part of the selections which are here submitted to the public, appear for the first time in a book of this character; and an important feature of the work is to present specimens of the eloquence of the more recent living as well as deceased statesmen from all parts of the Union, which has not been attempted, it is believed, in any other similar collection.

The compiler's experience in the use of other works has been, also, that most of the articles are too long for the wants of students, and he has endeavored to digest the material here presented with great care, omitting all parts of the extracts which are unnecessary to the development of their leading ideas, or which would render them too prolix. Many of the best specimens of our literature will therefore be found so abridged, with special reference to their convenient length as exercises in oratory in colleges and schools, and, it is believed, without essentially marring their beauty. He trusts that his labor in select-

ing, abbreviating, and arranging the extracts, will be appreciated by instructors and students, as it is his own opinion that brevity, adaptation, and variety are the main requisites in a work like the present.

As to the amount of instruction in oratory which is generally given in our seminaries of learning, there can be but little doubt that the subject does not receive the attention which it merits. Very much can be done, by careful teaching in youth, in cultivating the habit of expressing one's ideas well by the lips; and oratory is a more important branch of study, and more efficient means of educational *training*, than it has of late been considered. The greatest masters of eloquence whom the world has ever seen, flourished among the ancients, with whom education consisted so much in the study and practice of oratory, that it formed, in their schools, almost the main object of instruction. Other studies, indeed, as philosophy, mathematics, science, and history were pursued, but they were chiefly *subordinate to oratory*. The most accurate division of labor prevailed in oratorical instruction, one rhetorician giving his whole attention to vocal force, another to modulation, and another to inflections. No man could hope for distinction among them, in the camp or forum, without oratorical skill. Their generals ruled as well by the rhetorical talent they had acquired in youth, as by military sway. All their great men submitted to long and laborious discipline to attain a mastery of this art. They practised frequently before their equals, and before their teachers, who criticised, reproved, rebuked, excited emulation, and left nothing undone which perseverance could accomplish.* Cicero passed nearly thirty years in the study of oratory under the chief masters of his time. The story of Demosthenes is well known; and Cicero, Quintilian, Isocrates, Aristotle, and others have left treatises upon the best modes of oratorical instruction, which give evidence of the attention bestowed upon it.

* See an article by William Wirt, p. 157.

Such was the importance ascribed by the ancients to practice *in expressing their own thoughts in their mother tongue* as a means of education ; but, in later times, other subjects have been cultivated at the expense of a proper attention to our own language. The recent discussions, however, in the leading reviews of England, and the popular demand in this country, show that the study of the English language, in its origin, its synonyms, and, above all, by practice in its use in writing and speaking, is destined henceforth to become an important feature in education. Such study will make practical, ready, and thinking men in a greater degree than is possible under other systems. Of this practice in the use of the English language, oratory forms a valuable part. Exercises in oratory, under the criticism of an instructor, tend even more than the study of mathematics and the languages to discipline all the mental faculties in harmonious proportion. Such exercises impart power of thought, cultivate enunciation and pronunciation, store the memory with a rich fund of words, develop a knowledge of our own language, and in every manner give a readiness in originating and expressing ideas.

The system of rehearsals adopted in the Free Academy is, it is believed, unlike any which prevails in our colleges, and, for excellence, is probably surpassed by no other. The instructor gives each student, individually, careful discipline upon the speech which he is to recite, explaining its meaning, correcting his faults of enunciation, pronunciation, emphasis, gesticulation, or other errors, and imparting a delivery which shall give the most perfect expression of the ideas that are to be conveyed. During the first part of his period of study the pupil gives recitations of extracts, which exercise receives a searching criticism at the rehearsals ; and in the latter portion of his course, he delivers original orations and discussions, subject to the same discipline. There can be but little doubt that if this system shall be fully carried out, it will furnish more finished speakers and writers

and well-disciplined thinkers than can be produced if undue prominence is given to other branches of study.

The compiler of this volume acknowledges his indebtedness to the Honorable Messrs. Cass, Benton, Berrien, Butler, Hunter, Seward, Dickinson, Winthrop, Jefferson Davis, Hilliard, and Mayor Seaton, of Washington, for valuable assistance in furnishing and collecting speeches for his use, of which he has fully availed himself.

For an able discussion of the principles of oratory, he refers to the work of the Rev. Henry Mandeville, D. D., which may be obtained from the enterprising publishers of this collection.

An abridgment, styled "The First Book of Oratory," containing about one-half of the extracts here presented, has been prepared for the use of schools, and of those persons who wish a volume of moderate price.

NEW YORK FREE ACADEMY, APRIL, 1851

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THE
PRACTICAL AND COMPREHENSIVE
BOOK OF ORATORY.

SELECTIONS IN PROSE,

1. THE PERFECT ORATOR.

IMAGINE to yourselves a Demosthenes addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world, upon a point whereon the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended.—How awful such a meeting! How vast the subject! Is man possessed of talents adequate to the great occasion? Adequate?—yes, superior. By the power of his eloquence, the augustness of the assembly is lost in the dignity of the orator; and the importance of the subject for a while superseded, by the admiration of his talents. With what strength of argument, with what powers of the fancy, with what emotions of the heart, does he assault and subjugate the whole man, and, at once, captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passions! To effect this, must be the utmost effort of the most improved state of human nature.—Not a faculty that he possesses is here unemployed; not a faculty that he possesses but is here exerted to its highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work; all his external testify their energies. Within, the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the passions, are all busy; without, every muscle, every nerve, is exerted; not a feature, not a limb, but speaks. The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind, through the kindred organs of the hearers, instantaneously, as it were with an electrical spirit, vibrate those energies from soul to soul.—Notwithstanding the diversity of minds in such a multitude, by the lightning of eloquence, they are melted into one mass—the whole assembly, actuated in one and the same way, become, as it were, but one man, and have but one voice. The universal cry is—"Let us march against Philip—let us fight for our liberties—let us conquer—or die."

ANONYMOUS.

2. REPLY TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

MY LORDS—I am amazed ; yes, my Lords, I am amazed at his grace's speech. The noble duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer, who owes his seat in this house to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honorable to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident ? To all these noble lords the language of the noble duke is as applicable and as insulting as it is to myself. But I do not fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do ; but, my lords, I must say, that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage.

Nay, more—I can say, and will say, that as a peer of parliament, as speaker of this right honorable house, as keeper of the great seal, as guardian of his majesty's conscience, as lord high chancellor of England, nay, even in that character alone, in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered, but which character none can deny *me*—as a MAN, I am, at this time, as much respected as the proudest peer I now look down upon.

THURLOW.

3. ORATORY, AN ART.

ONE cause of our not excelling in oratory is our neglecting to cultivate the art of speaking—of speaking our own language. We acquire the power of expressing our ideas almost insensibly ; we consider it as a thing that is natural to us ; we do not regard it as an art : it is an art, a difficult art, an intricate art ; and our ignorance of that circumstance, or our omitting to give it due consideration, is the cause of our deficiency.

In the infant, just beginning to articulate, you will observe every inflection that is recognized in the most accurate treatise on elocution ; you will observe, further, an exact proportion in its several cadences, and a speaking expression in its tones. I say, you will observe these things in almost every infant. Select a dozen men, men of education, erudition ; ask them to read a piece of animated composition—you will be fortunate if you find one in the dozen that can raise or depress his voice, inflect or modulate it, as the variety of the subject requires. What has become of the inflections, the cadences, and the mod-

ulation of the infant? They have not been exercised; they have been neglected; they have never been put into the hands of the artist, that he might apply them to their proper use; they have been laid aside, spoiled, abused; and, ten to one, they will never be good for any thing!

J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES

4. THE VALUE OF ORATORY.

THE principal means of communicating our ideas are two—speech and writing. The former is the parent of the latter; it is the more important, and its highest efforts are called *oratory*.

If we consider the very early period at which we begin to exercise the faculty of speech, and the frequency with which we exercise it, it must be a subject of surprise that so few excel in oratory. In any enlightened community you will find numbers who are highly skilled in some particular art or science, to the study of which they did not apply themselves till they had almost arrived at the stage of manhood. Yet, with regard to the powers of speech, those powers which the very second year of our existence generally calls into action, the exercise of which goes on at our sports, our studies, our walks, our very meals; and which is never long suspended, except at the hour of refreshing sleep,—with regard to those powers, how few surpass their fellow-creatures of common information and moderate attainments! how very few deserve distinction! how rarely does one attain to eminence!

In common conversation, observe the advantage which the fluent speaker enjoys over the man that hesitates and stumbles in discourse. With half his information, he has twice his importance; he commands the respect of his auditors; he instructs and gratifies them. In the general transactions of business the same superiority attends him. He communicates his views with clearness, precision, and effect; he carries his point by his mere readiness; he concludes his treaty before another man would have well set about it. Does he plead the cause of friendship?—how happy is his friend! Of charity?—how fortunate is the distressed! Should he enter the legislature of his country, he approves himself the people's bulwark!

J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

5. VINDICATION FROM CALUMNY.

MR LORDS—What have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence, which you are here to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have *that* to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored (as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country) to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your minds can be so free from impurity as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court, constituted and trammelled as this is. I only wish, and it is the utmost I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories, untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbor to shelter it from the storm by which it is at present buffeted. Was I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of that law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere; whether in the sentence of the court, or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. A man in my situation, my lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice. The *man* dies, but his *memory* lives: that mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port,—when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold, and in the field, in defence of their country and of virtue, *this* is my hope: I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High,—which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest,—which

sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow, who believes or doubts a little more or a little less than the government standard,—a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans, and the tears of the widows which it has made.

I appeal to the immaculate God, I swear by the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear, by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me, that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of their cure, and the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travailed; and that I confidently and assuredly hope that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noblest enterprise. Of this I speak with the confidence of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my lord, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness; a man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie, will not hazard his character with posterity by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my lords; a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated, will not leave a weapon in the power of envy, nor a pretence to impeach the probity which he means to preserve, even in the grave to which tyranny consigns him.

ROBERT EMMET.

6. THE SAME.—PART SECOND.

I AM charged with being an emissary of France! An emissary of France! And for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country! And for what end? Was this the object of my ambition! And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No, I am no emissary; and my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country; not in power, nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement! Sell my country's independence to France! And for what? Was it for a change of masters? No! But for ambition. O, my country, was it personal ambition that could influence me! Had it been the soul of my actions, could I not, by my education and fortune, by the

rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself among the proudest of my oppressors? My country was my idol; to it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up my life. O God! No, my lord; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, which is its joint partner and perpetrator in the parricide, for the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendor and of conscious depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly riveted despotism.

I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth; I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world. I wished to procure for my country the guarantee which Washington procured for America. To procure an aid which, by its example, would be as important as its valor; disciplined, gallant, pregnant with science and experience; who would perceive the good, and polish the rough points of our character; they would come to us as strangers, and leave us as friends, after sharing in our perils and elevating our destiny. These were my objects, not to receive new task-masters, but to expel old tyrants; these were my views, and these only became Irishmen. It was for these ends I sought aid from France, because France, even as an enemy, could not be more implacable than the enemy already in the bosom of my country.

ROBERT EMMET.

7. THE SAME.—PART THIRD.

LET no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor! let no man attain my memory, by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or, that I could have become the pliant minion of power, in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen. The proclamation of the provisional government speaks for our views; no inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation, or treachery from abroad; I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the foreign and domestic oppressor. In the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse.

Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence,—am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent or repel it? No—God forbid!

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life, O ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life!

My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice; the blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven. Be yet patient! I have but a few words more to say; I am going to my cold and silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world: it is the charity of its silence! Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no man who knows my motives dare *now* vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written.

ROBERT EMMET.

8. DEFENCE OF SMITH O'BRIEN.

(Delivered during the recent rebellion in Ireland.)

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN, my client, now stands at the bar of his country to answer for having meant to subvert the constitution which in heart he adores. His true offence is, that he courted for *you* what is England's glory, and blessing, and pride. Deeply he may have erred in pursuit of this daring object; will you avenge his misdirected patriotism by a dreadful death?

You may do so; and no earthly inducement will tempt me

to say, if you pronounce the awful sentence of guilty, that you have not given the verdict conscience commanded. If his countrymen condemn him, he will be ready to meet his fate with the faith of a Christian, and with the firmness of a man. The last accents of his lips will breathe a prayer for Ireland's happiness, Ireland's constitutional freedom. The dread moment that shall precede his mortal agonies will be consoled, if through his sufferings and his sacrifice some system of government shall arise—which I aver has never existed—just, comprehensive, impartial, and, above all, consistent, which may conduct to wealth, prosperity, and greatness the country he has loved, not wisely, perhaps, but too well.

In no pitiful strains do I seek compassion for my client, even in a case of blood. I ask it solemnly, in the spirit of our free constitution, in accordance with the rooted principles of our common law. This is a cause between the subject and the crown, wherein these great principles might shine out in glorious perfection. A verdict of acquittal, in accordance with this divine doctrine, will not be a triumph over the law. When the sovereign seals, by her coronation oath, the great compact between the people and the crown, she swears to execute, in all her judgments, justice in mercy. That same justice you administer; no rigorous, remorseless, sanguinary code, but justice in mercy.

In nothing, though at an immeasurable distance still, do men on earth so nearly approach the attribute of the Almighty as in the administration of justice tempered with mercy, or dismal would be our fate. As you hope for mercy from the Great Judge, grant it this day! The awful issues of life and death are in your hands; do justice in mercy! The last faint murmur on your quivering lips will be for mercy, ere the immortal spirit shall wing its flight to, I trust, a better and brighter world!

WHITESIDE.

9. VINDICATION FROM TREASON.

(Delivered during the recent rebellion in Ireland.)

MY LORDS,—It is my intention to say a few words only. I desire that the last act of a proceeding which has occupied so much of the public time should be of short duration. Nor have I the indelicate wish to close the dreary ceremony of a State prosecution with a vain display of words. Did I fear that hereafter, when I shall be no more, the country I have tried to serve

would think ill of me, I might indeed avail myself of this solemn moment to vindicate my sentiments and my conduct. But I have no such fear. In speaking thus, accuse me not, my lords, of an indecorous presumption. To the efforts I have made in a just and a noble cause, I ascribe no vain importance; nor do I claim for those efforts any high reward. But it so happens, and it will ever happen so, that they who have tried to serve their country, no matter how weak the effort may have been, are sure to receive the thanks and blessings of its people. With my country, then, I leave my memory, my sentiments, my acts—proudly feeling that they require no vindication from me this day. A jury of my countrymen, it is true, have found me guilty of the crime of which I stood indicted. For this I entertain not the slightest feeling of resentment towards them: influenced by the charge of the Lord Chief Justice, they could have found no other verdict. What of the charge? Any strong observation on it, I feel sincerely, would ill befit the solemnity of this scene; but I would earnestly beseech of you, my lord,—you who preside on that bench,—when the passions and the prejudices of this hour have passed away, to appeal to your own conscience, and ask of it, Was your charge as it ought to be—impartial and indifferent between the subject and the crown? My lords, you may deem this language unbecoming in me, and perhaps it may seal my fate. But I am here to speak the truth, whatever it may cost. I am here to regret nothing I have ever done—to retract nothing I have ever said. I am here to crave with no lying lip the life I consecrate to the liberty of my country. Far from it: even here,—here where the thief, the libertine, the murderer, have left their footprints in the dust,—here on this spot, where the shadows of death surround me, and from which I see my early grave in an unappointed soil opened to receive me,—even here, encircled by these terrors, the hope which has beckoned me to the perilous sea upon which I have been wrecked, still consoles, animates, enraptures me.

T. F. MEAGHER.

10. THE SAME.—PART SECOND.

No, I do not despair of my poor old country—her peace, her liberty, her glory. For that country I can do no more than bid her hope. To lift this island up, to make her a benefactor, instead of being the meanest beggar in the world; to

restore to her her native powers and her ancient constitution ;— this has been my ambition, and this ambition has been my crime. Judged by the law of England, I know this crime entails the penalty of death ; but the history of Ireland explains this crime and justifies it. Judged by that history, I am no criminal ; you are no criminal ; you are no criminal : I deserve no punishment ; we deserve no punishment. Judged by that history, the treason of which I stand convicted loses all its guilt ; is sanctified as a duty ; will be ennobled as a sacrifice. With these sentiments, my lord, I await the sentence of the court—having done what I felt to be my duty, having spoken what I felt to be the truth, as I have done on every other occasion of my short career. I now bid farewell to the country of my birth, my passion, and my death,—the country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies, whose factions I have sought to still, whose intellect I have prompted to a lofty aim, whose freedom has been my fatal dream. I offer to that country as a proof of the love I bear her, and the sincerity with which I thought, and spoke, and struggled for her freedom, the life of a young heart ; and with that life all the hopes, the honors, the endearments, of an honorable home. Pronounce, then, my lords, the sentence which the law directs, and I will be prepared to hear it. I trust I shall be prepared to meet its execution. I hope to be able, with a pure heart, and a perfect composure, to appear before a higher tribunal—a tribunal where a Judge of infinite goodness, as well as of justice, will preside, and where, my lords, many, many of the judgments of this world will be reversed.

T. F. MEAGHER

11. THE INDIAN, AS HE WAS AND IS.

Nor many generations ago, where you now sit, circled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer ; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate.

Here the wigwam-blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, the council-fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they

paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and when the tiger-strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshipped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in every thing around.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant.

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast dying to the untrodden West. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever.

G. SPRAGUE.

12. SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

(These parts may be spoken together or separately.)

SORROW for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal: every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open: this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother that would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, and he

feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept consolation that was to be bought by forgetfulness? No; the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud even over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No; there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song: there is a recollection of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error; covers every defect; extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that ever he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!

WASHINGTON IRVING.

13. THE SAME.—PART SECOND.

THE grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy: there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene: the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs: its noiseless attendance: its mute, watchful assiduities: the last testimonies of expiring love: the feeble, fluttering, thrilling (Oh! how thrilling!) pressure of the hand: the last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence: the faint, faltering accents struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unregarded, of that being who can never, never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent ; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth ; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged in thought, word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee ; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet ; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul : then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear : more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave ; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret ; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

14. THE DESTINY OF AMERICA.

WE stand the latest, and, if we fail, probably the last, experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppressions of tyranny. Our constitutions have never been enfeebled by the vices or luxuries of the Old World. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning ; simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government and self-respect. The Atlantic rolls between us and any formidable foe.

Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude and longitude, we have the choice of many products, and many means of independence. The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach, every home. What fairer prospects of success could be presented ? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end ? What more is necessary than for the people to preserve what they themselves have created ?

Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions.

It has already ascended the Andes, and snuffed the breezes of both oceans. It has infused itself into the life-blood of Europe, and warmed the sunny plains of France, and the lowlands of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of Germany and the North, and, moving onward to the South, has opened to Greece the lessons of her better days.

Can it be that America, under such circumstances, can betray herself? that she is to be added to the catalogue of republics, the inscription upon whose ruins is, "They were, but they are not?" Forbid it, my countrymen; forbid it, Heaven!

JOSEPH STORY.

15. THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF AMERICA.

THE Old World has already revealed to us, in its unsealed books, the beginning and end of all its own marvellous struggles in the cause of liberty. Greece, lovely Greece, "the land of scholars and the nurse of arms," where sister republics in fair procession chanted the praises of liberty and the gods,—where and what is she? For two thousand years the oppressor has bound her to the earth. Her arts are no more. The last sad relics of her temples are but the barracks of a ruthless soldiery; the fragments of her columns and her palaces are in the dust, yet beautiful in ruin. She fell not when the mighty were upon her. Her sons were united at Thermopylæ and Marathon; and the tide of her triumph rolled back upon the Heliespont. She was conquered by her own factions. She fell by the hands of her own people. The man of Macedonia did not the work of destruction. It was already done, by her own corruptions, banishments, and dissensions.

Rome, republican Rome, whose eagles glanced in the rising and setting sun,—where and what is she? The Eternal City yet remains, proud even in her desolation, noble in her decline, venerable in the majesty of religion, and calm as in the composure of death. The malaria has but travelled in the paths worn by her destroyers. More than eighteen centuries have mourned over the loss of her empire. A mortal disease was upon her vitals before Cæsar had crossed the Rubicon. The Goths, and Vandals, and Huns, the swarms of the North, completed only what was already begun at home. Romans betrayed Rome. The legions were bought and sold, but the people offered the tribute-money.

When we reflect on what has been, and is, how is it possible

not to feel a profound sense of the responsibility of this republic to all future ages! What vast motives press upon us for lofty efforts! What brilliant prospects invite our enthusiasm! What solemn warnings at once demand our vigilance, and moderate our confidence!

JOSEPH STORY.

16. THE INDIAN TRIBES.

THE Indians allowed us to abide by our own council-fires, and to govern ourselves as we chose, when they could either have dispossessed or subjugated us at pleasure. We did remain, and we gradually waxed rich and strong. We wanted more land, and they sold it to us at our own price. Still, we were not satisfied. There was room enough to the West, and we advised them to move further back. If they took our advice, well. If not, we knew how to enforce it. And where are those once terrible nations now? Driven, alternately, by purchase and by conquest, from river to river, and from mountain to mountain, they have disappeared with their own gigantic forests; and we, their enlightened heirs at law, and the sword, now plough up their bones with as much indifference as we do their arrows. Shall I name the Mohegans, the Pequots, the Iroquois, and the Mohawks? What has become of them, and of a hundred other independent nations which dwelt on this side of the Mississippi when we landed at Plymouth and at Jamestown? Here and there, as at Penobscot, and Marshpee, and Oneida, you may see a diminutive and downcast remnant, wandering, like troubled ghosts, among the graves of their mighty progenitors. Our trinkets, our threats, our arms, our whiskey, our bribes, and our vices, have all but annihilated those vast physical and intellectual energies of a native population, which, for more than a hundred and fifty years, could make us quake and flee at pleasure, throughout all our northern, western, and southern borders. Gone is the mighty warrior, the terrible avenger, the heart-bursting orator! Gone is the terror and glory of his nation; and gone forever, from our elder states, are the red men, who, like Saul and Jonathan, "were swifter than eagles, and stronger than lions;" and who, with the light and advantages which we enjoy, might have rivalled us in wealth and power, in the senate and forum, as I am sure that they would have surpassed us in magnanimity and justice.

DR. H. HUMPHREY

17. THE MEMORY OF THE GOOD.

WHY is it that the names of Howard, and Thornton, and Clarkson, and Wilberforce, will be held in everlasting remembrance? Is it not chiefly on account of their goodness, their Christian philanthropy, the overflowing and inexhaustible benevolence of their great minds? Such men feel that they were not born for themselves, nor for the narrow circle of their kindred and acquaintances, but for the world and for posterity. They delight in doing good on a great scale. Their talents, their property, their time, their knowledge, and experience, and influence, they hold in constant requisition for the benefit of the poor, the oppressed, and the perishing. You may trace them along the whole pathway of life, by the blessings which they scatter far and wide. They may be likened to yon noble river, which carries gladness and fertility from state to state, through all the length of that rejoicing valley, which it was made to bless,—or to those summer showers which pour gladness and plenty over all the regions that they visit, till they melt away into the glorious effulgence of the setting sun.

Such a man was Howard, the prisoner's friend. Christian philanthropy was the element in which he lived and moved, and out of which life would have been intolerable. It was to him that kings listened with astonishment, as if doubtful from what world of pure disinterestedness he had come. To him despair opened her dungeons, and plague and pestilence could summon no terrors to arrest his investigations. In his presence, crime, though girt with the iron panoply of desperation, stood amazed and rebuked. With him home was nothing, country was nothing, health was nothing, life was nothing. His first and last question was, "What is the utmost that I can do for degraded, depraved, bleeding humanity, in all her prison-houses?" And what wonders did he accomplish! what astonishing changes in the whole system of prison discipline may be traced back to his disclosures and suggestions, and how many millions, yet to be born, will rise up and call him blessed! Away, all ye Cæsars and Napoleons, to your own dark and frightful domains of slaughter and misery! Ye can no more endure the light of such a godlike presence, than the eye, already inflamed to torture by dissipation, can look the sun in the face at noonday.

DR. H. HUMPHREY

18. THE PATRIOT'S AMBITION.

I HAVE been accused of ambition in presenting this measure. Ambition! inordinate ambition! If I had thought of myself only, I should have never brought it forward. I know well the perils to which I expose myself; the risk of alienating faithful and valued friends, with but little prospect of making new ones, if any new ones could compensate for the loss of those whom we have long tried and loved; and the honest misconceptions both of friends and foes. Ambition! If I had listened to its soft and seducing whispers; if I had yielded myself to the dictates of a cold, calculating, and prudential policy, I would have stood still and unmoved. I might even have silently gazed on the raging storm, enjoyed its loudest thunders, and left those who are charged with the care of the vessel of state, to conduct it as they could. I have been heretofore often unjustly accused of ambition. Low, grovelling souls, who are utterly incapable of elevating themselves to the higher and nobler duties of pure patriotism—beings who, forever keeping their own selfish aims in view, decide all public measures by their presumed influence on their aggrandizement—judge me by the venal rule which they prescribe to themselves. I have given to the winds those false accusations, as I consign that which now impeaches my motives. I have no desire for office, not even the highest. The most exalted is but a prison, in which the incarcerated incumbent daily receives his cold, heartless visitants, marks his weary hours, and is cut off from the practical enjoyment of all the blessings of genuine freedom. I am no candidate for any office in the gift of the people of these states, united or separated; I never wish, never expect to be. Pass this bill, tranquillize the country, restore confidence and affection in the Union, and I am willing to go home to Ashland, and renounce public service forever. I should there find, in its groves, under its shades, on its lawns, amidst my flocks and herds, in the bosom of my family, sincerity and truth, attachment, and fidelity, and gratitude, which I have not always found in the walks of public life. Yes, I have ambition; but it is the ambition of being the humble instrument, in the hands of Providence, to reconcile a divided people; once more to revive concord and harmony in a distracted land; the pleasing ambition of contemplating the glorious spectacle of a free, united, prosperous, and fraternal people!

HENRY CLAY.

19. THE CONSEQUENCES OF DISUNION.

SOUTH CAROLINA must perceive the embarrassments of her situation. She must be desirous—it is unnatural to suppose that she is not—to remain in the Union.

What! a state whose heroes in its gallant ancestry fought so many glorious battles along with those of the other states of this Union—a state with which this confederacy is linked by bonds of such a powerful character!

I have sometimes fancied what would be her condition if she goes out of this Union! if her five hundred thousand people should at once be thrown upon their own resources. She is out of the Union. What is the consequence? She is an independent power. What then does she do? She must have armies and fleets, and an expensive government—have foreign missions—she must raise taxes—enact this very tariff, which had driven her out of the Union, in order to enable her to raise money, and to sustain the attitude of an independent power. If she should have no force, no navy to protect her, she would be exposed to piratical incursions. Her neighbor, St. Domingo, might pour down a horde of pirates on her borders, and desolate her plantations. She must have her embassies, therefore must she have a revenue.

But I will not dwell on this topic any longer. I say it is utterly impossible that South Carolina ever desired, for a moment, to become a separate and independent state. I would repeat that, under all the circumstances of the case, the condition of South Carolina is only one of the elements of a combination, the whole of which together, constitutes a motive of action which renders it expedient to resort, during the present session of Congress, to some measure, in order to quiet and tranquillize the country.

If there be any who want civil war—who want to see the blood of any portion of our countrymen spilt, I am not one of them: I wish to see war of no kind; but, above all, do I not desire to see a civil war. When war begins, whether civil or foreign, no human foresight is competent to foresee when, or how, or where it is to terminate. But when a civil war shall be lighted up in the bosom of our own happy land, and armies are marching, and commanders are winning their victories, and fleets are in motion on our coast,—tell me, if you can, tell me if any human being can tell, its duration? God alone knows where such a war will end.

HENRY CLAY

20. THE UNION.

I do not desire to see the lustre of one single star dimmed, of that glorious confederacy which constitutes our political sun; still less do I wish to see it blotted out, and its light obliterated forever. Has not the state of South Carolina been one of the members of this Union in "days that tried men's souls?" Have not her ancestors fought alongside our ancestors? Have we not, conjointly, won together many a glorious battle? If we had to go into a civil war with such a state, how would it terminate? Whenever it should have terminated, what would be her condition? If she should ever return to the Union, what would be the condition of her feelings and affections? what the state of the heart of her people? She has been with us before, when our ancestors mingled in the throng of battle; and as I hope our posterity will mingle with hers, for ages and centuries to come, in the united defence of liberty, and for the honor and glory of the Union, I do not wish to see her degraded or defaced as a member of this confederacy.

In conclusion, allow me to entreat and implore each individual member of this body to bring into the consideration of this measure, which I have had the honor of proposing, the same love of country, which, if I know myself, has actuated me, and the same desire of restoring harmony to the Union, which has prompted this effort. If we can forget for a moment—but that would be asking too much of human nature—if we could suppress, for one moment, party feelings and party causes—and, as I stand here before my God, I declare I have looked beyond these considerations, and regarded only the vast interests of this united people—I should hope, that under such feelings, and with such dispositions, we may advantageously proceed to the consideration of this bill, and heal, before they are yet bleeding, the wounds of our distracted country.

HENRY CLAY.

21. TAXATION FOR WAR.

If taxes should become necessary, I do not hesitate to say the people will pay cheerfully. It is for their government and their cause; and would be their interest and duty to pay. But it may be, and, I believe, was said, that the nation will not pay

taxes, because the rights violated are not worth defending; or that the defence will cost more than the profit.

Sir, I here enter my solemn protest against this low and "calculating avarice" entering this hall of legislation. It is only fit for shops and counting-houses, and ought not to disgrace the seat of sovereignty by its squalid and vile appearance. Whenever it touches sovereign power, the nation is ruined. It is too short-sighted to defend itself. It is an unpromising spirit, always ready to yield a part to save the balance. It is too timid to have in itself the laws of self-preservation. It is never safe but under the shield of honor. Sir, I only know of one principle to make a nation great, to produce in this country not the form but real spirit of union, and that is, to protect every citizen in the lawful pursuit of his business. He will then feel that he is backed by the government; that its arm is his arms, and will rejoice in its increased strength and prosperity. Protection and patriotism are reciprocal. This is the road that all great nations have trod. Sir, I am not versed in this calculating policy, and will not, therefore, pretend to estimate in dollars and cents the value of national independence or national affection. I cannot dare to measure in shillings and pence the misery, the stripes, and the slavery of our impressed seamen; nor even to value our shipping, commercial, and agricultural losses under the orders in council and the British system of blockade. I hope I have not condemned any prudent estimate of the means of a country, before it enters on a war. This is wisdom; the other, folly.

JOHN C CALHOUN.

22. STATE RIGHTS.

THIS bill proceeds on the ground that the entire sovereignty of this country belongs to the American people, as forming one great community, and regards the states as mere fractions or counties, and not as an integral part of the Union.

It has been said that it declares war against South Carolina. No! It decrees a massacre of her citizens! War has something ennobling about it, and, with all its horrors, brings into action the highest qualities, intellectual and moral. It was, perhaps, in the order of Providence, that it should be permitted for that very purpose. But this bill declares no war, except, indeed, it be that which savages wage; a war, not against the

community, but the citizens of whom that community is composed. But I regard it as worse than savage warfare—as an attempt to take away life, under the color of law, without the trial by jury, or any other safeguard which the constitution has thrown around the life of the citizen! It authorizes the President, or even his deputies, when they may suppose the law to be violated, without the intervention of a court or jury, to kill without mercy or discrimination.

It has been said by the senator from Tennessee to be a measure of peace! Yes, such peace as the wolf gives to the lamb—the kite to the dove! Such peace as Russia gives to Poland, or death to its victim! A peace by extinguishing the political existence of the state, by awing her into an abandonment of the exercise of every power which constitutes her a sovereign community! It is to South Carolina a question of self-preservation; and I proclaim it, that, should this bill pass, and an attempt be made to enforce it, it will be resisted, at every hazard—even that of death itself! Death is not the greatest calamity; there are others, still more terrible to the free and brave, and among them may be placed the loss of liberty and honor. There are thousands of her brave sons who, if need be, are prepared cheerfully to lay down their lives in defence of the state, and the great principles of constitutional liberty for which she is contending. God forbid that this should become necessary! It never can be, unless this government is resolved to bring the question to extremity; when her gallant sons will stand prepared to perform the last duty—to die nobly!

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

23. EULOGY UPON JOHN C. CALHOUN.

SIR, the eloquence of Mr. Calhoun, or the manner of his exhibition of his sentiments in public bodies, was part of his intellectual character. It grew out of the qualities of his mind. It was plain, strong, terse, condensed, concise; sometimes impassioned—still, always severe. Rejecting ornament, not often seeking far for illustration, his power consisted in the plainness of his propositions, in the closeness of his logic, and in the earnestness and energy of his manner. These are the qualities, as I think, which have enabled him through such a long course of years to speak often, and yet always command attention.

His demeanor as a senator is known to us all—is appreciated, venerated by us all. No man was more respectful to others; no man carried himself with greater decorum, no man with superior dignity. I think there is not one of us but felt when he last addressed us from his seat in the Senate—his form still erect, with a voice by no means indicating such a degree of physical weakness as did, in fact, possess him, with clear tones, and an impressive, and, I may say, an imposing manner,—who did not feel that he might imagine that he saw before us a senator of Rome, when Rome survived.

/ Mr. President, he had the basis, the indispensable basis, of all high character; and that was, unspotted integrity—unimpeached honor and character. If he had aspirations, they were high, and honorable, and noble. There was nothing grovelling, or low, or meanly selfish, that came near the head or the heart of Mr. Calhoun. Firm in his purpose, perfectly patriotic and honest, as I am sure he was, in the principles that he espoused, and in the measures that he defended, aside from that large regard for that species of distinction that conducted him to eminent stations for the benefit of the republic, I do not believe he had a selfish motive, or selfish feeling.

However, sir, he may have differed from others of us in his political opinions, or his political principles, those principles and those opinions will now descend to posterity under the sanction of a great name. He has lived long enough, he has done enough, and he has done it so well, so successfully, so honorably, as to connect himself for all time with the records of his country. He is now an historical character. Those of us who have known him here, will find that he has left upon our minds and our hearts a strong and lasting impression of his person, his character, and his public performances, which, while we live, will never be obliterated. We shall hereafter, I am sure, indulge in it as a grateful recollection that we have lived in his age, that we have been his contemporaries, that we have seen him, and heard him, and known him. We shall delight to speak of him to those who are rising up to fill our places. And, when the time shall come when we ourselves shall go, one after another, in succession, to our graves, we shall carry with us a deep sense of his genius and character, his honor and integrity, his amiable deportment in private life, and the purity of his exalted patriotism.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

24. FREE DISCUSSION.

IMPORTANT as I deem it to discuss, on all proper occasions, the policy of the measures at present pursued, it is still more important to maintain the right of such discussion in its full and just extent. Sentiments lately sprung up, and now growing fashionable, make it necessary to be explicit on this point. The more I perceive a disposition to check the freedom of inquiry by extravagant and unconstitutional pretences, the firmer shall be the tone in which I shall assert, and the freer the manner in which I shall exercise it.

It is the ancient and undoubted prerogative of this people to canvass public measures, and the merits of public men. It is a "home-bred right," a fireside privilege. It hath ever been enjoyed in every house, cottage, and cabin in the nation. It is not to be drawn into controversy. It is as undoubted as the right of breathing the air, or walking on the earth. Belonging to private life as a right, it belongs to public life as a duty; and it is the last duty which those, whose representative I am, shall find me to abandon. Aiming at all times to be courteous and temperate in its use, except when the right itself shall be questioned, I shall then carry it to its extent. I shall place myself on the extreme boundary of my right, and bid defiance to any arm that would move me from my ground.

This high, constitutional privilege I shall defend and exercise within this house, and without this house, and in all places; in time of peace, and in all times. Living, I shall assert it; and, should I leave no other inheritance to my children, by the blessing of God I will leave them the inheritance of free principles, and the example of a manly, independent, and constitutional defence of them.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

25. AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

Who is there among us, that, should he find himself on any spot of the earth where human beings exist, and where the existence of other nations is known, would not be proud to say, I am an American? I am a countryman of Washington? I am a citizen of that republic which, although it has suddenly sprung up, yet there are none on the globe who have ears to hear, and have not heard of it—who have eyes to see, and have not read

of it—who know any thing, and yet do not know of its existence and its glory? And, gentlemen, let me now reverse the picture. Let me ask, who there is among us, if he were to be found to-morrow in one of the civilized countries of Europe, and were there to learn that this goodly form of government had been overthrown—that the United States were no longer united—who is there whose heart would not sink within him? Who is there who would not cover his face for very shame?

At this very moment, gentlemen, our country is a general refuge for the distressed and the persecuted of other nations. Whoever is in affliction from political occurrences in his own country, looks here for shelter. Whether he be republican, flying from the oppression of thrones—or whether he be monarch or monarchist, flying from thrones that crumble and fall under or around him—he feels equal assurance that, if he get foothold on our soil, his person is safe, and his rights will be respected.

We have tried these popular institutions in times of great excitement and commotion; and they have stood substantially firm and steady, while the fountains of the great political deep have been elsewhere broken up; while thrones, resting on ages of prescription, have tottered and fallen; and while, in other countries, the earthquake of unrestrained popular commotion has swallowed up all law, and all liberty, and all right together. Our government has been tried in peace, and it has been tried in war; and has proved itself fit for both. It has been assailed from without, and it has successfully resisted the shock; it has been disturbed within, and it has effectually quieted the disturbance. It can stand trial—it can stand assault—it can stand adversity—it can stand every thing but the marring of its own beauty, and the weakening of its own strength. It can stand every thing but the effects of our own rashness and our own folly. It can stand every thing but disorganization, disunion, and nullification.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

26. AMERICA.

It cannot be denied, that with America, and in America, a new era commences in human affairs. This era is distinguished by free representative governments, by entire religious liberty, by improved systems of national intercourse, by a newly awakened and an unconquerable spirit of free inquiry, and by a

diffusion of knowledge through the community, such as has been before altogether unknown and unheard of. America, America, our country, fellow-citizens, our own dear and native land, is inseparably connected, fast bound up, in fortune, and by fate, with these great interests. If they fall, we fall with them; if they stand, it will be because we have upholden them. Let us contemplate, then, this connection, which binds the prosperity of others to our own; and let us manfully discharge all the duties which it imposes. If we cherish the virtues and the principles of our fathers, Heaven will assist us to carry on the work of human liberty and human happiness. Auspicious omens cheer us. Great examples are before us. Our own firmament now shines brightly upon our path. Washington is in the clear upper sky. Other stars have now joined the American constellation; they circle round their centre, and the heavens beam with new light. Beneath this illumination let us walk the course of life, and at its close devoutly commend our beloved country, the common parent of us all, to the Divine benignity.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

27. THE MURDERER'S SECRET.

(These parts may be spoken together, or separately.)

THE deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness, equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances, now clearly in evidence, spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the

repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. *He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes: He has done the murder—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner, where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds every thing, as in the splendor of noon—such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by man.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

28. THE SAME.—PART SECOND.

TRUE it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven, by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery: especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place: a thousand ears catch every whisper: a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene; shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime, the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret.

It is false to itself; or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself: it labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant: it finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it asks no sympathy or assistance, either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses, soon comes to possess him; and,

like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion: it breaks down his courage: it conquers his prudence. When suspicions, from without, begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed: it will be confessed: there is no refuge from confession but suicide; and suicide is confession.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

29. SUPPOSED SPEECH OF ADAMS FOR THE DECLARATION.

SINK or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest, for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair; is not he, our venerable colleague near you; are you not both, already, the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of parliament, Boston port-bill, and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to

him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith to fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces, raised, or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him. The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And, if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

30. THE SAME.—PART SECOND.

SIR, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this declaration at the head of the army: every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit: religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there: let them hear it, who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon: let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord,—and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die—die, colonists; die, slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the

poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready, at the appointed hour of sacrifice—come when that hour may.

But, whatever may be our fate, be assured that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I am, all that I have, and all that I hope for, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it. Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration: it is my living sentiment; and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment: independence now, and independence forever!

DANIEL WEBSTER.

31. ENCROACHMENTS ON THE CONSTITUTION.

WHETHER the consequences be prejudicial or not, if there be an illegal exercise of power, it is to be resisted in the proper manner. Even if no harm or inconvenience result from transgressing the boundary, the intrusion is not to be suffered to pass unnoticed. Every encroachment, great or small, is important enough to awaken the attention of those who are intrusted with the preservation of a constitutional government. We are not to wait till great public mischiefs come, till the government is overthrown, or liberty itself put in extreme jeopardy. We should not be worthy sons of our fathers, were we so to regard great questions affecting the general freedom. Those fathers accomplished the revolution on a strict question of principle. The parliament of Great Britain asserted a right to tax the colonies in all cases whatsoever, and it was precisely on this question that they made the revolution turn. The amount of taxation was trifling, but the claim itself was inconsistent with liberty; and that was, in their eyes, enough. It was against the recital of an act of parliament, rather than against any suffering under its enactments that they took up arms. They

went to war against a preamble. They fought seven years against a declaration. They poured out their treasures and their blood like water, in a contest, in opposition to an assertion, which those less sagacious and not so well schooled in the principles of civil liberty would have regarded as barren phraseology, or mere parade of words. They saw in the claim of the British parliament a seminal principle of mischief, the germ of unjust power; they detected it, dragged it forth from underneath its plausible disguises, struck at it, nor did it elude either their steady eye, or their well-directed blow, till they had extirpated and destroyed it, to the smallest fibre. On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they raised their flag against a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared; a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts; whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

32. THE SENTINELS OF LIBERTY.

WHEN the members of this house shall lose the freedom of speech and debate; when they shall surrender the right of publicly and freely canvassing all important measures of the executive; when they shall not be allowed to maintain their own authority and their own privileges by vote, declaration, or resolution, they will then be no longer free representatives of a free people, but slaves themselves, and fit instruments to make slaves of others.

Sir, if the people have a right to discuss the official conduct of the executive, so have their representatives. We have been taught to regard a representative of the people as a sentinel on the watch-tower of liberty. Is he to be blind, though visible danger approaches? Is he to be deaf, though sounds of peril fill the air? Is he to be dumb, while a thousand duties impel him to raise the cry of alarm? Is he not, rather, to catch the lowest whisper which breathes intention or purpose of encroachment on the public liberties, and to give his voice breath and utterance at the first appearance of danger? Is not his eye to traverse the whole horizon, with the keen and

eager vision of an unhooded hawk, detecting, through all disguises, every enemy advancing, in any form, towards the citadel which he guards? Sir, this watchfulness for public liberty, this duty of foreseeing danger and proclaiming it, this promptitude and boldness in resisting attacks on the constitution from any quarter, this defence of established landmarks, this fearless resistance of whatever would transcend or remove them, all belong to the representative character, are interwoven with its very nature, and of which it cannot be deprived, without converting an active, intelligent, faithful agent of the people into an unresisting and passive instrument of power. A representative body which gives up these rights and duties, gives itself up. It is a representative body no longer. It has broken the tie between itself and its constituents, and henceforth is fit only to be regarded as an inert, self-sacrificed mass, from which all appropriate principle of vitality has departed forever.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

33. BUNKER-HILL MONUMENT.

THE Bunker-Hill monument is finished. Here it stands Fortunate in the natural eminence on which it is placed,—higher, infinitely higher, in its objects and purpose, it rises over the land, and over the sea; and visible, at their homes, to three hundred thousand citizens of Massachusetts,—it stands, a memorial of the last, and a monitor to the present, and all succeeding generations. I have spoken of the loftiness of its purpose. If it had been without any other design than the creation of a work of art, the granite of which it is composed would have slept in its native bed. It has a purpose; and that purpose gives it character. That purpose enrobes it with dignity and moral grandeur. That well-known purpose it is which causes us to look up to it with a feeling of awe. It is itself the orator of this occasion. It is not from my lips, it is not from any human lips, that that strain of eloquence is this day to flow, most competent to move and excite the vast multitudes around. The potent speaker stands motionless before them. It is a plain shaft. It bears no inscriptions, fronting to the rising sun, from which the future antiquarian shall wipe the dust. Nor does the rising sun cause tones of music to issue from its summit. But at the rising of the sun, and at the setting of the sun, in the blaze of noon-day, and beneath the milder effulgence of lunar

light, it looks, it speaks, it acts, to the full comprehension of every American mind, and the awakening of glowing enthusiasm in every American heart. Its silent, but awful utterance; its deep pathos, as it brings to our contemplation the 17th of June, 1775, and the consequences which have resulted to us, to our country, and to the world, from the events of that day, and which we know must continue to rain influence on the destinies of mankind, to the end of time; the elevation with which it raises us high above the ordinary feelings of life; surpass all that the study of the closet, or even the inspiration of genius, can produce. To-day, it speaks to us. Its future auditories will be through successive generations of men, as they rise up before it, and gather round it. Its speech will be of patriotism and courage; of civil and religious liberty; of free government; of the moral improvement and elevation of mankind; and of the immortal memory of those who, with heroic devotion, have sacrificed their lives for their country.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

34. THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

AMERICA has furnished to the world the character of Washington! And if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind.

Washington!—"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!"—Washington is all our own! The enthusiastic veneration and regard in which the people of the United States hold him, prove them to be worthy of such a countryman; while his reputation abroad reflects the highest honor on his country and its institutions. I would cheerfully put the question to-day to the intelligence of Europe and the world, what character of the century, upon the whole, stands out in the relief of history, most pure, most respectable, most sublime; and I doubt not, that, by a suffrage approaching to unanimity, the answer would be, Washington!

This structure,* by its uprightness, its solidity, its durability, is no unfit emblem of his character. His public virtues and public principles were as firm as the earth on which it stands; his personal motives as pure as the serene heaven in which its summit is lost. But, indeed, though a fit, it is an inadequate emblem. Towering high above the column which our hands have builded, beheld, not by the inhabitants of a single city, or a single State, ascends the colossal grandeur of his character,

* Bunker-Hill Monument.

and his life. In all the constituents of the one, in all the acts of the other, in all its titles to immortal love, admiration, and renown, it is an American production. It is the embodiment and vindication of our transatlantic liberty. Born upon our soil, of parents also born upon it, never for a moment having had a sight of the old world, instructed, according to the modes of his time, only in the spare, plain, but wholesome elementary knowledge which our institutions provide for the children of the people, growing up beneath and penetrated by the genuine influences of American society, growing up amidst our expanding, but not luxurious, civilization, partaking in our great destiny of labor, our long contest with unreclaimed nature and uncivilized man, our agony of glory, the war of independence, our great victory of peace, the formation of the Union and the establishment of the Constitution, he is all, all our own! That crowded and glorious life,

"Where multitudes of virtues pass along,
Each pressing foremost, in the mighty throng
Contending to be seen, then making room
For greater multitudes that were to come;"—

that life was the life of an American citizen.

I claim him for America. In all the perils, in every darkened moment of the State, in the midst of the reproaches of enemies and the misgiving of friends, I turn to that transcendent name for courage and for consolation. To him who denies, or doubts, whether our fervid liberty can be combined with law, with order, with the security of property, with the pursuit and advancement of happiness,—to him who denies that our institutions are capable of producing exaltation of soul, and the passion of true glory,—to him who denies that we have contributed any thing to the stock of great lessons and great examples,—to all these I reply by pointing to WASHINGTON!

DANIEL WEBSTER.

- 35. THE RESPONSIBILITY OF AMERICANS.

THIS lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchase of our fathers, are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past, and generations to come, hold us responsible for this sacred trust. Our fathers, from behind, admonish us, with their anxious paternal voices; posterity calls out to us, from the bosom of the future; the world turns hither its solicitous eyes—all, all conjure us to act wisely and faithfully in the relation which we sustain. We can never, indeed, pay the debt which is upon us; but by virtue,

by morality, by religion, by the cultivation of every good principle and every good habit, we may hope to enjoy the blessing, through our day, and to leave it unimpaired to our children. Let us feel deeply how much of what we are and of what we possess, we owe to this liberty, and these institutions of government. Nature has, indeed, given us a soil which yields bounteously to the hands of industry; the mighty and fruitful ocean is before us, and the skies over our heads shed health and vigor. But what are lands, and seas, and skies, to civilized men, without society, without knowledge, without morals, without religious culture; and how can these be enjoyed, in all their extent, and all their excellence, but under the protection of wise institutions and a free government? There is not one of us, there is not one of us here present, who does not, at this moment, and at every moment, experience in his own condition, and in the condition of those most near and dear to him, the influence and the benefit of this liberty, and these institutions. Let us then acknowledge the blessing; let us feel it deeply and powerfully; let us cherish a strong affection for it, and resolve to maintain and perpetuate it. The blood of our fathers—let it not have been shed in vain; the great hope of posterity—let it not be blasted.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

36. THE VOYAGE OF THE MAYFLOWER.

METHINKS I see it now: that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower, of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now driven in fury, before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging: the laboring masts seem straining from their base: the dismal sound of the pumps is heard: the ship leaps, as it were, madly from billow to billow: the ocean breaks and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening, shivering weight, against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but des-

perate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth: weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned: depending on the charity of their shipmaster for a draught of beer on board; drinking nothing but water on shore: without shelter: without means: surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of military science! in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician! how long did the shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history! compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children, was it hard labor and spare meals, was it disease, was it the tomahawk, was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea,—was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? is it possible, that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?

EDWARD EVERETT.

37. THE LAND OF OUR FATHERS.

(These parts may be spoken together, or separately.)

WHAT American does not feel proud that he is descended from the countrymen of Bacon, of Newton, and of Locke? Who does not know, that while every pulse of civil liberty in the heart of the British empire beat warm and full in the bosom of our fathers, the sobriety, the firmness, and the dignity with which the cause of free principles struggled into existence here, constantly found encouragement and countenance from the sons of liberty there? Who does not remember that when the Pil-

grims went over the sea, the prayers of the faithful British confessors, in all the quarters of their dispersion, went over with them, while their aching eyes were strained, till the star of hope should go up in the western skies? And who will ever forget that in that eventful struggle which severed this mighty empire from the British crown, there was not heard, throughout our continent in arms, a voice which spoke louder for the rights of America, than that of Burke or of Chatham, within the walls of the British parliament, and at the foot of the British throne? No, for myself I can truly say, that after my native land, I feel a tenderness and a reverence for that of my fathers. The pride I take in my own country makes me respect that from which we are sprung.

EDWARD EVERETT.

38. THE SAME.—PART SECOND.

IN touching the soil of England, I seem to return like a descendant to the old family seat; to come back to the abode of an aged, the tomb of a departed parent. I acknowledge this great consanguinity of nations. The sound of my native language, beyond the sea, is a music to my ear beyond the richest strains of Tuscan softness, or Castilian majesty. I am not yet in a land of strangers while surrounded by the manners, the habits, the forms in which I have been brought up. I wander delighted through a thousand scenes, which the historians, the poets, have made familiar to us,—of which the names are interwoven with our earliest associations. I tread with reverence the spots where I can retrace the footsteps of our suffering fathers: the pleasant land of their birth has a claim on my heart. It seems to me a classic, yea, a holy land, rich in the memories of the great and good; the martyrs of liberty, the exiled heralds of truth; and richer, as the parent of this land of promise in the west.

I am not, I need not say I am not, the panegyrist of England. I am not dazzled by her riches, nor awed by her power. The sceptre, the mitre, and the coronet, stars, garters, and blue ribbons, seem to me poor things for great men to contend for. Nor is my admiration awakened by her armies, mustered for the battles of Europe; her navies, overshadowing the ocean; nor her empire, grasping the furthest East. It is these, and the price of guilt and blood by which they are maintained, which

are the cause why no friend of liberty can salute her with undivided affections. But it is the refuge of free principles, though often persecuted; the school of religious liberty, the more precious for the struggles to which it has been called; the tombs of those who have reflected honor on all who speak the English tongue; it is the birthplace of our fathers, the home of the Pilgrims;—it is these which I love and venerate in England. I should feel ashamed of an enthusiasm for Italy and Greece, did I not also feel it for a land like this. In an American it would seem to me degenerate and ungrateful, to hang with passion upon the traces of Homer and Virgil, and follow without emotion the nearer and plainer footsteps of Shakspeare and Milton; and I should think him cold in his love for his native land, who felt no melting in his heart for that other native land, which holds the ashes of his forefathers.

EDWARD EVERETT.

39. THE INFLUENCE OF LAFAYETTE.

WHAT young man that reflects on the history of Lafayette, that sees him, in the morning of his days, the associate of sages, the friend of Washington, but will start with new vigor on the path of duty and renown?

And what was it which gave to our Lafayette his spotless fame? The love of liberty. What has consecrated his memory in the hearts of good men? The love of liberty. What nerved his youthful arm with strength, and inspired him, in the morning of his days, with sagacity and counsel? The living love of liberty. To what did he sacrifice power, and rank, and country, and freedom itself? To the horror of licentiousness; to the sanctity of plighted faith; to the love of liberty protected by law. Thus the great principle of your revolutionary fathers, of your pilgrim sires, the great principle of the age, was the rule of his life: *The love of Liberty protected by Law.*

You have now assembled within these renowned walls to perform the last duties of respect and love, on the birthday of your benefactor, beneath that roof which has resounded, of old, with the master voices of American renown. The spirit of the departed is in high communion with the spirit of the place;—the temple worthy of the new name which we now behold inscribed on its walls.

Listen, Americans, to the lesson which seems borne to us on

the very air we breathe, while we perform these dutiful rights, Ye winds that wafted the Pilgrims to the land of promise, fan, in their children's hearts, the love of freedom! Blood which our fathers shed, cry from the ground; echoing arches of this renowned hall, whisper back the voices of other days; glorious Washington! beloved Lafayette! teach, oh teach us THE LOVE OF LIBERTY PROTECTED BY LAW!

EDWARD EVERETT.

40. MAN MADE TO LABOR.

MAN is, by nature, an active being. He is made to labor. His whole organization, mental and physical, is that of a hard-working being. Of his mental powers we have no conception, but as certain capacities of intellectual action. His corporeal faculties are contrived for the same end, with astonishing variety of adaptation. Who can look only at the muscles of the hand, and doubt that man was made to work? who can be conscious of judgment, memory, and reflection, and doubt that man was made to act? He requires rest, but it is in order to invigorate him for new efforts: to recruit his exhausted powers; and, as if to show him, by the very nature of rest, that it is means, not end, that form of rest which is most essential and most grateful, sleep, is attended with the temporary suspension of the conscious and active powers,—an image of death. Nature is so ordered, as both to require and encourage man to work. He is created with wants, which cannot be satisfied without labor. The plant springs up and grows on the spot where the seed was cast by accident. It is fed by the moisture which saturates the earth, or is held suspended in the air; and it brings with it a sufficient covering to protect its delicate internal structure. It toils not, neither doth it spin, for clothing or food. But man is so created, that let his wants be as simple as they will, he must labor to supply them.

EDWARD EVERETT.

41. WHAT GOOD?

BUT I am met with the objection, What good will the monument do? I beg leave, sir, to exercise my birthright as a Yankee, and answer this question by asking two or three more,—to

which I believe it will be quite as difficult to furnish a satisfactory reply. I am asked, What good will the monument do? And I ask, What good does any thing do? What is good? Does any thing do any good? The persons who suggest this objection, of course, think that there are some projects and undertakings that do good; and I should therefore like to have the idea of good explained, and analyzed, and run out to its elements. When this is done, if I do not demonstrate, in about two minutes, that the monument does the same kind of good that any thing else does, I will consent that the huge blocks of granite, already laid, should be reduced to gravel, and carted off to fill up the mill-pond; for that I suppose is one of the good things. Does a railroad or a canal do good? Answer: Yes; and how? It facilitates intercourse, opens markets, and increases the wealth of the country. But what is this good for? Why, individuals prosper and get rich. And what good does that do? Is mere wealth, as an ultimate end; gold and silver, without an inquiry as to their use; are these a good? Certainly not. I should insult this audience by attempting to prove that a rich man, as such, is neither better nor happier than a poor one. But as men grow rich, they live better. Is there any good in this, stopping here? Is mere animal life, feeding, working, and sleeping like an ox, entitled to be called good? Certainly not. But these improvements increase the population. And what good does that do? Where is the good in counting twelve millions instead of six, of mere feeding, working, sleeping animals? There is then no good in the mere animal life, except that it is the physical basis of that higher moral existence which resides in the soul, the heart, the mind, the conscience; in good principles, good feelings, and the good actions (and the more disinterested, the more entitled to be called good), which flow from them. Now, sir, I say that generous and patriotic sentiments (sentiments which prepare us to serve our country, to live for our country, to die for our country), feelings like those which carried Prescott, and Warren, and Putnam to the battle-field, are good: good, humanly speaking, of the highest order. It is good to have them: good to encourage them: good to honor them: good to commemorate them; and whatever tends to cherish, animate, and strengthen such feelings, does as much right-down practical good as filling low grounds and building railroads.

EDWARD EVERETT.

42. ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.

No, fellow-citizens, we dismiss not Adams and Jefferson to the chambers of forgetfulness and death. What we admired, and prized, and venerated in them can never die, nor, dying, be forgotten. I had almost said that they are now beginning to live; to live that life of unimpaired influence, of unclouded fame, of unmingled happiness, for which their talents and services were destined. They were of the select few, the least portion of whose life dwells in their physical existence; whose hearts have watched while their senses slept; whose souls have grown up into a higher being; whose pleasure is to be useful; whose wealth is an unblemished reputation; who respire the breath of honorable fame; who have deliberately and consciously put what is called life to hazard, that they may live in the hearts of those who come after. Such men do not, cannot die. To be cold, and motionless, and breathless; to feel not and speak not; this is not the end of existence to the men who have breathed their spirits into the institutions of their country, who have stamped their characters on the pillars of the age, who have poured their hearts' blood into the channels of the public prosperity. Tell me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred height, is Warren dead? Can you not still see him, not pale and prostrate, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, but moving resplendent over the field of honor, with the rose of heaven upon his cheek, and the fire of liberty in his eye? Tell me, ye who make your pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon, is Washington indeed shut up in that cold and narrow house? That which made these men, and men like these, cannot die. The hand that traced the charter of independence is indeed motionless, the eloquent lips that sustained it are hushed; but the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved, matured, maintained it, and which alone, to such men, "make it life to live," these cannot expire:

"These shall resist the empire of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away:
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die."

EDWARD EVERITT.

48. CIVIL WAR.

"Quæ regio in terris, nostri non plena laboris?"

SIR, it was not in the moment of triumph, nor with the feelings of triumph, that Æneas uttered that exclamation. It was when, with his faithful Achates by his side, he was surveying the works of art with which the palace of Carthage was adorned, and his attention had been caught by a representation of the battles of Troy. There he saw the sons of Atreus, and Priam, and the fierce Achilles. The whole extent of his misfortunes, the loss and desolation of his friends, the fall of his beloved country, rushed upon his recollection.

"Constitit et lachrymans, quis jam locus, inquit, Achate,
Quæ regio in terris, nostri non plena laboris?"

Sir, the passage may hereafter have a closer application to the cause than my eloquent and classical friend intended; for if the state of things which has already commenced is to go on; if the spirit of hostility which already exists in three of our states is to catch, by contagion, and spread among the rest, as, from the progress of the human passions, and the unavoidable conflict of interests, it will too surely do;—what are we to expect? Civil wars, arising from far inferior causes, have desolated some of the fairest provinces of the earth. History is full of the afflicting narratives of such wars; and it will continue to be her mournful office to record them, till "time shall be no longer." But, sir, if you do not interpose your friendly hand, and extirpate the seeds of anarchy which New York has sown, you will have civil war. The war of legislation which has already commenced will, according to its usual course, become a war of blows. Your country will be shaken with civil strife; your republican institutions will perish in the conflict; your constitution will fall: the last hope of nations will be gone. And what will be the effect upon the rest of the world? Look abroad at the scenes now passing on our globe, and judge of that effect. The friends of free government throughout the earth, who have been heretofore animated by our example, and have cheerfully cast their glance to it, as to their polar star, to guide them through the stormy seas of revolution, will witness our fall with dismay and despair. The arm that is everywhere lifted in the cause of liberty will drop unnerved by the warrior's side. Despotism will have its day of triumph, and will accomplish the purpose at which it too certainly aims. It will cover

the earth with the mantle of mourning. Then, sir, when New York shall look upon this scene of ruin, if she have the generous feelings which I believe her to have, it will not be with her head aloft, in the pride of conscious triumph, "her rapt soul sitting in her eyes." No, sir; no! Dejected with shame and confusion, drooping under the weight of her sorrow, with a voice suffocated with despair, well may she then exclaim,—

"——— Quis jam locus, ——
Quæ regio in terris, nostri non plena laboris?"

WILLIAM WIRT.

44. THE POOR INDIAN.

POOR INDIANS! Where are they now? Indeed, this is a truly afflicting consideration. The people here may say what they please, but, on the principles of eternal truth and justice, they have no right to this country. They say that they have bought it. Bought it? Yes:—of whom? Of the poor trembling natives, who knew that refusal would be vain; and who strove to make a merit of necessity, by seeming to yield with grace what they knew that they had not the power to retain.

Poor wretches! No wonder that they are so implacably vindictive against the white people: no wonder that the rage of resentment is handed down from generation to generation: no wonder that they refuse to associate and mix permanently with their unjust and cruel invaders and exterminators: no wonder that, in the unabating spite and phrensy of conscious impotence, they wage an eternal war, as well as they are able; that they triumph in the rare opportunity of revenge; that they dance, sing, and rejoice, as the victim shrieks and faints amid the flames, when they imagine all the crimes of their oppressors collected on his head, and fancy the spirits of their injured forefathers hovering over the scene, smiling with ferocious delight at the grateful spectacle, and feasting on the precious odor as it arises from the burning blood of the white man.

Yet the people here affect to wonder that the Indians are so very ~~un~~ susceptible of civilization; or, in other words, that they so obstinately refuse to adopt the manners of the white men. Go, Virginians, erase from the Indian nation the tradition of their wrongs: make them forget, if you can, that once this charming country was theirs; that over these fields and through these forests their beloved forefathers once, in careless

gayety, pursued their sports, and hunted their game; that every returning day found them the sole, the peaceful, and happy proprietors of this extensive and beautiful domain. Go, administer the cup of oblivion to recollections like these; and then you will cease to complain that the Indian refuses to be civilized. But, until then, surely it is nothing wonderful that a nation, even yet bleeding afresh from the memory of ancient wrongs, perpetually agonized by new outrages, and goaded into desperation and madness at the prospect of the certain ruin which awaits their descendants, should hate the authors of their miseries, of their desolation, their destruction; should hate their manners, hate their color, their language, their name, and every thing that belongs to them! No; never, until time shall wear out the history of their sorrows and their sufferings, will the Indian be brought to love the white man, and to imitate his manners.

WILLIAM WIRT.

45. THE SUSPENSION OF DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS WITH AUSTRIA.

(In recognition of the rights of Hungary.)

MR. PRESIDENT, I do not mistake the true position of my country, nor do I seek to exaggerate her importance. I am perfectly aware that, whatever we may do or say, the immediate march of Austria will be onward in the course of despotism, with a step feebler or firmer, as resistance may appear near or remote, till she is stayed by one of those upheavings of the people, which is as sure to come as that man longs for freedom, and longs to strike the blow which shall make it his.

Pride is blind, and power tenacious; and Austrian pride and power, though they may quail before the signs of the times, before barricades and fraternization, by which streets are made fortresses and armies revolutionists, new and mighty engines in popular warfare, will hold out in their citadel till the last extremity. But many old things are passing away; and Austrian despotism will pass away in its turn. Its bulwarks will be shaken by the rushing of mighty winds, by the voice of the world, wherever its indignant expression is not restrained by the kindred sympathies of arbitrary power.

I desire, sir, not to be misunderstood. I do not mean that in all the revolutionary struggles which political contests bring on, it would be expedient for other governments to express their

feelings of interest or sympathy. I think they should not; for there are obvious considerations which forbid such action, and the value of this kind of moral interposition would be diminished by its too frequent recurrence. It should be reserved for great events—events marked by great crimes and oppressions on the one side, and great exertions and misfortunes on the other, and under circumstances which carry with them the sympathies of the world, like the partition of Poland and the subjugation of Hungary. We can offer public congratulations, as we have done, to people crowned by success in their struggle for freedom. We can offer our recognition of their independence to others, as we have done, while yet the effort was pending. Have we sympathy only for the fortunate? Or is a cause less sacred or less dear because it is prostrated in the dust by the foot of power? Let the noble sentiments of Washington, in his spirit-stirring reply to the French minister, answer these questions: "Born, sir, in a land of liberty; having early learned to estimate its value; having, in a word, devoted the best years of my life to its maintenance, I rejoice whensoever in any country I see a nation unfold the banner of freedom. To call your nation brave, were but common praise. Wonderful people! Ages to come will read with astonishment the history of your exploits."

I freely confess that I shall hail the day with pleasure when this government, reflecting the true sentiments of the people, shall express its sympathy for struggling millions seeking, in circumstances of peril and oppression, that liberty which was given to them by God, but has been wrested from them by man. I do not see any danger to the true independence of nations by such a course; and indeed I am by no means certain that the free interchange of public views in this solemn manner would not go far towards checking the progress of oppression and the tendency to war.

LEWIS CASS.

45. THE SUSPENSION OF DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS WITH AUSTRIA.

MR. PRESIDENT, I know that I shall be accused of a want of sympathy for the Hungarians, whose case excites so much attention here. So far as I am personally concerned, I care nothing for such accusations, for I have a witness within me which pronounces them false. But, sir, I should be unwilling to inflict a

new pang upon the unfortunate Hungarian, by doing any thing to give countenance to the idea that there was any man or class of men here who did not respect and sympathize with him in his misfortunes. I was no uninterested observer of his struggle—no unmoved witness of its final catastrophe. If my good wishes could have availed him, he had them all. I have studied their history with interest, and learned to admire and respect their national character. There is a wild mixture of Oriental fervor and western chivalry about them which has always made them objects of rather a romantic interest. History, that great record of human affairs, is full of startling contrasts and striking vicissitudes, and the chapter of that great book which belongs to Hungary and her people is nearly as eventful as any. When I first heard, sir, that the Hungarian patriots had been forced to take refuge with the Turk, and seek at his hands the charity of an asylum which Christendom refused them, I could but recall the day when that country was the bulwark of Christendom against the Infidel, and Hunniades made good its title to that debatable land between the Crescent and the Cross. When I saw who the oppressor was, whose foot was upon the neck of bleeding Hungary, I could but recur to the time when a noble ancestress of his, who to the loveliness of woman added the soul of a Cæsar, threw herself upon those people for succor and protection. The scene arose before me, as it appears on the pictured page of Macauley, in which she is represented upon horseback, weak from recent suffering, yet strong in will, flushed under the weight of St. Stephen's iron crown, and after a fashion of her race, which would have been deemed extravagant by any but an Oriental imagination, waving the sword of state to the four quarters of the heavens, and bidding defiance to the earth.

But hard as has been the lesson taught the Hungarian in his recent struggles, it would do no good for foreign powers to interpose in his favor and give him armed assistance: still less would it be of any avail to offer him such a resolution of sympathy as this. There is not, sir, on the page of history, an instance of a nation which has maintained its liberty by foreign aid; for the moment the protecting hand is withdrawn, it must fall, unless it has some internal resources—some means within itself of maintaining its independence, and for self-defence. I have said, sir, that this resolution of sympathy will do the Hungarian cause no good. But is that enough to say? Is there no danger that it may do that brave but unfortunate people some harm? It has been said, by wise and observing men, that the final catastrophe of Poland was probably hastened by im-

prudent speeches made in the British House of Commons and the French Chamber of Deputies. It is said that those imprudent but sympathizing speeches awakened false hopes in Poland, and led to unwise movements there. Is there no danger that such a course of action as is proposed here might give rise to unfounded hopes in Hungary, or increase, perhaps, their sufferings by irritating those who govern them? But, sir, be that as it may with regard to Hungary, I am not prepared to take this step from considerations of what is due to my own country. I give Hungary my best wishes, my earnest sympathy; but I prefer my own country to any other, and I cannot sacrifice its interests for those of another. I was sent here to legislate, not for foreign nations, but my own. I will not abandon my own duties in the attempt to discharge those of another. It would doubtless be pleasing to any generous mind to indulge the demands of sympathy; yet, sir, truth and justice are of higher obligation, and ought to be of higher consideration still. Mr. President, I cannot vote for this resolution. I owe it not only to my own country, but to the rights of man, of which so much is said, to preserve the wise and long-established policy of the former, and to stand by the principle of non-intervention as a high moral defence and security for the other.

ROBERT M. T. HUNTER.*

47. THE PRESIDENT'S PROTEST.

THE immediate question is upon the rejection of the President's message. It has been moved to reject it—to reject it, not after it was considered, but before it was considered! and thus to tell the American people that their president shall not be heard,—should not be allowed to plead his defence, in the presence of the body that condemned him, neither before nor after it! This is the motion; and certainly no enemy to the senate could wish it to miscarry. The President, in the conclusion of his message, has respectfully requested that his defence might be entered upon the journal of the senate—upon that same journal which contains the record of his conviction. This is the request of the President. Will the senate deny it? Will they refuse this act of sheer justice and common decency? Will they go further, and not only refuse to place it on the journal, but refuse even to suffer it to remain in the senate? Will they refuse to

* U. S. Senator from Virginia.

permit it to remain on file, but send it back, or throw it out of doors, without condescending to reply to it? for that is the exact import of the motion now made! Will senators exhaust their minds, and their bodies also, in loading this very communication with epithets, and then say that it shall not be received? Will they receive memorials, resolutions, essays, from all that choose to abuse the President, and not receive a word of defence from him? Will they continue the spectacle which has been presented here for three months—a daily presentation of attacks upon the President from all that choose to attack him, young and old, boys and men—attacks echoing the very sound of this resolution, and which are not only received and filed here, but printed also, and referred to a committee, and introduced, each one with a lauded commentary of set phrase?—are the senate to receive all these, and yet refuse to receive from the object of all this attack, one word of answer? In this point of view, as a question concerning the senate itself, it may become material to the senate, in a country and in an age when no tribunal is too high for public opinion to reach it—it may become material to the senate, in such a country and such an age, to reject and throw out of doors the calm and temperate defence of the President, in the midst of the reception of a thousand memorials and resolutions condemning him for the very act which he is not allowed to defend. Is he to be the *only* citizen who is not to be heard by the senate; upon whom it seems to be lawful for every one to lavish billingsgate rhetoric, whose education and manners qualify him for the application of it? Rejected or not, that communication cannot be secreted from the eyes of the American people. It has been read, and will be printed. An independent press will carry it to the extremities of the country, and hand it down to succeeding generations. It will be compared with speeches delivered for three months in this capitol against this president; and an enlightened and upright community will decide between the language of the defence and the language of the accusation; between the temper of the accusers and the temper of the accused; between the violent President who has violated the constitution and the laws, and the meek and gentle senators who have sat in judgment upon him for it. The people will see these things—will compare them together—will judge for themselves; and that judgment, in this free and happy land, will be the final and supreme award, from which there is no appeal.

THOMAS H. BENTON.*

* U. S. Senator from Missouri.

48. THE RIGHT TO DISCUSS PRESIDENTIAL ACTS.

THE gentleman has referred to the contest to be fought between liberty and power; and I say, that if the contest did not originate here, it is made when we are not permitted to speak of the administration in terms that we believe to be true, without being denounced for it. The President of the United States certainly demands a degree of forbearance from his political opponents; but am I to be told, that one can only allude to him in the humble language of a degraded Roman senate, speaking of the emperor with his Prætorian guards surrounding the capitol? Am I to be told, when he came into power on principles of reform, after "keeping the word of promise to our ear, and breaking it to our hope,"—am I to be told that I must close my lips, or be denounced for want of decorum? Am I to be told, when he promised to prevent official influence from interfering with the freedom of elections, that I must not speak of the broken promise, under pain of the displeasure of his friends? Am I to be told, when he came into power as a judicious tariff man, after advocating his principles and aiding in his election,—believing at the time in his integrity, though I did not believe him possessed of intellectual qualifications,—am I to be told, after pledges that have been violated, promises that have been broken, and principles that have been set at naught, that I must not speak of these things as they are, for fear of being denounced for want of courtesy to the constituted authorities? Why, to what pass are we come! Are we to be gagged—reduced to silence? If nothing else is left to us, the liberty of speech is left, and it is our duty to cry aloud and spare not, when the undenied, admitted, and declared fact before us is, that these pledges have been made, and have been violated. This administration is about to end, and if gentlemen can succeed in preventing us from complaining of being deceived—if they can reduce us to abject slavery, they will also have to expunge the history of the country, the President's written and recorded communications to congress, and the most ardent professions of his friends, when fighting his battles, before they can conceal the recorded fact, that he has made pledges which he has violated, and promises which he has repeatedly broken. If they succeed in reducing us to slavery, and closing our lips against speaking of the abuses of this administration, thank God, the voice of history trumpet-

tongued, will proclaim these pledges, and the manner in which they have been violated, to future generations.

Neither here nor elsewhere will I use language, with regard to any gentleman, that may be considered indecorous; and the question not easily solved is, how far shall we restrain ourselves in expressing a just and necessary indignation; and whether the expression of such indignation may be considered a departure from courtesy? That indignation, that reprobation, I shall express on all occasions. But those who have taken upon themselves the guardianship of the Grand Lama, who is surrounded by a light which no one can approach,—about whom no one is permitted to speak without censure,—have extended that guardianship to the presiding officer of this house. Gentlemen are not permitted to speak of the qualifications of that officer for the highest office in the government. Shall we, sir, because he is here as presiding officer of this body, keep silent when he is urged upon the people, who are goaded and driven to his support, lest we be guilty of an indecorum against those who are the constituted authorities of the country? Thank God, it is not my practice to “crook the pliant hinges of the knee, that thrift may follow fawning.”

This aggression of power upon our liberties, sir, and this tame submission to aggression, forebode evil to this nation. “Coming events cast their shadows before them,” deepening and darkening, and, as the sun sets, the shadows lengthen. It may be the going down of the great luminary of the republic, and that we all shall be enveloped in one universal political darkness!

WILLIAM B. PRESTON.*

49. BRITISH INFLUENCE.

AGAINST whom are these charges of British predilection brought? Against men who, in the war of the revolution, were in the councils of the nation, or fighting the battles of your country.

Strange, that we should have no objection to any other people or government, civilized or savage, in the whole world! The great autocrat of all the Russias receives the homage of our high consideration. The Dey of Algiers and his divan of pirates are a very civil, good sort of people, with whom we find no diff-

* U. S. Senator from South Carolina.

culty in maintaining the relations of peace and amity. "Turks, Jews, and Infidels," or the barbarians and savages of every clime and color, are welcome to our arms. With chiefs of banditti, negro or mulatto, we can treat and can trade. Name, however, but England, and all our antipathies are up in arms against her. Against whom? Against those whose blood runs in our veins; in common with whom, we claim Shakspeare, and Newton, and Chatham, for our countrymen; whose government is the freest on earth, our own only excepted; from whom every valuable principle of our own institutions has been borrowed—representation, trial by jury, voting the supplies, writ of *habeas corpus*—our whole civil and criminal jurisprudence. In what school did the worthies of our land, the Washingtons, Henrys, Hancocks, Franklins, Rutledges, of America, learn those principles of civil liberty which were so nobly asserted by their wisdom and valor? American resistance to British usurpation has not been more warmly cherished by these great men and their compatriots—not more by Washington, Hancock, and Henry—than by Chatham and his illustrious associates in the British parliament.

It ought to be remembered, too, that the heart of the English people was with us. It was a selfish and corrupt ministry, and their servile tools, to whom we were not more opposed than they were. I trust that none such may ever exist among us; for tools will never be wanting to subserve the purposes, however ruinous or wicked, of kings and ministers of state. I acknowledge the influence of a Shakspeare and a Milton upon my imagination, of a Locke upon my understanding, of a Sidney upon my political principles, of a Chatham upon qualities which, would to God, I possessed in common with that illustrious man! This is a British influence which I can never shake off.

JOHN RANDOLPH.*

50. WAR WITH FRANCE.

FRANCE has been placed before the world by her rulers in the most false position ever occupied by a brave and gallant nation. She believes herself to be insulted, and what is the consequence? She refuses to pay a debt now admitted to be

* U. S. Senator from Virginia.

just by all the branches of her government. Her wounded feelings are estimated by dollars and cents; and she withholds twenty-five millions of francs, due to a foreign nation, to soothe her injured pride. How are the mighty fallen! Truly it may be said, the days of her chivalry are gone. Have the pride and the genius of Napoleon left no traces of themselves under the constitutional monarchy? In private life, if you are insulted by an individual to whom you are indebted, what is the first impulse of a man of honor? To owe no pecuniary obligation to the man who has wounded your feelings; to pay him the debt instantly, and to demand reparation for the insult; or, at the least, to hold no friendly communication with him afterwards.

The only question with you now, is not one of substance, but merely whether these explanations are in proper form. But in regard to the United States, the question is far different. What is with you mere etiquette, is a question of life and death to them. Let the President of the United States make the apology which you have dictated—let him once admit the right of a foreign government to question his messages to congress, and to demand explanations of any language at which they may choose to take offence, and their independent existence as a government, to that extent, is virtually destroyed.

We must remember that France may yield with honor; *we* never can without disgrace. Will she yield? That is the question. She must still believe that the people of this country are divided in opinion in regard to the firm maintenance of their rights. In this she will find herself entirely mistaken. But should congress, at the present session, refuse to sustain the President, by adopting measures of defence,—should the precedent of the last session be followed for the present year, then I shall entertain the most gloomy forebodings. The father of his country has informed us that the best mode of preserving peace is to be prepared for war. I firmly believe, therefore, that a unanimous vote of the senate in favor of the resolutions now before them, to follow to Europe the acceptance of the mediation, would, almost to a certainty, render it successful. It would be an act of the soundest policy, as well as of the highest patriotism. It would prove, not that we intend to menace France, because such an attempt would be ridiculous, but that the American people are unanimous in the assertion of their rights, and have resolved to prepare for the worst. A French fleet is now hovering upon our coasts; and shall we sit still, with an overflowing treasury, and leave our country defenceless? This will never be said with truth of the American Congress.

If war should come, which God forbid,—if France should still persist in her efforts to degrade the American people in the person of their chief magistrate, we may appeal to heaven for the justice of our cause, and look forward with confidence to victory from that Being in whose hands is the destiny of nations

JAMES BUCHANAN.*

51. WAR WITH FRANCE.

I AGREE with the honorable senator that France owes us twenty-five millions of francs, and that she assigns an insufficient reason for withholding payment. But this is the whole head and front of her offending. We have no other complaint against her. Would it be expedient and proper for us to make war for such a cause? There is no other cause of complaint on our part. France has in no way offended against us on this occasion, except only by her failure to pay the money in question. Shall we go to war to enforce its payment?

It is needless to discuss the question. Thank God, the danger of this war has passed by, and we have, as I believe, an almost certain assurance of reconciliation and peace with France. Such an issue of this controversy cannot be regarded otherwise than as a matter of public congratulation. If war had been its result, I should have contributed all that was in my humble power to render my country successful in that war. War of itself would have been a sufficient reason for me to take my country's side, without reference to its cause. But, sir, I must confess that I should have been most loth to witness any such war as that with which we have been threatened.

A war with whom, and for what? A war with France, our first, our ancient ally—whose blood flowed for us and with our own, in the great struggle that gave us our freedom and made us a nation. A war for money! a petty, paltry sum of money! I know of no instance, certainly none among the civilized nations of modern times, of a war waged for such an object; and if it be among the legitimate causes of war, it is surely the most inglorious of them all. It can afford but little of that generous inspiration which in a noble cause gives to war its magnanimity and its glory. War *for money* must ever be an ignoble strife. On its barren fields the laurel cannot flourish. In the sordid

* U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania.

contest but little honor can be won, and *victory* herself is almost despoiled of her triumph.

If we should attempt by war to compel France to pay the money in question, none who know the two nations can doubt but the contest would be fierce, bloody, and obstinate. Suppose, however, that our success is such as finally to enable us to dictate terms to France, and to oblige her to pay the money. Imagine, Mr. President, that the little purse, the prize of war and carnage, is at last obtained. There it is, sir, stained with the blood of Americans, and of Frenchmen, their ancient friends. Could you, sir, behold or pocket that blood-stained purse without some emotions of pain and remorse?

JOHN J. CRITTENDEN.*

52. THE MEXICAN WAR.

SIR, there is a responsibility, direct, immediate, which may not be disregarded, which we are compelled to recognize. He is recreant from all the duties of an American senator, of an American citizen, who will not obey its behests. It is our responsibility to our immediate constituents—to the American people. To them we must render an account of the origin of this war, of the manner in which it is conducted, of the purposes for which it is prosecuted. That people, sir, are awake to these inquiries. The excitement of feeling, produced by the first intelligence from the Rio Grande, has given place to reflection. In the fervor of that feeling they did not stop to inquire into the indignity offered to Mexico, by the occupation of a disputed territory—(of a territory which we ourselves had admitted to be the subject of negotiation)—of the erection of a fort on the eastern bank of the Rio Grande, and the pointing of our cannon on the town of Matamoras. All this was forgotten in the excitement of the moment. American blood had been shed, and it must be avenged. They are calmer now. That feeling has been appeased. Whatever indignity was offered by Mexican officers to American arms, has been washed out by Mexican blood, which flowed so copiously at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and at Monterey. Great God! is not this sufficient atonement to Christian men? Sir, the indignity has been expiated; and now the inquiries are, with what views is this war

* U. S. Senator from Kentucky.

still prosecuted? With what object has our army been pushed into the heart of Mexico? What do you expect to gain, which it may consist with your honor, or even with your interest, to receive? For what practical purposes, for what attainable objects, to what end, useful and honorable to the United States, is that army maintained there, and still urged onward, at such an expense of blood and treasure,—loading us with a national debt, to be redeemed by a burdensome taxation, and involving a wanton sacrifice of the lives of our patriotic citizens, who have flocked to the national standard? Will you go before the American people, gallant, generous, noble-minded, as you know they are, and tell them the national honor has been redeemed, the shed blood of our people has been avenged by the gallantry of our army; and that now we are fighting to despoil a stricken foe of such portion of her territory as may indemnify us for the expense of vindicating our honor? Believe me, they will reject the appeal with scorn and indignation. The inquiries which I have presented will be reiterated in your ears—not perhaps by politicians—certainly not by party presses—assuredly not by those ardent spirits who, tired of the dull pursuits of civil life, seek military glory at whatever cost; but they will be made by the patriotic yeomanry, by the merchant, the mechanic, the manufacturer, by men of all occupations—by the moral, religious, conservative portion of our countrymen, constituting in numbers a proportion of the American people whose voice may not be disregarded. They will call upon you to consider that within two short years you found this people free, prosperous, and happy—with every department of industry flourishing, with an ample revenue, and at peace with the world—and they will point to the condition to which you have reduced us.

Mr. President, in the bustle of the public mart, in the quiet retirement of the domestic fireside, these inquiries and these reflections now press upon the minds of our countrymen with a force and intensity which I have no power to express, and I pray senators to receive, in the spirit in which it is offered, the warning which I give them, that they, and that I must answer them.

JOHN M. REBURN *

* U. S. Senator from Georgia.

53. THE UNION.

THERE has been much said about the feeling of a portion of this Union as being ready to dissolve it. I am not to be terrified or controlled by any imputations of that kind. This Union has its uses, just according to the use that is made of it. It may be used as a great trust to effect the greatest ends that time ever committed to human institutions; and it is in the power of patriots and statesmen to make it subserve these ends. But when it shall be made a mere instrument of partial legislation, and to pander to the views and ends of hypocritical demagogues, it will cease to be an object of veneration, unless its worshippers shall be like those of Juggernaut, who regard it as a pious service to prostrate themselves and be crushed by the wheels of his car. I believe I am one of its real friends, and the charge of criminal design upon its duration comes with an ill grace from those who have adhered to selfish and unjust purposes.

Those who have introduced here the doctrines which we are called upon to question, have no right to measure the extent of my opposition. What that measure will be I do not know. I am willing to accede to any peaceful constitutional measure which will tend to preserve the Union itself; these means may be too long disregarded; there is a limit. I am astonished when I hear the language sometimes used by the representatives from the "old thirteen;" from Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, and New Jersey, making war upon their brethren of the southern sections of the Union, which seems to me but the policy that results in their own suicide. They give way to these wild fanatical suggestions of policy in disregard of those admonitions which should address themselves to them from their past history, as well as in view of their future destiny. They are waging a war against their interest, under the influence of feelings which were inculcated by their ancestors, and sowing the seeds of disunion.

I have said what I designed to say at this time, but with it I would, if I dared, make a suggestion to the administration, which has now, in a measure, the control of the destinies of this country; and it would be, that they should not experiment upon the disaffection which exists in one portion of this Union. I know, sir, it is deeper, far deeper than has ever been exhibited on this floor. I fear it has been too much disguised. And it is not confined to South Carolina, as some seem to consider.

Some would be glad to see her isolated from others, and thereby made an easier victim. The people of other southern states are speaking out, and if events are not arrested, there will be but one voice, and that voice will come from the mass of the people. The press and politicians cannot much longer delude them. What state may be the first to be involved in measures of resistance I know not. South Carolina has sometimes cried out as a sentinel. But there are others having greater interests at stake, and which will be put ultimately in great danger. They will look to their security and interests, and all will move as one man. It is for those who have the destinies of this nation in their hands to say how far they will respect the feelings of the South.

ANDREW P. BUTLER.*

54. THE SOUTH AND THE UNION.

THE honorable gentleman, sir, spoke with eloquent fervor of the deep and abiding attachment of the South to the blessed union of these states. I am not about to call in question the sincerity of his declaration. When the blessings, vast, numberless, unexampled, which, by the providence of God, that union has conferred upon the people of our country, are for one moment considered, no mind not utterly blinded to our best and dearest interests—no heart not utterly dead to the happiness of the human race, and the hopes of civil liberty itself, can be indifferent as to its preservation. What has it not done for human happiness and human advancement? From the lowest condition of anarchy, disorder, and weakness—of poverty and national degradation—it has raised us to an eminence of high and enviable prosperity and strength, of respect in the eyes of all nations, of regular government; and has established and built up all the institutions of social and civil life, for which I know not what history of the world furnishes a parallel. When did the light of heaven ever shine down upon more glorious and indubitable proofs of the efficiency and wisdom of human government than the condition of our country now displays? To all these, the South cannot be insensible—cannot but indulge patriotic pride, and feel attachments to the Union, not to be sundered for light and temporary causes, for imaginary griev-

* U. S. Senator from South Carolina

ances, for doubtful and contested theories of political economy. It will not calmly see this Union rent in twain, to be followed by what no human sagacity can foresee. But, much as the South is attached to the Union, it is attached to liberty more. Liberty is the first object of all its efforts and aspirations. Is the honorable gentleman quite sanguine that liberty, even at the South, will long survive the dissolution of the Union? Does he hold the bond of fate? Can he cast its horoscope? I am not disposed to enter into invidious comparisons, nor to question the resources, the capacity, the ability of the South to maintain a separate government, and to occupy a high position among the nations of the world. It is not unbecoming, however, to suggest to those who are most ardent in their faith, to weigh well all the considerations—to calculate all the vicissitudes pertaining to a subject so awfully momentous. If that disastrous event should occur, and an independent government be established at the South,—are all the rivalries, the passions, the ambition, the interests which agitate the bosoms of men, and shake societies and communities, as with an earthquake, to be smothered and annihilated? Are the hidden fires which heave empires from their deep foundations to be extinguished? Will no sources of discord remain—no clouds float in the clear vault over their heads? He has read the annals of our race, and studied the human character to little purpose, who indulges in reveries like these. How is it, even now? Is there entire unanimity of principle or purpose at the South? Do contiguous states, separated only by a narrow stream, entirely harmonize? In view of these things, what assurance can the gentleman have that, whatever befall the Union, liberty will still fix her chosen abode at the South? Is there any thing so peculiar in its institutions, its principles, its policy, as to induce the fond belief that her last footsteps on earth will be found there? In after ages, if some zealous votary, groping among the fallen ruins and scattered fragments of her temples, to rescue some monument of her existence from the remorseless hand of time, shall explore the vestiges she has left, will he exclaim of the South, exclusively, in the language of the Roman poet, "*hic illius arma—hic currus fuit?*"

Sir, it is "better to bear the ills we have" than to seek a remedy in the dark chaos of disunion. All history admonishes us of its deplorable results. Faction, commotion, discord, civil war,—how have they not written awful lessons, as inscriptions upon the tombstones of nations! Does it not become us, then, the South as well as the North, the East no less than the West,

to start back from this yawning and fathomless abyss of **disunion**, whose depths no human eye can reach, and from which the groans of buried empires send back fearful warning? God grant that we may not blindly, madly, rashly, plunge in, to explore for ourselves the dark recesses of its dreary caverns!

GEORGE EVANS.*

55. THE UNION.

BUT a few days since, I visited the hall where the immortal Washington, after carving out the liberty which we, in common with twenty-five millions of our fellow-beings, this day enjoy, with a victorious, yet unpaid army, who adored him, under his command, surrendered his commission and his sword voluntarily to the representatives of a few exhausted colonies. That sublime occasion yet imparts its sacred influences to the place, and there is eloquence in its silent walls. But where, said I, are the brave and patriotic spirits who here fostered the germ of this mighty empire? Alas! they have gone to their rewards, and the clods of the valley lie heavily on their hearts; while we, their ungrateful children, with every element of good before us, forgetting the mighty sacrifices they made for their descendants, trifle with the rich blessings we inherited, and are ready, with sacrilegious hands, to despoil the temple of liberty which they reared by years of toil and trial, and cemented in blood and tears. Oh! could we not have deferred this inhuman struggle until the departure from amongst us of the revolutionary soldier, with his bowed and tottering frame, and his once bright eye dimmed? Ask him the cost of liberty, and he will "shoulder his crutch and tell how fields were won," and tell you of its priceless value. And yet we are shamelessly struggling in his sight, like mercenary children, for the patrimony, around the death-bed of a common parent, by whose industry and exertion it was accumulated, before the heart of him who gave them existence had ceased to pulsate. Amid all these conflicts, it has been my policy to give peace and stability to the Union, to silence agitation, to restore fraternal relations to an estranged brotherhood, and to lend my feeble aid in enabling our common country to march onward to the glorious fruition which awaits

* U. S. Senator from Maine.

her. I have opposed, and will hereafter oppose, the monster disunion, in any and every form, and howsoever disguised, or in whatsoever condition—whether in the germ, or the stately upas, with its wide-spread branches; whether it comes from the North or the South, or the East or the West; and whether it consists in denying the South her just rights, or in her demanding that to which she is not entitled. The union of these states, in the true spirit of the constitution, is a sentiment of my life. It was the dream of my early years; it has been the pride and joy of manhood; and, if it shall please Heaven to spare me to age, I pray that its abiding beauty may beguile my vacant and solitary hours. I do not expect a sudden disruption of the political bonds which unite the states of this confederacy; but I greatly fear a growing spirit of jealousy and discontent and sectional hate, which must, if permitted to extend itself, finally destroy the beauty and harmony of the fabric, if it does not raze it to its foundation. It cannot be maintained by force, and majorities in a confederacy should be admonished to use their power justly. Let no one suppose that those who have been joined together will remain so, despite the commission of mutual wrongs, because they have once enjoyed each other's confidence and affection, and propriety requires them to remain united. A chafed spirit, whether of a community or an individual, may be goaded beyond endurance, and the history of the world has proved that the season of desperation which succeeds is awfully reckless of consequences. But woe be to him by whom the offence of disunion comes! He will be held accursed when the bloody mandates of Herod and Nero shall be forgiven; and be regarded as a greater monster in this world than he who, to signalize his brutal ferocity, reared a monument of thousands of human skulls; and, in the next,

“The common damned will shun his society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.”

DANIEL S. DICKINSON.*

56. A DEFENCE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

SIR, in regard to the denunciation of the sentiment of my honorable friend from Massachusetts, I have something to say.

* U. S. Senator from New York.

The opinion expressed in this denunciation is, that it would be a natural and easy step for the senator from Massachusetts to take, to join the enemies of his country in war : in other words, to turn traitor, and merit by his treason the most ignominious of all deaths, with an immortality of infamy beyond the grave ! And for what ? The senator from Massachusetts had expressed a preference for the constitution to the capitol of his country. He had dared to declare that he prized the *magna charta* of American liberty,—the sacred bond of our union, the tie which binds together twelve millions of freemen,—above the stones and mortar which compose the crumbling mass within whose walls we are assembled. “The very head and front of his offending hath this extent : no more.” No man here has questioned, in the most violent moments of party excitement—not amidst the fiercest of all political strife—his purity of purpose in debate. Grant to him, what all others who have any title to the character of gentlemen demand for themselves, that he believed what he said ; grant that, in his judgment, as well as that of many here, the very existence of our liberties is involved in the surrender of the principle he contended for ; grant that the concentration of legislative and executive power in the hands of a single man is the death-blow to the constitution, and that the senator was right in considering the proposed appropriation as establishing the very principle which gave that fatal blow ;—and who is he that, thus believing, would support that proposition, because the guns of the enemy were battering at the walls of the capitol ? Where is the coward—where is the traitor, who would not rather see the capitol than the constitution of his country in ruins ? or who would lend himself to the establishment of a despotism among us, with a view to save this building for the despot to revel in ? Sir, in the days when Themistocles led the Athenians to victory at Salamis, he advised them to surrender their capitol for the preservation of the constitution of their country. That gallant people rose under the impulse of patriotism as one man, and with a stern resolution to yield life itself rather than abandon their liberties, and surrender the proud privilege of legislating for themselves to the delegate of a Persian despot, who offered them “all their own dominions, together with an accession of territory ample as their wishes, upon the single condition that they should receive law and suffer him to preside in Greece.” At that eventful period of their history, Crysilus alone proposed the surrender of their constitution to save the capitol ; and they stoned him to death. The public indignation was not yet

satisfied; for the Athenian matrons then rose and inflicted the same punishment on his wife. Leaving their capitol, and their noble city, rich as it was with the productions of every art, and glittering all over with the proudest trophies and the most splendid temples in the world; deserting, in the cause of free government, the very land that gave them birth, they embarked on board their ships, and fought that battle, the name of which has made the bosoms of freemen to thrill with sympathy in all the ages that have followed it, and shall cause the patriot's heart to beat higher with emotion through countless ages to come.

I repeat, sir, what no man who knows the senator from Massachusetts has ever doubted, that he was sincere in declaring that he viewed the proposition under debate as involving the surrender of the most valuable trust reposed in us by the constitution to a single man; and as one which, while it delegates the legislative power to the executive, establishes a precedent to prostrate the constitution forever. I do not feel, however, that his conduct needs vindication from me or any other; for, although the transient spirit of party may have sought to obscure his exalted character in the eyes of those who are easily led by misrepresentation into error, honorable fame has already encircled his temples with a wreath of unfading verdure, and impartial history shall hereafter emphatically designate him, amidst all the compatriots of his day, as the able, the eloquent, the fearless champion and defender of his country's constitution.

JOHN M. CLAYTON.*

57. THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

SIR, I scarcely understand the meaning of all this myself. If we are to vindicate our rights by battles, in bloody fields of war, let us do it. If that is not the plan, why then let us call back our armies into our own territory, and propose a treaty with Mexico, based upon the proposition that money is better for her and land is better for us. Thus we can treat Mexico like an equal, and do honor to ourselves. But what is it you ask? You have taken from Mexico one-fourth of her territory, and you now propose to run a line comprehending about another

* U. S. Senator from Delaware.

third, and for what? I ask, Mr. President, for what? What has Mexico got from you for parting with two-thirds of her domain? She has given you ample redress for every injury of which you have complained. She has submitted to the award of your commissioners, and, up to the time of the rupture with Texas, faithfully paid it. And for all that she has lost (not through or by you, but which loss has been your gain), what requital do we, her strong, rich, robust neighbor, make? Do we send our missionaries there, "to point the way to heaven?" Or do we send the schoolmasters to pour daylight into her dark places, to aid her infant strength to conquer freedom, and reap the fruit of the independence herself alone had won? No, no; none of this do we. But we send regiments, storm towns, and our colonels prate of liberty in the midst of the solitudes their ravages have made. They proclaim the empty forms of social compact to a people bleeding and maimed with wounds received in defending their hearth-stones against the invasion of these very men who shoot them down, and then exhort them to be free. Your chaplain of the navy throws aside the New Testament and seizes a bill of rights. He takes military possession of some town in California, and instead of teaching the plan of the atonement and the way of salvation to the poor, ignorant Celt, he presents Colt's pistol to his ear, and calls on him to take "trial by jury and habeas corpus," or nine bullets in his head. Oh! Mr. President, are you not the lights of the earth, if not its salt?

What is the territory, Mr. President, which you propose to wrest from Mexico? It is consecrated to the heart of the Mexican by many a well-fought battle with his old Castilian master. His Bunker Hills, and Saratogas, and Yorktowns are there! The Mexican can say, "There I bled for liberty! and shall I surrender that consecrated home of my affections to the Anglo-Saxon invaders? What do they want with it? They have Texas already. They have possessed themselves of the territory between the Nueces and the Rio Grande. What else do they want? To what shall I point my children as memorials of that independence which I bequeath to them, when those battle-fields shall have passed from my possession?"

Sir, had one come and demanded Bunker Hill of the people of Massachusetts—had England's lion ever showed himself there, is there a man over thirteen and under ninety who would not have been ready to meet him,—is there a river on this continent that would not have run red with blood,—is there a field but would have been piled high with the unburied bones of

slaughtered Americans, before these consecrated battle-fields of liberty should have been wrested from us ?

THOMAS CORWIN *

58. THE EXPLOITS OF GEN. TAYLOR.

MR. PRESIDENT, this whole country was thrown into one general burst of joy, our towns were illuminated when the little army on the Rio Grande repulsed, beat on two fields, a Mexican army three times their number, advantageously posted, and fighting with obstinacy proportionate to their numerical superiority ; but why recount it ? It was an army, according to the senator's dictum, which could have been held in check by two hundred and fifty Texan rangers. Is it true, sir, that those soldiers who had spent their lives in acquiring their profession, with an army of two thousand men, than which none was ever more favorably composed for desperate service, old soldiers and young leaders, performed only what two hundred and fifty Texan rangers could have done so much more effectually ? Shades of Ringgold, McIntosh, Barbour, Ridgely, and Duncan, and thou, the hero of the Mexican war, let not your ashes be disturbed ! The star of your glory will never be obscured by such fogs and fleeting clouds as that. It will continue to shine brighter and brighter as long as professional skill is appreciated, or bravery is admired, or patriotism has a shrine in the American heart.

But, sir, it was not alone in the United States that the military movements and achievements on the Rio Grande were viewed with admiration. The greatest captain of the age, the Duke of Wellington, the moment he saw the positions taken and the combinations made upon the Rio Grande ; the moment he saw the communication opened between the depot at Point Isabel and the garrison at Fort Brown, by that masterly movement of which the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma were a part, exclaimed, that General Taylor is a general indeed. And yet, sir, all history is to be rewritten, all the rapture and pride of the country at the achievements upon those bloody fields are to disappear, and the light of science to pale before the criticism of that senator, by whom we are told that a little band of mounted riflemen could have done that which cost so many American lives and hecatombs of Mexicans.

* U. S. Senator from Ohio.

I have spoken thus as a simple duty, not from any unkindness to the senator, but that I might do justice to many of my comrades, whose dust now mingles with the earth upon which they fought,—that I might not leave unredressed the wrongs of the buried dead.

I have endeavored to suppress all personal feeling, though the character of the attack upon my friend and general might have pardoned its indulgence. It is true that sorrow sharpens memory, and that many deeds of noblest self-sacrifice, many tender associations, rise now vividly before me.

I remember the purity of his character, his vast and varied resources ; and I remember how the good and great qualities of his heart were equally and jointly exhibited when he took the immense responsibility under which he acted at the battle of Buena Vista, fought after he had been recommended by his senior general to retire to Monterey.

Around him stood those whose lives were in his charge, whose mothers, fathers, wives, and children would look to him for their return ; those were there who had shared his fortunes on other fields ; some who, never having seen a battle, were eager for the combat, without knowing how direful it would be ; immediately about him those loving and beloved, and reposing such confidence in their commander that they but waited his beck and will to do and dare. On him, and on him alone, rested the responsibility. It was in his power to avoid it by retiring to Monterey, there to be invested and captured, and then justify himself under his instructions. He would not do it, but cast all upon the die, resolved to maintain his country's honor, and save his country's flag from trailing in the dust of the enemy he had so often beaten, or close the conqueror's career as became the soldier. His purpose never wavered, his determination never faltered ; his country's honor to be untarnished, his country's flag to triumph, or for himself to find an honorable grave, was the only alternative he considered. Under these circumstances, on the morning of the 23d of February, that glorious but bloody conflict commenced. It won for him a chaplet that it would be a disgrace for an American to mutilate, and which it were an idle attempt to adorn. I leave it to a grateful country which is conscious of his services, and possesses a discrimination that is not to be confounded by the assertions of any, however high their position.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.*

* U. S. Senator from Mississippi.

59. OBEDIENCE TO THE CONSTITUTION.

OUR forefathers held that the people had an inherent right to establish such constitution and laws for the government of themselves and their posterity, as they should deem best calculated to insure the protection of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and that the same might be altered and changed as experience should satisfy them to be necessary and proper. Upon this principle the constitution of the United States was formed, and our glorious Union established. All acts of congress passed in pursuance of the constitution are declared to be the supreme laws of the land, and the Supreme Court of the United States is charged with expounding the same. All officers and magistrates, under the federal and state governments—executive, legislative, judicial, and ministerial—are required to take an oath to support the constitution, before they can enter upon the performance of their respective duties. Every person born under the constitution owes allegiance to it; and every naturalized citizen takes an oath to support it. Fidelity to the constitution is the only passport to the enjoyment of rights under it. When a senator elect presents his credentials, he is not allowed to take his seat until he places his hand upon the holy evangelist, and appeals to his God for the sincerity of his vow to support the constitution. He who does this with a mental reservation or secret intention to disregard any provision of the constitution, commits a double crime—is morally guilty of perjury to his God and treason to his country!

If the constitution of the United States is to be repudiated upon the ground that it is repugnant to the divine law, where are the friends of freedom and Christianity to look for another and a better? Who is to be the prophet to reveal the will of God and establish a theocracy for us?

I will not venture to inquire what are to be the form and principles of the new government, or to whom is to be intrusted the execution of its sacred functions; for, when we decide that the wisdom of our revolutionary fathers was foolishness, and their piety wickedness, and destroy the only system of self-government that has ever realized the hopes of the friends of freedom, and commanded the respect of mankind, it becomes us to wait patiently until the purposes of the Latter Day Saints shall be revealed unto us.

For my part, I am prepared to maintain and preserve inviolate the constitution as it is, with all its compromises, to stand

or fall by the American Union, clinging with the tenacity of life to all its glorious memories of the past and precious hopes of the future.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS *

60. THE DEATH OF O'CONNELL.

THERE is sad news from Genoa. An aged and weary pilgrim, who can travel no further, passes beneath the gate of one of her ancient palaces, saying with pious resignation as he enters its silent chambers, "Well, it is God's will that I shall never see Rome. I am disappointed. But I am ready to die. It is all right." The superb though fading queen of the Mediterranean holds anxious watch, through ten long days, over that majestic stranger's wasting frame. And now death is there—the Liberator of Ireland has sunk to rest in the Cradle of Columbus.

Coincidence beautiful and most sublime! It was the very day set apart by the elder daughter of the Church for prayer and sacrifice throughout the world, for the children of the sacred island, perishing by famine and pestilence in their homes and in their native fields, and on their crowded paths of exile, on the sea and in the havens, and on the lakes, and along the rivers of this far distant land. The chimes rung out by pity for his countrymen were O'Connell's fitting knell; his soul went forth on clouds of incense that rose from altars of Christian charity; and the mournful anthems which recited the faith, and the virtue, and the endurance of Ireland, were his becoming requiem.

It is a holy sight to see the obsequies of a soldier, not only of civil liberty, but of the liberty of conscience—of a soldier, not only of freedom, but of the Cross of Christ—of a benefactor, not merely of a race of people, but of mankind. The vault lighted by suspended worlds is the temple within which the great solemnities are celebrated. The nations of the earth are mourners; and the spirits of the just made perfect, descending from their golden thrones on high, break forth into songs.

Behold now a nation which needeth not to speak its melancholy precedence. The lament of Ireland comes forth from palaces deserted, and from shrines restored; from Boyne's dark water, witness of her desolation, and from Tara's lofty hill, ever

* U. S. Senator from Illinois.

echoing her renown. But louder and deeper yet that wailing comes from the lonely huts on mountain and on moor, where the people of the greenest island of all the seas are expiring in the midst of insufficient though world-wide charities. Well indeed may they deplore O'Connell, for they were his children; and he bore them

"A love so vehement, so strong, so pure,
That neither age could change nor art could cure."

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.*

61. THE OREGON TERRITORY.

THE honorable senator† has arrayed before us the mighty naval power of England, the number of her ships of war, her sailors, and her guns, and the comparatively diminutive force we present. If that senator by this intended to awe us into a compromise, by the surrender of our own territory, it was certainly both ill-timed and ill-planned; that would have better become a secret session. The idea of surrendering without an effort, because of the numerical superiority of the enemy, whether in guns or men, is new to me in military history. I admit that it is right and proper to examine the force of Great Britain, but at the same time we ought not to forget or undervalue our own. The American people cannot be alarmed; they are not to be awed by any such representations.

But the senator of South Carolina‡ is wedded to a different plan—a plan which avoids all action. He is for leaving the whole matter to the silent, quiet, noiseless operation of time, and the gradual encroachments of our hardy and enterprising settlers, who have gone, and are going, into the territory.

But do gentlemen flatter themselves that we can thus take Oregon, and England know nothing of it? Will the English not understand this policy as well as we? And when they perceive the plan likely to take effect, will they not be on their guard? If we press our population upon them, will they not, in turn, press their pauper population upon us? Which of the two plans will most consult the honor of this country? Which story shall we rather have on record as a heritage to our posterity—the plan of the honorable senator to get the territory by silent

* U. S. Senator from New York.

† Mr. Clayton, of Delaware.

‡ Mr. Calhoun.

encroachment, or that advocated by gentlemen on the other side, who are for demanding the territory because it is ours? Shall we take it openly and boldly, by a straight-forward, manly course?—or shall we get it covertly, sily, stealthily? No! I will not say stealthily; I will not employ any term that may imply the slightest disrespect to the honorable senator: I will not say stealthily, but I will say circuitously; yes, that is the word—circuitously. I would not say any thing that could be a cause of offence to the honorable gentleman from South Carolina. I have no such feelings towards him. I hold that honorable senator in too much respect; I have too much esteem and regard for him. I would not, for the world, pluck one leaf from the laurel that enwreathes his venerated brow. He has ably served his country in many and various important stations. I hope and trust he will do nothing that shall mar the page in this nation's history which he is destined to fill. I respect his acquisitions; above all, I venerate his virtues—the spotless purity of his private life. But the senator's course is circuitous; ours is direct. Which, I ask, will do most honor to a country like this? Which will read the best? Sir, how will it read alongside of the history of '76? Then the whole population of a range of Atlantic colonies, sooner than submit to the exaction of a slight tax, took up arms, and went into the appeal of battle. They stood for their rights in many a bloody field; and they conquered those rights from the mightiest and the haughtiest power the world ever saw. Such was the first chapter of our history, read and studied by the nations of the Old World. But what is to be the second chapter? At first we had but three millions of people; now we have twenty millions. Our wealth, our power, our energy, have increased in more than a like proportion. And now the same old enemy claims a great empire on our western coast; and the descendants of the same people resolve, sooner than resist, to surrender their rights, and let her take it. I trust no such chapter is to be written in our history.

Mr. President, I have but uttered the rights of my country; and by their side I plant myself, ready to abide the issue—come peace, come war.

E. A. HANNEGAN.*

* U. S. Senator from Indiana.

62. THE HEROISM OF THE PILGRIMS.

If one were called on to select the most glittering of the instances of military heroism to which the admiration of the world has been most constantly attracted, he would make choice, I imagine, of the instance of that desperate valor, in which, in obedience to the laws, Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans cast themselves headlong, at the passes of Greece, on the myriads of their Persian invaders. From the simple page of Herodotus, longer than from the Amphyctionic monument, or the games of the commemoration, that act speaks still to the tears and praise of all the world.

Judge if, that night, as they watched the dawn of the last morning their eyes could ever see; as they heard with every passing hour the stilly hum of the invading host, his dusky lines stretched out without end, and now almost encircling them around; as they remembered their unprofaned home, city of heroes and of the mothers of heroes,—judge if, watching there, in the gate-way of Greece, this sentiment did not grow to the nature of madness, if it did not run in torrents of literal fire to and from the laboring heart; and when morning came and passed, and they had dressed their long locks for battle, and when, at a little after noon, the countless invading throng was seen at last to move, was it not with a rapture, as if all the joy, all the sensation of life was in that one moment, that they cast themselves, with the fierce gladness of mountain-torrents, headlong on that brief revelry of glory?

I acknowledge the splendor of that transaction in all its aspects. I admit its morality, too, and its useful influence on every Grecian heart, in that greatest crisis of Greece.

And yet, do you not think, that whoso could, by adequate description, bring before you that winter of the Pilgrims,—its brief sunshine; the nights of storm, slow waning; the damp and icy breath, felt to the pillow of the dying; its destitutions, its contrasts with all their former experience in life; its utter insulation and loneliness; its death-beds and burials; its memories; its apprehensions; its hopes; the consultations of the prudent; the prayers of the pious; the occasional cheerful hymn, in which the strong heart threw off its burden, and, asserting its unvanquished nature, went up, like a bird of dawn, to the skies;—do ye not think that whoso could describe them calmly waiting in that defile, lonelier and darker than Thermopylæ, for a morning that might never dawn, or might show them, when

it did, a mightier arm than the Persian, raised as in act to strike, would he not sketch a scene of more difficult and rarer heroism? A scene, as Wordsworth has said, "melancholy, yealistical, yet consolatory and full of joy;" a scene, even better fitted to succor, to exalt, to lead the forlorn hopes of all great causes, till time shall be no more!

I have said that I deemed it a great thing for a nation, in all the periods of its fortunes, to be able to look back to a race of founders, and a principle of institution, in which it might rationally admire the realized idea of true heroism. That felicity, that pride, that help, is ours. Our past, with its great eras, that of settlement, and that of independence, should announce, should compel, should spontaneously evolve as from a germ, a wise, moral, and glowing future. Those heroic men and women should not look down on a dwindled posterity. That broad foundation, sunk below frost or earthquake, should bear up something more permanent than an encampment of tents, pitched at random, and struck when the trumpet of march sounds at next daybreak. It should bear up, as by a natural growth, a structure in which generations may come, one after another, to the great gift of the Social Life.

RUFUS CHOATE.*

63. POPULAR EXCITEMENT IN ELECTIONS.

SIR, I not only maintain that the people are exempt from the charge of violence, but that there is a tendency to carry the feeling of indifference to public affairs to a dangerous extreme. From the peculiar structure and commercial spirit of modern society, and the facilities presented, in our country, for the acquisition of wealth, the eager pursuit of gain predominates over our concern for the affairs of the Republic. This is, perhaps, our national foible. Wealth is the object of our idolatry, and even liberty is worshipped in the form of property. Although this spirit, by stimulating industry, is unquestionably excellent in itself, yet it is to be apprehended that, in a period of peace and tranquillity, it will become too strong for patriotism, and produce the greatest of national evils—popular apathy.

We have been frequently told, that the farmer should attend to his plough, and the mechanic to his handicraft, during the

* U. S. Senator from Massachusetts.

canvass for the Presidency. Sir, a more dangerous doctrine could not be inculcated. If there is any spectacle from the contemplation of which I would shrink with peculiar horror, it would be that of the great mass of the American people sunk into a profound apathy on the subject of their highest political interests. Such a spectacle would be more portentous to the eye of intelligent patriotism, than all the monsters of the earth, and fiery signs of the heavens, to the eye of trembling superstition. If the people could be indifferent to the fate of a contest for the Presidency, they would be unworthy of freedom. If I were to perceive them sinking into this apathy, I would even apply the power of political galvanism, if such a power could be found, to rouse them from their fatal lethargy. Keep the people quiet! Peace! peace! Such are the whispers by which the people are to be lulled to sleep, in the very crisis of their highest concerns. Sir, "you make a solitude, and call it peace!" Peace? 'Tis death! Take away all interest from the people, in the election of their Chief Ruler, and liberty is no more. What, sir, is to be the consequence? If the people do not elect the President, some body must. There is no special providence to decide the question. Who, then, is to make the election, and how will it operate? You throw a general paralysis over the body politic, and excite a morbid action in particular members. The general patriotic excitement of the people, in relation to the election of the President, is as essential to the health and energy of the political system, as circulation of the blood is to the health and energy of the natural body. Check that circulation, and you inevitably produce local inflammation, gangrene, and ultimately death. Make the people indifferent, destroy their legitimate influence, and you communicate a morbid violence to the efforts of those who are ever ready to assume the control of such affairs—the mercenary intriguers and interested office-hunters of the country. Tell me not, sir, of popular violence! Show me a hundred political factionists—men who look to the election of a President as the means of gratifying their high or their low ambition—and I will show you the very materials for a mob, ready for any desperate adventure connected with their common fortunes. The reason of this extraordinary excitement is obvious. It is a matter of self-interest, of personal ambition. The people can have no such motives. They look only to the interest and glory of the country.

GEORGE McDUFFIE.*

* U. S. Representative from South Carolina.

64. THE DESTINY OF THE UNITED STATES.

SIR, is not the language of Berkley in the progress of fulfilment, when he wrote that immortal line—

“ Westward the star of empire takes its way ?”

When Oregon shall be in our possession, when we shall have established a profitable trade with China through her ports, when our ships traverse the Pacific as they now cross the Atlantic, and all the countless consequences of such a state of things begin to flow in upon us, then will be fulfilled that vision which rapt and filled the mind of Nunez as he gazed over the placid waves of the Pacific.

I will now address myself for a moment to the moral aspect of this great question. Gentlemen have talked much and eloquently about the horrors of war. I should regret the necessity of a war ; I should deplore its dreadful scenes ; but if the possession of Oregon gives us a territory opening upon the nation prospects such as I describe, and if, for the simple exercise of our rights in regard to it, Great Britain should wage war upon us—an unjust war—the regret which every one must feel will, at least, have much to counterbalance it. One of England’s own writers has said : “ The possible destiny of the United States of America, as a nation of one hundred millions of freemen, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, living under the laws of Alfred, and speaking the language of Shakspeare and Milton, is an august conception.”

It is an august conception, finely embodied ; and I trust in God that it will, at no distant time, become a reality. I trust that the world will see, through all time, our people living, not only under the laws of Alfred, but that they will be heard to speak throughout our wide-spread borders the language of Shakspeare and Milton. Above all is it my prayer that, as long as our posterity shall continue to inhabit these mountains and plains, and hills and valleys, they may be found living under the sacred institutions of Christianity. Put these things together, and what a picture do they present to the mental eye ! Civilization and intelligence started in the East ; they have travelled, and are still travelling, westward ; but when they shall have completed the circuit of the earth, and reached the extremest verge of the Pacific shores, then, unlike the fabled god of the ancients, who dipped his glowing axle in the western wave, they will take up their permanent abode ; then shall we

enjoy the sublime destiny of returning these blessings to their ancient seat ; then will it be ours to give the priceless benefits of our free institutions, and the pure and healthful light of the gospel, back to the dark family which has so long lost both truth and freedom ; then may Christianity plant herself there, and while with one hand she points to the Polynesian isles, rejoicing in the late-recovered treasure of revealed truth, with the other present the Bible to the Chinese. It is our duty to aid in this great work. I trust we shall esteem it as much our honor as our duty. Let us not, like some of the British missionaries, give them the Bible in one hand and opium in the other, but bless them only with the pure word of truth. I hope the day is not distant—soon, soon may its dawn arise—to shed upon the farthest and the most benighted of nations the splendor of more than a tropical sun.

HENRY W. HILLIARD.*

65. THE FAMINE IN IRELAND.

THERE lies upon the other side of the wide Atlantic a beautiful island, famous in story and in song. It has given to the world more than its share of genius and of greatness. It has been prolific in statesmen, warriors, and poets. Its brave and generous sons have fought successfully in all battles but its own. In wit and humor it has no equal ; while its harp, like its history, moves to tears by its sweet but melancholy pathos. In this fair region God has seen fit to send the most terrible of all those fearful ministers who fulfil his inscrutable decrees. The earth has failed to give her increase ; the common mother has forgotten her offspring, and her breast no longer affords them their accustomed nourishment. Famine, gaunt and ghastly famine, has seized a nation with its strangling grasp ; and unhappy Ireland, in the sad woes of the present, forgets, for a moment, the gloomy history of the past.

In battle, in the fulness of his pride and strength, little recks the soldier whether the hissing bullet sing his sudden requiem, or the cords of life are severed by the sharp steel. But he who dies of hunger, wrestles alone, day after day, with his grim and unrelenting enemy. He has no friends to cheer him in the terrible conflict ; for if he had friends how could he die of hunger ?

* U. S. Representative from Alabama.

He has not the hot blood of the soldier to maintain him ; for his foe, vampire-like, has exhausted his veins.

Who will hesitate to give his mite, to avert such awful results ? Give, then, generously and freely. Recollect, that in so doing, you are exercising one of the most godlike qualities of your nature, and at the same time enjoying one of the greatest luxuries of life. We ought to thank our Maker that he has permitted us to exercise equally with himself that noblest of even the Divine attributes, benevolence. Go home and look at your family, smiling in rosy health, and then think of the pale, famine-pinched cheeks of the poor children of Ireland ; and you will give, according to your store, even as a bountiful Providence has given to you—not grudgingly, but with an open hand ; for the quality of benevolence, like that of mercy,

“Is not strained ;
It droppeth like the gentle rain from Heaven,
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed :
It blesses him that gives, and him that takes.”

S. S. PRENTISS.*

66. REPUBLICS.

THE name of REPUBLIC is inscribed upon the most imperishable monuments of the species, and it is probable that it will continue to be associated, as it has been in all past ages, with whatever is heroic in character, and sublime in genius, and elegant and brilliant in the cultivation of arts and letters. It would not be difficult to prove that the base hirelings who have so industriously inculcated a contrary doctrine, have been compelled to falsify history and abuse reason.

It might be asked, triumphantly, what land has ever been visited with the influences of liberty, that has not flourished like the spring ? What people has ever worshipped at her altars without kindling with a loftier spirit and putting forth more noble energies ? Where has she ever acted that her deeds have not been heroic ? Where has she ever spoken, that her eloquence has not been triumphant and sublime ?

With respect to ourselves, would it not be enough to say that we live under a form of government and in a state of society to which the world has never yet exhibited a parallel ? Is it then nothing to be free ? How many nations, in the whole annals of

Representative from Mississippi.

human kind, have proved themselves worthy of being so? Is it nothing that we are republicans? Were all men as enlightened, as brave, as proud as they ought to be, would they suffer themselves to be insulted with any other title? Is it nothing, that so many independent sovereignties should be held together in such a confederacy as ours? What does history teach us of the difficulty of instituting and maintaining such a polity, and of the glory that, of consequence, ought to be given to those who enjoy its advantages in so much perfection and on so grand a scale? For, can any thing be more striking and sublime, than the idea of an imperial republic, spreading over an extent of territory more immense than the empire of the Cæsars, in the accumulated conquests of a thousand years—without præfects or proconsuls or publicans—founded in the maxims of common sense—employing within itself no arms, but those of reason—and known to its subjects only by the blessings it bestows or perpetuates, yet capable of directing, against a foreign foe, all the energies of a military despotism,—a republic, in which men are completely insignificant, and principles and laws exercise, throughout its vast dominion, a peaceful and irresistible sway, blending in one divine harmony such various habits and conflicting opinions, and mingling in our institutions the light of philosophy with all that is dazzling in the associations of heroic achievement and extended domination, and deep-seated and formidable power!

HUGH S. LEGARÉ.*

67. A MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON.

FELLOW-CITIZENS, let us seize this occasion to renew to each other our vows of allegiance and devotion to the American Union, and let us recognize in our common title to the name and the fame of Washington, and in our common veneration for his example and his advice, the all-sufficient centripetal power, which shall hold the thick clustering stars of our confederacy in one glorious constellation forever! Let the column which we are about to construct be at once a pledge and an emblem of perpetual union! Let the foundations be laid; let the superstructure be built up and cemented; let each stone be raised and riveted, in a spirit of national brotherhood! And

* U. S. Representative from South Carolina.

may the earliest ray of the rising sun—till that sun shall set to rise no more—draw forth from it daily, as from the fabled statue of antiquity, a strain of national harmony, which shall strike a responsive chord in every heart throughout the republic !

Proceed, then, fellow-citizens, with the work for which you have assembled. Lay the corner-stone of a monument which shall adequately bespeak the gratitude of the whole American people to the illustrious father of his country. Build it to the skies : you cannot outreach the loftiness of his principles. Found it upon the massive and eternal rock : you cannot make it more enduring than his fame. Construct it of the peerless Parian marble : you cannot make it purer than his life. Exhaust upon it the rules and principles of ancient and of modern art : you cannot make it more proportionate than his character.

But let not your homage to his memory end here. Think not to transfer to a tablet or a column the tribute which is due from yourselves. Just honor to Washington can only be rendered by observing his precepts and imitating his example. *Similitudine decoremus.* He has built his own monument. We, and those who come after us, in successive generations, are its appointed, its privileged guardians. This wide-spread republic is the future monument to Washington. Maintain its independence. Uphold its constitution. Preserve its union. Defend its liberty. Let it stand before the world in all its original strength and beauty, securing peace, order, equality, and freedom to all within its boundaries, and shedding light and hope and joy upon the pathway of human liberty throughout the world,—and Washington needs no other monument. Other structures may fully testify our veneration for him : this, this alone can adequately illustrate his services to mankind.

Nor does he need even this. The republic may perish ; the wide arch of our ranged union may fall ; star by star its glories may expire ; stone by stone its columns and its capitol may moulder and crumble ; all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten ; but as long as human hearts shall anywhere pant, or human tongues shall anywhere plead, for a true, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory, and those tongues shall prolong the fame, of George Washington.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.*

* U. S. Representative from Massachusetts.

68. THE DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.

THE gentleman from South Carolina* has painted, in the most glowing colors and fascinating forms, the glorious advantages to the South of a dissolution of this Union. But is there not another side to this picture?—and to this I beg the gentlemen to turn their calm and dispassionate attention. Before they take this fearful plunge, let them look over the precipice on which they stand into the yawning gulf beneath. On the other side of this picture is written, in flaming capitals—treason; rebellion; civil war, with all its fearful consequences. Let it be remembered, that no state can go out of this Union until it has conquered all the rest. When one state is gone, no two remain united. We have heard of the benefits of destroying this Union; but what will be its cost to those who may attempt it? From imaginary ills, they fly to “others that they know not of.”

They now complain of taxation! But what will be the taxation necessary to raise and sustain armies and navies to contend against this government?—a government which now, with fond and parental affection, guards and protects the South. But taxation would be the smallest item in the frightful catalogue of their calamities. There is still another leaf in this book, to which gentlemen should look. And can they behold it with indifference? It is the page on which posterity will write the epitaph of the authors of the destruction of this happy and glorious Union; of those who should involve us in all the horrors of civil war; who should arm father against son, and brother against brother; who should destroy this bright and glorious example—the only free government on earth.

How deep and how loud would be their denunciations, how bitter and how blasting would be the curses, with which posterity would brand the memories of those men! And will not their sentence be just? Where will they look for extenuation or excuse? Taxation!—it is imaginary; not real. All contributions here are voluntary; not compulsory. No people under heaven are half so lightly taxed, or half so highly blessed. In other countries, the people are taxed twenty times the amount, to support despots; imposed, not by themselves, but by arbitrary power. Compared with this country, in England taxation is as eighteen to one; yet they submit, and we rebel.

* Mr. McDuffie.

Will not the people of the South look at these facts, and pause before they do the fatal deed that must seal forever their own destruction? In this Union, the gentleman from South Carolina has every thing to hope: his name may go down to posterity among the most distinguished men of the age: his talents may adorn its highest offices, to which he has a just right to aspire; and much as I may differ with that gentleman, both as to men and measures, yet such is my opinion of his talents and his worth, that I would rejoice to see him at this moment filling the highest of the executive departments of this government, or the highest of its diplomatic stations. That gentleman may be carried away by momentary excitement; still I cannot doubt his attachment to this Union, which I trust he will never sacrifice to imaginary evils. The blessings of this government, and the value of this Union, I have never heard so forcibly urged, or so eloquently portrayed, as by the gentleman from South Carolina himself; and I cannot, in conclusion, better express my own feelings than by repeating the very words uttered by that gentleman in concluding an able and eloquent speech on another occasion, when he said—"The liberty of this country is a sacred depository—a vestal fire, which Providence has committed to our hands for the general benefit of mankind. It is the world's last hope: extinguish it, and the earth will be covered with eternal darkness; but once 'put out that light, I know not where is that Promethean heat that shall that light relume.'"

I appeal to the gentleman—I ask him, is he prepared to destroy that "sacred depository," the Union and liberties of his country? Is he prepared to extinguish, in fraternal blood, that "vestal fire committed to his hands by Providence, for the benefit of mankind?" Is he prepared to destroy "the world's last hope;" to put out and extinguish forever that great and glorious light of liberty and union now blazing up to the heavens, illumining the path and cheering the onward march of the friends of freedom throughout the world, and thus to cover the earth with eternal darkness? Is he prepared for this? I pause for a reply.

ANDREW STEWART.*

* U. S. Representative from Pennsylvania.

69. FREE DISCUSSION.

SIR, admit—for we must admit—that free discussion has ever been odious to the tyrant, and to all the minions of licentious power; but can we ever forget how eloquent, how enchanting the voice of that same freedom of speech has, in all ages, been, wherever its tones have fallen on the ear of freemen?

Free discussion, and liberty itself, eloquence and freedom of speech, are contemporaneous fires, and brighten and blaze, or languish and go out, together. Athenian liberty was, for years, protracted by that free discussion, which was sustained and continued in Athens. Freedom was prolonged by eloquence. Liberty paused and lingered, that she might listen to the divine intonations of her voice. Free discussion, the eloquence of one man, rolled back the tide of Macedonian power, and long preserved his country from the overwhelming deluge.

When the light of free discussion had, throughout all the Grecian cities, been extinguished in the blood of those statesmen by whose eloquence it had been sustained, young Tully, breathing the spirit of Roman liberty on the expiring embers, relumed and transmitted, from the banks of the Ilissus to those of the Tiber, this glorious light of freedom. This mighty master of the forum, by his free discussions, both from the rostrum and in the senate-house, gave new vigor, and a longer duration of existence, to the liberty of his country. Who, more than Marcus Tullius Cicero, was loved and cherished by the friends of that country? Who more feared and hated by traitors and tyrants?

Freedom of speech, Roman eloquence, and Roman liberty, expired together, when, under the proscription of the second triumvirate, the hired bravo of Mark Antony placed in the lap of one of his profligate minions the head and the hands of Tully, the statesman, the orator, the illustrious father of his country. After amusing herself some hours by plunging her bodkin through that tongue which had so long delighted the senate and the rostrum, and made Antony himself tremble in the midst of his legions, she ordered that head and those hands, then the trophies of a savage despotism, to be set up in the forum.

“ Her last good man, dejected Rome adored;
Wept for her patriot slain, and cursed the tyrant's sword.”

English statesmen and orators, in the free discussions of the

English parliament, have been formed on those illustrious models of Greek and Roman policy and eloquence. Multiplied by the teeming labors of the press, the works of the master and the disciple have come to our hands; and the eloquence of Chatham, of Burke, of Fox, and of the younger Pitt, reaches us, not in the feeble and evanescent voice of tradition, but preserved and placed before the eye on the more imperishable page. Neither these great originals, nor their improved transcripts, have been lost to our country. The American political school of free discussion has enriched the nation with some distinguished scholars; and Dexter, and Morris, and Pinkney will not soon be forgotten by our country, or by the literary world.

Some men who now live may hereafter be found deserving of that life, in the memory of posterity, which very great men have thought no unworthy object of a glorious ambition. Who can censure this anxious wish to live in human memory? When we feel ourselves borne along the current of time; when we see ourselves hourly approach that cloud, impenetrable to the human eye, which terminates the last visible portion of this moving estuary; who of us, although he may hope, when he reaches it, to shoot through that dark barren into a more bright and peaceful region, yet who, I say, can feel himself receding swiftly from the eye of all human sympathy, leaving the vision of all human monuments, and not wish, as he passes by, to place on those monuments some little memorial of himself—some volume of a book—or, perhaps, but a single page, that it may be remembered,

“When we are not, that we have been?”

Sir, these models of ancient and modern policy and eloquence, formed in the great schools of free discussion, both in earlier and later time, are in the hands of thousands of those youths who are now, in all the parts of our country, forming themselves for the public service. This hall is the bright goal of their generous, patriotic, and glorious ambition. Sir, they look hither with a feeling not unlike that devotion felt by the pilgrim as he looks towards some venerated shrine. Do not—I implore you, sir, do not—by your decision this day, abolish the rites of liberty, consecrated in this place. Extinguish not those fires on her altar, which should here be eternal. Suffer not, suffer not the rude hand of this more than Vandal violence to demolish, “from turret to foundation-stone,” this last sanctuary of freedom.

TRISTAM BURGESS.*

* U. S. Representative from Rhode Island.

70. NORTHERN LABORERS.

SIR, the gentleman has misconceived the spirit and tendency of northern institutions. He is ignorant of northern character. He has forgotten the history of his country. Preach insurrection to the northern laborers! Who are the northern laborers? The history of your country is their history. The renown of your country is their renown. The brightness of their doings is emblazoned on its every page. Blot from your annals the deeds and the doings of northern laborers, and the history of your country presents but a universal blank.

Sir, who was he that disarmed the Thunderer; wrested from his grasp the bolts of Jove; calmed the troubled ocean; became the central sun of the philosophical system of his age, shedding his brightness and effulgence on the whole civilized world; whom the great and mighty of the earth delighted to honor; who participated in the achievement of your independence; prominently assisted in moulding your free institutions, and the beneficial effects of whose wisdom will be felt to the last moment of "recorded time?" Who, sir, I ask, was he? A northern laborer—a Yankee tallow-chandler's son—a printer's runaway boy!

And who, let me ask the honorable gentleman, who was he that, in the days of our revolution, led forth a northern army—yes, an army of northern laborers—and aided the chivalry of South Carolina in their defence against British aggression, drove the spoilers from their firesides, and redeemed her fair fields from foreign invaders? Who was he? A northern laborer, a Rhode Island blacksmith—the gallant General Greene—who left his hammer and his forge, and went forth conquering and to conquer in the battle for our independence! And will you preach insurrection to men like these?

Sir, our country is full of the achievements of northern laborers! Where is Concord, and Lexington, and Princeton, and Trenton, and Saratoga, and Bunker Hill, but in the north? And what, sir, has shed an imperishable renown on the never-dying names of those hallowed spots, but the blood and the struggles, the high daring and patriotism, and sublime courage, of northern laborers? The whole north is an everlasting monument of the freedom, virtue, intelligence, and indomitable independence of northern laborers! Go, sir, go preach insurrection to men like these!

The fortitude of the men of the north, under intense suffering

for liberty's sake, has been almost godlike! History has so recorded it. Who comprised that gallant army, that, without food, without pay, shelterless, shoeless, penniless, and almost naked, in that dreadful winter—the midnight of our revolution—whose wanderings could be traced by their blood-tracks in the snow; whom no arts could seduce, no appeal lead astray, no sufferings disaffect; but who, true to their country and its holy cause, continued to fight the good fight of liberty, until it finally triumphed? Who, sir, were these men? Why, northern laborers! Yes, sir, northern laborers!

Who, sir, were Roger Sherman and—— But it is idle to enumerate. To name the northern laborers who have distinguished themselves, and illustrated the history of their country, would require days of the time of this house. Nor is it necessary. Posterity will do them justice. Their deeds have been recorded in characters of fire!

C. C. NAYLOR.*

71. THE DESTINY OF AMERICA.

WE may betray the trust reposed in us—we may most miserably defeat the fond hopes entertained of us. We may become the scorn of tyrants and the jest of slaves. From our fate, oppression may assume a bolder front of insolence, and its victims sink into a darker despair.

In that event, how unspeakable will be our disgrace! with what weight of mountains will the infamy lie upon our souls! The gulf of our ruin will be as deep, as the elevation we might have attained is high. How wilt thou fall from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! Our beloved country with ashes for beauty; the golden cord of our union broken; its scattered fragments presenting every form of misrule, from the wildest anarchy to the most ruthless despotism; our “soil drenched with fraternal blood;” the life of man stripped of its grace and dignity; the prizes of honor gone, and virtue divorced from half its encouragements and supports;—these are gloomy pictures, which I would not invite your imaginations to dwell upon, but only to glance at, for the sake of the warning lessons we may draw from them.

Remember that we can have none of those consolations which

* U. S. Representative from Pennsylvania.

sustain the patriot who mourns over the undeserved misfortunes of his country. Our Rome cannot fall, and we be innocent. No conqueror will chain us to the car of his triumph; no countless swarm of Huns and Goths will bury the memorials and trophies of civilized life beneath a living tide of barbarism. Our own selfishness, our own neglect, our own passions, and our own vices will furnish the elements of our destruction. With our own hands we shall tear down the stately edifice of our glory. We shall die by self-inflicted wounds.

But we will not talk of themes like these. We will not think of failure, dishonor, and despair. We will elevate our minds to the contemplation of our high duties, and the great trust committed to us. We will resolve to lay the foundations of our prosperity on that rock of private virtue which cannot be shaken until the laws of the moral world are reversed. From our own breasts shall flow the salient springs of national increase. Then our success, our happiness, our glory is inevitable. We may calmly smile at all the croakings of all the ravens, whether of native or foreign breed.

The whole will not grow weak by the increase of its parts. Our growth will be like that of the mountain oak, which strikes its roots more deeply into the soil, and clings to it with a closer grasp as its lofty head is exalted and its broad arms stretched out. The loud burst of joy and gratitude which this, the anniversary of our independence, is breaking from the full hearts of a mighty people, will never cease to be heard. No chasms of sullen silence will interrupt its course; no discordant notes of sectional madness mar the general harmony. Year after year will increase it, by tributes from now unpeopled solitudes. The farthest West shall hear it and rejoice; the Oregon shall swell it with the voice of its waters; the Rocky Mountains shall fling back the glad sound from their snowy crests.

G. S. HILLIARD.

72. CALIFORNIA.

THE colonizing of California is an unequalled wonder in the history of the world, whether you consider the rapidity of its progress; the moral dignity of its settlement, even in the midst of the overwhelming confusion of its multitudes tumbling in from every quarter; the wisdom displayed in its organization by the first generation of its inhabitants, in the first year of its occupation.

or the incalculable results to which its settlement must lead, in the moral and commercial history of the world. By this process of settlement, this continent must soon become the highway to the opening riches of Eastern Asia, and the great road also on which moral and intellectual influence is to travel thither. So that either for the purposes of earthly gain, or of religious usefulness to man, we may hope the stormy doubling of the southern Capes will soon come to an end.

Now, I call this whole extent of territory a gift to this generation; an attainment from a far higher power than the mere power of man, for purposes most important to the interests of man, and most near to the honor of his Creator. Let the suffering inhabitants of the Old World come: we may reel a little beneath the burden on this Atlantic strip, but it will be to gather strength and greatness by the effort. Let every sorrowing refugee feel, the moment he has reached our shore, that he is an American, born in that auspicious hour, and entitled to an inheritance for himself and his children after him, to be made dependent upon nothing but his own fidelity in sustaining and defending American principles of liberty, order, and truth, and carrying out, in his own efforts, the great and noble purposes for which America has been opened and provided. With this extending territory we may safely invite the hard-working men from all the earth. We may tell the whole crowd of sufferers under foreign despotism, that there is a Goshen for them here, and that God has sent us before them to preserve life. Here they may cast away the iron which has entered into their soul, and rise to the manhood of their Creation, free, honored, and useful to mankind.

DR. S. H. TYNG.

73. THE DEVELOPMENT OF OUR COUNTRY.

It is but a few years since we entered upon the conquest of a country wilder than Germany in the days of Cæsar, and ten times more extensive; and yet in that short space we have reached a point of physical development which twenty centuries have not accomplished there. The forests have fallen down, the earth has been quarried, cities and towns have sprung up all over the immense extent of our land, thronged with life, and resounding with the multitudinous hum of traffic; and from hundreds of ports the canvas of ten thousand sails whitens all

the ocean and every sea, bearing the products of our soil and manufactures, and bringing back the wealth and luxuries of every quarter of the globe. Then, too, the tremendous agencies of nature—the awful forces evolved by chemical and dynamic science—have been subdued to man's dominion, and have become submissive ministers to his will, more prompt and more powerful than the old fabled genii of the Arabian tales. Little did our fathers, little did we ourselves, even the youngest of us, dream—in the days of our childhood, when we fed our wondering imaginations with the prodigies wrought by those elemental spirits evoked by the talismanic seal of Solomon—that these were but faint foreshadowings of what our eyes should see in the familiar goings on of the every-day life around us. Yet, so it truly is. Ha! gentlemen, the steam-engine is your true elemental spirit: it more than realizes the gorgeous ideas of the old Oriental imagination. That had its different orders of elemental spirits—genii of fire, of water, of earth, and of air, whose everlasting hostility could never be subdued to unity of purpose: this combines the powers of all in one, and a child may control them! Across the ocean, along our coast, through the length of a hundred rivers, with the speed of wind, we plough our way against currents, wind, and tide; while, on iron roads, through the length and breadth of the land, innumerable trains, thronged with human life and freighted with the wealth of the nation, are urging their way in every direction—flying through the valleys; thundering across the rivers; panting up the sides, or piercing through the hearts of the mountains, with the resistless force of lightning, and scarcely less swift!

All this is wonderful! The old limitations to human endeavor seem to be broken through—the everlasting conditions of time and space seem to be annulled! Meanwhile the magnificent achievements of to-day lead but to grander projects for to-morrow. Success in the past serves but to enlarge the purposes of the future; and the people are rushing onward in a career of physical development, to which no bounds can be assigned.

DR. C. S. HENRY.

74. THE SIN OF PROFANENESS.

PROFANENESS is a brutal vice. He who indulges it is no gentleman. I care not what his stamp may be in society, I

care not what clothes he wears, or what culture he boasts—despite all his refinement, the light and habitual taking of God's name betrays a coarse nature and a brutal will. Profaneness is an unmanly and silly vice. It certainly is not a grace in conversation, and it adds no strength to it. There is no organic symmetry in the narrative that is ingrained with oaths; and the blasphemy that bolsters an opinion, does not make it any more correct. Nay, the use of these expletives argues a limited range of ideas, and a consciousness of being on the wrong side; and if we can find no other phrases through which to vent our choking passion, we had better repress that passion. Again, profaneness is a mean vice. It indicates the grossest ingratitude. According to general estimation, he who repays kindness with contumely—he who abuses his friend and benefactor, is deemed pitiful and wretched. And yet, oh! profane man, whose name is it you handle so lightly? It is that of your best Benefactor!

You whose blood would boil to hear the venerable names of your earthly parents hurled about in scoffs and jests, abuse, without compunction and without thought, the name of your heavenly Father! Finally, profaneness is an awful vice. Once more I ask, whose name is it you so lightly use? That name of God—have you ever pondered its meaning? Have you ever thought what it is that you mingle thus with your passion and your wit? It is the name of Him whom the angels worship, and whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain!

Profane man! though habit be ever so stringent with you, when the word of mockery and of blasphemy is about to leap from your lips, think of these considerations—think of God, and, instead of that rude oath, cry out in reverent prayer, "Hallowed be thy name!"

E. H. CHAPIN.

75. WASHINGTON, A MAN OF GENIUS.

How many times have we been told that Washington was not a man of genius, but a person of *excellent common sense*, of *admirable judgment*, of *rare virtues*! He had no genius, it seems. O no! genius, we must suppose, is the peculiar and shining attribute of some orator, whose tongue can spout patriotic speeches; or some versifier, whose muse can Hail Columbia, but not of the man who supported states on his arm, and car-

ried America in his brain. What is genius? Is it worth any thing? Is splendid folly the measure of its inspiration? Is wisdom its base and summit,—that which it recedes from, or tends towards? And by what definition do you award the name to the creator of an epic, and deny it to the creator of a country? On what principle is it to be lavished on him who sculptures in perishing marble the image of possible excellence, and withheld from him who built up in himself a transcendent character, inextinguishable as the obligations of duty, and beautiful as her rewards?

Indeed, if by the genius of action, you mean will enlightened by intelligence, and intelligence energized by will,—if force and insight be its characteristics, and influence its test, and if great effects suppose a cause proportionally great, a vital, causative mind,—then was Washington most assuredly a man of genius, and one whom no other American has equalled in the power of working morally and mentally on other minds. His genius was of a peculiar kind, the genius of character, of thought, and the objects of thought solidified and concentrated into active faculty. He belongs to that rare class of men,—rare as Homers and Miltons, rare as Platos and Newtons,—who have impressed their characters upon nations without pampering national vices. Such men have natures broad enough to include all the facts of a people's practical life, and deep enough to discern the spiritual laws which underlie, animate, and govern those facts.

EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.

76. THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON.

HAVING accomplished the embassy of a benevolent Providence, Washington, the founder of one nation, the sublime instructor of all, took his flight to heaven—not like Mahomet, for his memory is immortal without the fiction of a miracle; not like Elijah, for recording time has not registered the man on whom his mantle should descend; but in humble imitation of that Omnipotent Architect, who returned from a created universe to contemplate from his throne the stupendous fabric he had erected!

The august form whose undaunted majesty could arrest the lightning, ere it fell on the bosom of his country, now sleeps in silent ruin, untenanted of its celestial essence. But the incorruptible example of his virtues shall survive, unimpaired by the

corrosion of time, and acquire new vigor and influence from the crimes of ambition and the decay of empires. The invaluable valediction bequeathed to the people who inherited his affections, is the effort of a mind whose powers, like those of prophecy, could overleap the tardy progress of human reason, and unfold truth without the labor of investigation. Impressed in indelible characters, this legacy of his intelligence will descend, unsullied as its purity, to the wonder and instruction of succeeding generations; and should the mild philosophy of its maxims be ingrafted into the policy of nations, at no distant period will the departed hero, who now lives only in the spotless splendor of his own great actions, exist in the happiness and dignity of mankind.

The sighs of contemporary gratitude have attended the sublime spirit to its paternal abode; and the prayers of meliorated posterity will ascend in glowing remembrance of their illustrious benefactor! The laurels that now droop as they shadow his tomb with monumental glory, will be watered by the tears of ages; and, embalmed in the heart of an admiring world, the temple erected to his memory will be more glorious than the pyramids, and as eternal as his own imperishable virtues!

ROBERT TREAT PAINE

77. THE DEATH OF GEN. HARRISON.

THE great body of the American people had fixed their hopes on General Harrison, as the individual under whose auspices, in the presidential office, the country might regain its prosperity, and be reinstated in the honest and honorable republicanism of its earlier days. These hopes fired the bosoms of the people; they cheered, invigorated, and united them in the political contest; and they seemed to be realized by his elevation. Where are they now? So far as he was concerned, they are entombed with him; and bereaved America, tearful and trembling, casts a pensive and timorous eye over the period which she deemed him destined to brighten and bless.

Behold the melting away of earthly greatness! When I reflect on these events, I am confounded with the various, mighty, and rapid vicissitudes in human affairs. We seem to have passed through the excitement and incidents of an age. A private citizen becomes the rallying point of party arrangements, that reach to the remotest corners of our extensive

country, and that animate every man with a zeal which seems to identify the destiny of the nation with his individual action. In ten thousand neighborhoods, they meet to decide the civil strife: a thrilling suspense of universal uncertainty is terminated by the irreversible announcement; and upon that private citizen devolves the distinguished glory of presiding over the civil affairs of seventeen millions of people! We looked upon him in amazement; but while we looked, we saw him grow pale and sink, and gasp, and die:—"and wherein is he any more to be accounted of!"

Do crowned heads rank high in the circles of human greatness? Much more did he; for it was not the accident of royal birth—it was not the issue of ambition, that exalted him. No; it was a nobler cause! High, by undisputed merit, in the hearts of the people, their suffrage raised him high in official station. Their spontaneous call drew him from the retirement and repose of private life, "which he had hoped would be perpetual;" and the enthusiasm of their patriotism placed him at the post of high responsibility, occupied only by those whom the people delight to trust and honor. They saw him constitutionally invested with the honors and authority of the lofty station; they mingled their gratulations together; and the voice of rejoicing was heard through the land. But, scarcely had the pleasant gales wafted the plaudits of a delighted people to the borders of the republic, ere they are commissioned to bear the heavy tidings, thrilling to every heart, that the President of the Union is dead! So transitory is earthly greatness! "Man, being in honor, abideth not." "He dieth; yea, he giveth up the ghost; and where is he?"

REV. J. F. McLAREN.

78. THE DEATH OF GEN. TAYLOR.

YES! General Taylor is dead! The bold soldier, the devoted patriot, the upright president is dead. But it is his body only that is dead. That which vivified his form, which lit up his eye, which spoke out from his tongue; that which made him what he was—the soul; that is not dead!

"In the blank silence of the narrow tomb
The clay may rest which wrapped his human birth;
But, all unconquered by that silent doom,
The spirit of his thought shall walk the earth,
In glory and in light."

His deeds are not dead. That soldierly prowess which marked his conduct in three sanguinary wars; which won for him laurels in youth, as well as garlands in age; those great achievements on the tented field, beneath the moated wall and in the nation's cabinet, marking him out as a model of courage, energy, and decision;—these are not dead. Those deeds are written in his country's annals—are part of his country's glory, and shall live while a page of history remains.

His name is not dead. But five years ago, the nation, with breathless anxiety, turning its eyes to the Rio Grande—to the little army of occupation and to the scarcely known leader, asked, with an intensity of earnestness which showed how much hung upon his character, Who is General Taylor? They ask not now that question; for that name, coupled with so many victories, and linked with such mighty deeds,

———“Is Freedom's now and Fame's:
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.”

His glory is not dead. The sun that shed such lustrous beams has, indeed, set, but the whole firmament blushes with the roseate tints which linger above the horizon. His honors have all been gathered under that flag which he never lowered to mortal foe, but which a nation lowered to him, when he fell beneath the only enemy he could not conquer. Forty years he dwelt beneath that banner; under it he won his victories and his fame; beneath it he put off the corselet of the warrior for the toga of the statesman; on it his eye last rested as it floated out in freedom's breeze, on freedom's natal morn; and under its craped and drooping folds he was borne, amidst the mourning of a great nation, to the voiceless dwelling of the tomb. And now, wherever that flag lifts up to heaven its glittering stars of freedom, or rolls out to the wind the blended stripes of union—whether it rustles to the breezes of the Atlantic, or dallies with the airs of the Pacific—whether it waves from the peaks of the Rocky Mountains, or hangs pensively in the lowly valley—whether it floats over bristling ramparts, or the dome of the capitol,—it cannot be hoisted, it cannot be seen, neither in the present hour of sorrow, nor yet in the roll of far-off ages, without telling of him as a patriot, a hero, and a statesman.

His influence is not dead. He has set in motion trains of 'hought, schemes of state, and agencies of power that will be working out their result to far-distant generations. Influence is immortal. The great thoughts of a great mind are as death-

less as the mind that bore them. The deeds of one chieftain are models for future chieftains; and many a modern hero, like Michael Angelo, has learned to sculpture out for himself a more than ideal perfection, by studying some fragment of former greatness—some “Torso” of a once giant mind, that even in its mutilation has fired his thought with beauty, and guided his art with truth. Gen. Taylor, once the man of a party, is now the man of the country! Death has cut the tie which bound him to a political sect, and in its place forged an adamant chain that links his memory with the Union—the whole Union—by the most thrilling remembrances that can stir the soul, or rouse the gratitude, or call out the love of a noble and independent people.

DR. STEVENS.

79. A RELIGIOUS SPIRIT IN EDUCATION.

From a discourse at the opening of the New York Free Academy

THE spirit of Christianity should pervade education as it pervades the laws of the land and the administration of justice; and a devout Christian sentiment should be its prevailing tone of morals and philosophy. Let instructors teach that the truths of Nature rest upon the truth of God. Let them demonstrate that at the foundation of every science lies omniscient wisdom; that all of beautiful or sublime truth is but a development of the Divine mind. Let them point to the limits where man, by searching, can find out no further, because he meets the unrevealed mysteries of the Divine power. Let the serene light of a pure religion permeate every science, brightening and blending with its beauty and truth, like a lamp set within a vase of alabaster, bringing out, into bolder relief and more exquisite effect, the forms and ornaments that are sculptured upon it.

When exhibiting the scroll of the heavens, and pointing out the golden characters emblazoned upon it, let them teach that those characters are the symbols of worlds; let not the guidance of a mad undevoutness lead to the inconclusive reasoning, that because the Almighty hath created all those radiant spheres, which none but himself can number or call by their names, and for his glory sent them upon their career, whirling, like burning censers, through the sky, and binds them to his throne with cords invisible, and sustains them in their prescribed courses, not needing to check or alter, with his hand, their intricate movements; therefore, his rebellious creatures upon this apostate orb

are not subject to the moral laws and the eternal sanctions of his infinite government ; but let this be the spirit of their teaching :—" When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained ; What is man, that thou art mindful of him ? or the son of man, that thou visitest him ? "

When, beneath the varied surface of this earth, the instructor shows his pupils those tablets of stone on which are graven the only records of its primeval ages, he will let them trace on them, as on the tables of the law written upon Mount Sinai, *the finger of God*. He will teach them, that the records of God's power and the revelation of his will, the registers of an eternity past, and the chart of an eternity to come, shall one day be beautifully reconciled in a perfect gospel harmony. He will tell them that should voices come forth from the tomb of buried centuries, full of dark and doubtful import, they may be like the false oracles of ancient times, issuing from the earth only to beguile those who trusted in them ; that should science seem to declare that the Jehovah, who spake by the lips and the pen of Moses of the creation of the world and the origin of our race, is to be dethroned, they have only to wait until, by a more potent adjuration, she be compelled to make a fuller, a clearer, and more truthful utterance ; for science, exorcised and dispossessed, shall one day sit humbly at the foot of the Cross, and the Pythoness shall become a prophetess.

ROBERT KELLY.

80. MENTAL DILIGENCE.

From a discourse at the first Anniversary of the New York Free Academy.

THE mind must not be pampered with luxuries, nor frittered away with frivolity. It must sharpen its appetite by manly exercises, and invigorate its powers by manly studies. It must be grasping for truths which are almost beyond its reach. Its amusement must be to hunt the boldest dogma down, with all the keenness of a sportsman. It must eat that which it taketh in hunting, and it will grow by what it feeds on. It is thus that desirable distinction has always been attained. The great and good of past ages, those of whom the race has most reason to be proud, those whose examples and whose fame are most familiar to us, are the most striking examples of it. History and Fame will show you the records of ancient greatness. It

is there set down that Cicero, by an industry that never tired, acquired his stores of learning; that it was by constant labor that the thunders of Grecian eloquence were taught to roll from lips that stammered up to manhood, and Socrates, and Plato, and Archimedes, and such as they, were never idle. They are all described in the records of their glory as men of incredible industry, of singular diligence. And in more modern times it has not been otherwise. Think you that Newton came from the hand of his Creator a genius so much mightier than all who had gone before him, as the effects which he produced exceeded those of any other age? Do you believe that our own Franklin was formed by nature alone to sport with the thunders, and make the lightning the plaything of his leisure? He had learned that nature is to be subdued only by obeying her laws; and only by a careful study did he learn them, obey them, and make them his servants. Bacon will be remembered till there is no more need of philosophy, and Franklin and Newton will live, in the gratitude of the world, till the last lightnings shall have played through the heavens, and they be rolled together as a scroll. And this enduring fame was the reward of lives of incredible laborious industry, in the pursuit of useful knowledge.

ERASTUS C. BENEDICT.

81. A GOOD BOOK.

As good almost kill a man as kill a book: who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature: God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself: kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecutions we raise against the living labors of public men: how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed; sometimes a martyrdom; and, if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and sift essence, the breath of reason itself: slays an immortality rather than a life.

JOHN MILTON.

82. TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

THOUGH all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to doubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings, to make her victorious; those are the shifts and defences that error uses against her power. Give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps; for then she speaks not true, but then rather she turns herself into all shapes, except her own, and perhaps tunes her voice according to the time, until she be adjoined into her own likeness.

JOHN MILTON.

83. THE INSTITUTIONS OF ENGLAND.

If you are convinced that the habits of a country must be formed by its institutions, and if you are also convinced that our institutions are superior to those of other countries, let us determine to cling to our native government.

All the excitement that accompanies mighty changes, is now beginning quietly to settle; the influence, the disturbing influence of those changes, is gradually lessening; the dazzling illusions of "glorious days" are dissipated; and we are now permitted to see things in their true colors. The convictions, the feelings, the affections of the people are gravitating towards their old centre, in which sit enthroned respect for property, love of rational freedom, and attachment to long-established and prescriptive authority.

Yes; from these walls a spirit shall go forth, that shall survive when this edifice shall be, like an unsubstantial pageant, faded. That spirit shall survive by the remembrance of this day, spreading a contagious influence into every part of the empire, animating the desponding and encouraging the brave.

It shall go forth exulting in, but not abusing, its strength. It shall go forth, remembering, in the days of its prosperity, the pledges it gave in the time of its depression. It shall go forth, uniting a disposition to correct abuses, to redress grievances. It shall go forth, uniting the disposition to improve, with the resc-

lution to maintain and defend, by that spirit of untaught affection which is the chief defence of nations.

Our ancient constitution shall survive at last, protecting the rich from spoliation, and the poor from oppression. No tawdry emblems of revolution shall float over its ruin.

“The flag, that for a thousand years
Has braved the battle and the breeze,”

shall still float over the ramparts. And that faith, and those national establishments intended for its protection, as they exist respectively in the three branches of the United Kingdom—those establishments which kings have sworn to protect, and to the maintenance of which the national honor is pledged, as essential parts of a great national compact, shall survive; and the religion which we profess, the offspring of free inquiry, shall find, in the diffusion of sound knowledge, new sources of strength; and great as may be the storm of adversity to which it may be exposed, it shall come out proved and fortified by the trial, and remain rooted deeply in the convictions, the feelings, and affections of the people.

ROBERT PEEL.

84. THE IRISH DISTURBANCE BILL

I do not rise to fawn or cringe to this house; I do not rise to supplicate you to be merciful towards the nation to which I belong—towards a nation which, though subject to England, yet is distinct from it. It is a distinct nation: it has been treated as such by this country, as may be proved by history, and by seven hundred years of tyranny. I call upon this house, as you value the liberty of England, not to allow the present nefarious bill to pass. In it are involved the liberties of England, the liberty of the press, and of every other institution dear to Englishmen.

Against the bill I protest in the name of the Irish people, and in the face of heaven. I treat with scorn the puny and pitiful assertions that grievances are not to be complained of, that our redress is not to be agitated; for, in such cases, remonstrances cannot be too strong, agitation cannot be too violent, to show to the world with what injustice our fair claims are met, and under what tyranny the people suffer.

There are two frightful clauses in this bill. The one which

does away with trial by jury, and which I have called upon you to baptize: you call it a *court-martial*,—a mere nickname; I stigmatize it as a *revolutionary tribunal*. What, in the name of heaven, is it, if it is not a revolutionary tribunal? It annihilates the trial by jury; it drives the judge from his bench,—the man who, from experience, could weigh the nice and delicate points of a case,—who could discriminate between the straightforward testimony and the suborned evidence,—who could see, plainly and readily, the justice or injustice of the accusation. It turns out this man who is free, unshackled, unprejudiced,—who has no previous opinions to control the clear exercise of his duty. You do away with that which is more sacred than the throne itself; that for which your king reigns, your lords deliberate, your commons assemble.

If ever I doubted before of the success of our agitation for repeal, this bill, this infamous bill, the way in which it has been received by the house, the manner in which its opponents have been treated, the personalities to which they have been subjected, the yells with which one of them has this night been greeted,—all these things dissipate my doubts, and tell me of its complete and early triumph. Do you think those yells will be forgotten? Do you suppose their echo will not reach the plains of my injured and insulted country; that they will not be whispered in her green valleys, and heard from her lofty hills? Oh! they will be heard there: yes, and they will not be forgotten. The youth of Ireland will bound with indignation; they will say, "We are eight millions; and you treat us thus, as though we were no more to your country than the isle of Guernsey or of Jersey!"

I have done my duty; I stand acquitted to my conscience and my country: I have opposed this measure throughout; and I now protest against it as harsh, oppressive, uncalled for, unjust, as establishing an infamous precedent by retaliating crime against crime; as tyrannous, cruelly and vindictively tyrannous.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

85. THE MISERIES OF IRELAND.

ENGLISHMEN, look at Ireland! what do you behold?—a beautiful country, with wonderful agricultural and commercial advantages,—the link between America and Europe,—the natural

resting-place of trade, in its way to either hemisphere ; indented with havens, watered by deep and numerous rivers, with a fortunate climate, and a soil teeming with easy fertility, and inhabited by a bold, intrepid, and—with all their faults—a generous and enthusiastic people.

Such is natural Ireland : what is artificial Ireland ? Such is Ireland, as God made her : what is Ireland, as England made her ?

This fine country is laden with a population the most miserable in Europe. Your domestic swine are better housed than the people. Harvests, the most abundant, are reaped by men with starvation in their faces ; famine covers a fruitful soil ; and disease inhales a pure atmosphere : all the great commercial facilities of the country are lost ; the deep rivers, that should circulate opulence, and turn the machinery of a thousand manufactures, flow to the ocean without wafting a boat or turning a wheel ; and the wave breaks in solitude in the silent magnificence of deserted and shipless harbors.

Instead of being a source of wealth and revenue to the empire, Ireland cannot defray her own expenses, or pay a single tax. Instead of being a bulwark and fortress, she debilitates, exhausts, and endangers England, and offers an allurements to the speculators in universal ruin.

The great mass of her enormous population is alienated and dissociated from the state ; the influence of the constituted and legitimate authorities is gone ; a strange, anomalous, and unexampled kind of government has sprung up from the public passions, and exercises a despotic sway over the great mass of the community ; while the class inferior in numbers, but accustomed to authority, and infuriated at its loss, are thrown into formidable reaction. The most ferocious passions rage from one extremity of the country to the other. Hundreds and thousands of men, arrayed with badges, gather in the south ; and the smaller factions, with discipline and arms, are marshalled in the north. The country is strewed with the materials of civil commotion, and seems like one vast magazine of powder, which a spark might ignite into an explosion that would shake the whole fabric of civil society into ruin, and of which England would perhaps never recover from the shock.

SHIEL.

86. THE VANITY OF LEARNING.

To be ambitious of distinction in the world, is a commendable quality, when it excites men to the performance of illustrious actions, for the benefit of human kind. But for the pleasure of being lifted up, for a moment, above the common level of mankind,—of being made a spectacle for silly people to admire and applaud,—of having his ears stunned with the senseless noise of popularity,—many a man has forfeited his character with the wise and good, and inflicted wounds on his conscience which the balm of flattering dependents can never heal.

The love of learning itself is not to be gratified beyond a certain limit; it must not be indulged to the injury of your health, nor to the hindrance of your virtue: of that virtue which is employed in discharging the duties of your station with firmness and activity. What will the fame derived from the most profound learning avail you, if you have not learned to be pious, and humble, and temperate, and charitable? Your wisdom is nothing worth, unless you are wise in working out your own salvation: your researches into the depths of philosophy are but the triflings of an idle mind, unless they teach you to search out God, to adore his inscrutable perfections, and to regulate all your conduct in obedience to his will. If the condition of your parents is such as enables them to give you a learned education, it will be a shame for you to disappoint their hopes by idleness and profligacy. You must use diligence in acquiring all the knowledge you can of such branches of study as you shall be directed to cultivate; but you must not suffer the praises you hear bestowed on learning, to induce you to believe that there is nothing more excellent as a qualification; for piety is more excellent; so is benevolence; so is sobriety; so is every virtue which adorns a Christian. You must not let your knowledge puff you up with vanity; for there can be no cause for your presumption. You may know a little more than those who have not been instructed as well as you have been, or than those whom God has not favored with as good talents as he has given you; but those who know the most of any subject, know so little of it, that their knowledge is, to them, only a more convincing proof than other men have, of the great and general weakness of the human understanding. If your knowledge produces that reflection in you, instead of vanity, its fruit will be humility; and if it does not produce it, it deceives you.

BISHOP WATSON.

87. THE MISERIES OF WAR.

THE stoutest heart in this assembly would recoil, were he who owns it to behold the destruction of a single individual by some deed of violence. Were the man who, at this moment, stands before you, in the full play and energy of health, to be, in another moment, laid, by some deadly aim, a lifeless corpse at your feet, there is not one of you who would not prove how strong are the relents of nature at a spectacle so hideous as death. There are some of you who would be haunted, for whole days, by the image of horror you had witnessed; who would feel the weight of a most oppressive sensation upon your heart, which nothing but time could wear away; who would be so pursued by it, as to be unfit for business or for enjoyment; who would think of it through the day, and it would spread a gloomy disquietude over your waking moments; who would dream of it at night, and it would turn that bed, which you courted as a retreat from the torments of an ever-meddling memory, into a scene of restlessness.

Oh, tell me, if there be any relents of pity in your bosom, how could you endure it, to behold the agonies of the dying man, as, goaded by pain, he grasps the cold ground in convulsive energy; or, faint with the loss of blood, his pulse ebbs low, and the gathering paleness spreads itself over his countenance; or, wrapping himself round in despair, he can only mark, by a few feeble quiverings, that life still lurks and lingers in his lacerated body; or, lifting up a faded eye, he casts on you a look of imploring helplessness for that succor which no sympathy can yield him? It may be painful to dwell thus, in imagination, on the distressing picture of one individual; but, multiply it ten thousand times; say how much of all this distress has been heaped together on a single field; give us the arithmetic of this accumulated wretchedness, and lay it before us, with all the accuracy of an official computation, and, strange to tell, not one sigh is lifted up among the crowd of eager listeners, as they stand on tiptoe, and catch every syllable of utterance which is read to them out of the registers of death. Oh! say, what mystic spell is that which so blinds us to the suffering of our brethren; which deafens to our ear the voice of bleeding humanity, when it is aggravated by the shriek of dying thousands; which makes the very magnitude of the slaughter throw a softening disguise over its cruelties and its horrors; which causes us to eye, with indifference, the field that is

crowded with the most revolting abominations, and arrests that sigh which each individual would, singly, have drawn from us, by the report of the many who have fallen and breathed their last in agony along with him?

DR. CHALMERS.

88. THE BENEVOLENCE OF GOD.

It is saying much for the benevolence of God, to say, that it sends forth wide and distant emanations over the surface of a territory so ample, that the world we inhabit, lying imbedded, as it does, amidst so much surrounding greatness, shrinks into a point, that, to the Universal Eye, might appear to be almost imperceptible. But, does it not add to the power and to the perfection of this Universal Eye, that, at the very moment it is taking a comprehensive survey of the vast, it can fasten a steady and undistracted attention on each minute and separate portion of it; that, at the very moment it is looking at all worlds, it can look most pointedly and most intelligently to each of them; that, at the very moment it sweeps the field of immensity, it can settle all the earnestness of its regards upon every distinct handbreadth of that field; that, at the very moment at which it embraces the totality of existence, it can send a most thorough and penetrating inspection into each of its details, and into every one of its endless diversities? You cannot fail to perceive how much this adds to the power of the All-seeing Eye. Tell me, then, if it do not add as much perfection to the benevolence of God, that, while it is expatiating over the vast field of created things, there is not one portion of the field overlooked by it; that, while it scatters blessings over the whole of an infinite range, it causes them to descend, in a shower of plenty, on every separate habitation; that, while his arm is underneath and round about all worlds, he enters within the precincts of every one of them, and gives a care and a tenderness to each individual of their teeming population? Oh! does not the God, who is said to be love, shed over this attribute of his its finest illustration, when, while he sits in the highest heaven, and pours out his fulness on the whole subordinate domain of nature and of providence, he bows a pitying regard on the very humblest of his children, and sends his reviving Spirit into every heart, and cheers, by his presence, every home, and provides for the wants of every family, and watches every sick-

bed, and listens to the complaints of every sufferer ! And while, by his wondrous mind, the weight of universal government is borne, oh ! is it not more wondrous and more excellent still, that he feels for every sorrow, and has an ear open to every prayer !

DR. CHALMERS.

89. THE POWER OF TEMPTATION.

Who has not felt the workings of a rivalry within him, between the power of conscience and the power of temptation ? Who does not remember those seasons of retirement, when the calculations of eternity had gotten a momentary command over the heart, and time, with all its interests, and all its vexations, had dwindled into insignificancy before them ? Oh ! how comes it that, in the face of experience, the whole elevation of purpose, conceived in this hour of better understanding, should be dissipated and forgotten ? Who is it that so pictures out the objects of sense, and so magnifies the range of their future enjoyment, and so dazzles the fond and deceived imagination, that, in looking onward through our earthly career, it appears like the vista or the perspective of innumerable ages ? He, who is called the god of this world. He, who can dress the idleness of its waking dreams in the garb of reality. He, who can pour a seducing brilliancy over the panorama of its fleeting pleasures and its vain anticipations. He, who can turn it into an instrument of deceitfulness, and make it wield such an absolute ascendancy over all the affections, that man becomes the poor slave of its idolatries and its charms : puts the authority of conscience, and the warnings of the word of God, and the offered instigations of the Spirit of God, and all the lessons of calculation, and all the wisdom even of his own sound and sober experience away from him.

DR. CHALMERS.

90. SPEECH OF CAIUS MARIUS.

I SUBMIT to your judgment, Romans, on which side the advantage lies, when a comparison is made between patrician haughtiness and plebeian experience. The very actions, which they have only read, I have partly seen, and partly myself achieved. What they know by reading, I know by action. They are pleased to slight my mean birth ; I despise their mean

characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection against me; want of personal worth against them. But are not all men of the same species? What can make a difference between one man and another, but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I shall always look upon the bravest man as the noblest man. If the patricians have reason to despise me, let them likewise despise their ancestors, whose nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy the honors bestowed upon me? Let them envy, likewise, my labors, my abstinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my country, by which I have acquired them. But those worthless men lead such a life of inactivity, as if they despised any honors you can bestow, whilst they aspire to honors as if they had deserved them by the most industrious virtue. They lay claim to the rewards of activity, for their having enjoyed the pleasures of luxury; yet none can be more lavish than they are in the praise of their ancestors: and they imagine they honor themselves by celebrating their forefathers; whereas they do the very contrary; for, as much as their ancestors were distinguished for their virtues, so much are they disgraced by their vices. The glory of ancestors casts a light, indeed, upon their posterity; but it only serves to show what the descendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth. I own, I cannot boast of the deeds of my forefathers; but I hope I may answer the cavils of the patricians, by standing up in defence of what I have myself done.

Observe, now, my countrymen, the injustice of the patricians. They arrogate to themselves honors, on account of the exploits done by their forefathers; whilst they will not allow me the due praise, for performing the very sort of actions in my own person. He has no statues, they cry, of his family. He can trace no venerable line of ancestors. What then? Is it matter of more praise to disgrace one's illustrious ancestors, than to become illustrious by one's own good behavior? What if I can show no statues of my family? I can show the standards, the armor, and the trappings which I have myself taken from the vanquished: I can show the scars of those wounds which I have received by facing the enemies of my country. These are my statues. These are the honors I boast of. Not left me by inheritance, as theirs; but earned by toil, by abstinence, by valor; amidst clouds of dust and seas of blood: scenes of action, where those effeminate patricians who endeavor, by indirect means, to depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to show their faces.

91. THE PROGRESS OF LIBERTY.

MR. PRESIDENT, the contest for ages has been to rescue liberty from the grasp of executive power. Whoever has engaged in her sacred cause, from the days of the downfall of those great aristocracies which had stood between the king and the people to the time of our own independence, has struggled for the accomplishment of that single object. On the long list of the champions of human freedom, there is not one name dimmed by the reproach of advocating the extension of executive authority; on the contrary, the uniform and steady purpose of all such champions has been to limit and restrain it. To this end, the spirit of liberty, growing more and more enlightened, and more and more vigorous from age to age, has been battering for centuries against the solid buttments of the feudal system. To this end, all that could be gained from the imprudence, snatched from the weakness, or wrung from the necessities of crowned heads, has been carefully gathered up, secured, and hoarded as the rich treasures, the very jewels of liberty. To this end, popular and representative right has kept up its warfare against prerogative with various success; sometimes writing the history of a whole age in blood; sometimes witnessing the martyrdom of Sydneys and Russells; often baffled and repulsed, but still gaining, on the whole, and holding what it gained with a grasp which nothing but the complete extinction of its own being could compel it to relinquish. At length the great conquest over executive power, in the leading western states of Europe, has been accomplished. The feudal system, like other stupendous fabrics of past ages, is known only by the rubbish which it has left behind it. Crowned heads have been compelled to submit to the restraints of law, and the people, with that intelligence and that spirit which make their voice restless, have been able to say to prerogative, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther." I need hardly say, sir, that, into the full enjoyment of all which Europe has reached only through such slow and painful steps, we sprang at once, by the declaration of independence, and by the establishment of free representative governments; governments borrowing more or less from the models of other free states, but strengthened, secured, improved in their symmetry, and deepened in their foundation by those great men of our own country, whose names will be as familiar to future times as if they were written on the arch of the sky.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

92. OUR COUNTRY'S ORIGIN.

OUR fathers came hither to a land from which they were never to return. Hither they had brought, and here they were to fix their hopes, their attachments, and their objects. Some natural tears they shed, as they left the pleasant abodes of their fathers, and some emotions they suppressed when the white cliffs of their native country, now seen for the last time, grew dim to their sight.

A new existence awaited them here ; and when they saw these shores, rough, cold, barbarous, and barren, as then they were, they beheld their country. Before they reached the shore, they had established the elements of a social system, and at a much earlier period had settled their forms of religious worship. At the moment of their landing, therefore, they possessed institutions of government, and institutions of religion. The morning that beamed on the first night of their repose saw the Pilgrims already established in their country. There were political institutions, and civil liberty, and religious worship. Poetry has fancied nothing in the wanderings of heroes so distinct and characteristic. Here was man indeed unprotected, and unprovided for, on the shore of a rude and fearful wilderness ; but it was politic, intelligent, and educated man. Every thing was civilized but the physical world. Institutions containing in substance all that ages had done for human government were established in a forest. Cultivated mind was to act on uncultivated nature ; and, more than all, a government and a country were to commence with the very first foundations laid under the divine light of the Christian religion. Happy auspices of a happy futurity ! Who would wish that his country's existence had otherwise begun ? Who would desire the power of going back to the ages of fable ? Who would wish for an origin obscured in the darkness of antiquity ? Who would wish for other emblazoning of his country's heraldry, or other ornaments of her genealogy, than to be able to say that her first existence was with intelligence ; her first breath the inspirations of liberty ; her first principle the truth of divine religion ?

DANIEL WEBSTER.

93. THE SPIRIT OF HUMAN LIBERTY.

THE spirit of human liberty and of free government, nurtured and grown into strength and beauty in America, has stretched its course into the midst of the nations. Like an emanation from heaven, it has gone forth, and it will not return void. It must change, it is fast changing, the face of the earth. Our great, our high duty, is to show, in our own examples, that this spirit is a spirit of health as well as a spirit of power; that its benignity is as great as its strength; that its efficiency to secure individual rights, social relations, and moral order, is equal to the irresistible force with which it prostrates principalities and powers. The world, at this moment, is regarding us with a willing, but something of a fearful admiration. Its deep and awful anxiety is to learn, whether free states may be stable as well as free; whether popular power may be trusted as well as feared; in short, whether wise, regular, and virtuous self-government is a vision for the contemplation of theorists, or a truth, established, illustrated, and brought into practice, in the country of Washington.

For the earth which we inhabit, and the whole circle of the sun, for all the unborn races of mankind, we seem to hold in our hands, for their weal or woe, the fate of this experiment. If we fail, who shall venture the repetition? If our example shall prove to be one, not of encouragement, but of terror, not fit to be imitated, but fit only to be shunned, where else shall the world look for free models? If this great western sun be struck out of the firmament, at what other fountain shall the lamp of liberty hereafter be lighted? What other orb shall emit a ray to glimmer, even, on the darkness of the world?

DANIEL WEBSTER.

94. THE PATRIOT'S COURAGE.

THERE is a sort of courage, which, I frankly confess it, I do not possess, a boldness to which I dare not aspire, a valor which I cannot covet. I cannot lay myself down in the way of the welfare and happiness of my country. That I cannot, I have not the courage to do. I cannot interpose the power with which I may be invested, a power conferred, not for my personal benefit, nor for my aggrandizement, but for my coun-

try's good, to check her onward march to greatness and glory. I have not courage enough. I am too cowardly for that. I would not, I dare not, in the exercise of such a trust, lie down, and place my body across the path that leads my country to prosperity and happiness. This is a sort of courage widely different from that which a man may display in his private conduct and personal relations. Personal or private courage is totally distinct from that higher and nobler courage which prompts the patriot to offer himself a voluntary sacrifice to his country's good.

Apprehensions of the imputation of the want of firmness sometimes impel us to perform rash and inconsiderate acts. It is the greatest courage to be able to bear the imputation of the want of courage. But pride, vanity, egotism, so unamiable and offensive in private life, are vices which partake of the character of crimes, in the conduct of public affairs. The unfortunate victim of these passions cannot see beyond the little, petty, contemptible circle of his own personal interests. All his thoughts are withdrawn from his country, and concentrated on his consistency, his firmness, himself. The high, the exalted, the sublime emotions of a patriotism which, soaring towards heaven, rises far above all mean, low, or selfish things, and is absorbed by one soul-transporting thought of the good and the glory of one's country, are never felt in his impenetrable bosom. That patriotism which, catching its inspirations from the immortal God, and leaving at an immeasurable distance below all lesser, grovelling, personal interests and feelings, animates and prompts to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valor, of devotion, and of death itself—that is public virtue; that is the noblest, the sublimest of all public virtues!

HENRY CLAY.

95. THE SURVIVORS OF THE REVOLUTION.

LET us not forget the men who, when the conflict of counsel was over, stood forward in that of arms; yet let me not, by faintly endeavoring to sketch, do deep injustice to the story of their exploits. The efforts of a life would scarce suffice to paint out this picture in all its astonishing incidents, in all its mingled colors of sublimity and woe, of agony and triumph.

But the age of commemoration is at hand. The voice of our fathers' blood begins to cry to us, from beneath the soil which

it moistened. Time is bringing forward, in their proper relief, the men and the deeds of that high-souled day. The generation of contemporary worthies is gone; the crowd of the unsignaled great and good disappears; and the leaders in war as well as council, are seen, in Fancy's eye, to take their stations on the mount of remembrance.

They come from the embattled cliffs of Abraham; they start from the heaving sods of Bunker's Hill; they gather from the blazing lines of Saratoga and Yorktown, from the blood-dyed waters of the Brandywine, from the dreary snows of Valley Forge, and all the hard-fought fields of the war. With all their wounds and all their honors, they rise and plead with us for their brethren who survive; and bid us, if indeed we cherish the memory of those who bled in our cause, to show our gratitude, not by sounding words, but by stretching out the strong arm of the country's prosperity to help the veteran survivors gently down to their graves.

EDWARD EVERETT.

96. TERRITORIAL EXTENSION.

IN the grand and steady progress of our country, the career of duty and usefulness will be run by all its children, under a constantly increasing excitement. The voice which, in the morning of life, shall awaken the patriotic sympathy of the land, will be echoed back by a community, incalculably swelled in all its proportions, before that voice shall be hushed in death. The writer, by whom the noble features of our scenery shall be sketched with a glowing pencil, the traits of our romantic early history gathered up with filial zeal, and the peculiarities of our character seized with delicate perception, cannot mount so entirely and rapidly to success, but that ten years will add new millions to the numbers of his readers. The American statesman, the orator, whose voice is already heard in its supremacy from Florida to Maine, whose intellectual empire already extends beyond the limits of Alexander's, has yet new states and new nations starting into being, the willing tributaries to his sway.

The wilderness, which one year is impassable, is traversed the next by the caravans of the industrious emigrants, who go to follow the setting sun, with the language, the institutions, and the arts of civilized life. It is not the irruption of wild barba-

rians, sent to visit the wrath of God on a degenerate empire; it is not the inroad of disciplined banditti, marshalled by the intrigues of ministers and kings. It is the human family, led out to possess its broad patrimony. The states and nations which are springing up in the valley of the Missouri, are bound to us by the dearest ties of a common language, a common government, and a common descent.

Who can forget that this extension of our territorial limits is the extension of the empire of all we hold dear; of our laws, of our character, of the memory of our ancestors, of the great achievements in our history? Whithersoever the sons of these states shall wander, to southern or western climes, they will send back their hearts to the rocky shores, the battle-fields, and the intrepid councils of the Atlantic coast. These are placed beyond the reach of vicissitude. They have become already matter of history, of poetry, of eloquence:

"The love, where death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow."

EDWARD EVERETT.

97. THE EXPERIMENT OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.

WE are summoned to new energy and zeal by the high nature of the experiment we are appointed in Providence to make, and the grandeur of the theatre on which it is to be performed. When the Old World afforded no longer any hope, it pleased heaven to open this last refuge of humanity. The attempt has begun, and is going on, far from foreign corruption, on the broadest scale, and under the most benignant prospects; and it certainly rests with us to solve the great problem in human society, to settle, and that forever, that momentous question—whether mankind can be trusted with a purely popular system? One might almost think, without extravagance, that the departed wise and good of all places and times are looking down from their happy seats to witness what shall now be done by us; that they who lavished their treasures and their blood of old, who labored and suffered, who spake and wrote, who fought and perished, in the one great cause of freedom and truth, are now hanging, from their orbs on high, over the last solemn experiment of humanity. As I have wandered over the spots once the scene of their labors, and mused among the prostrate col-

umns of their senate-houses and forums, I have seemed almost to hear a voice from the tombs of departed ages—from the sepulchres of the nations which died before the sight. They exhort us, they adjure us to be faithful to our trust. They implore us, by the long trials of struggling humanity; by the blessed memory of the departed; by the dear faith which has been plighted, by pure hands, to the holy cause of truth and man; by the awful secrets of the prison-houses where the sons of freedom have been immured; by the noble heads which have been brought to the block; by the wrecks of time, by the eloquent ruins of nations, they conjure us not to quench the light which is rising on the world. Greece cries to us, by the convulsed lips of her poisoned, dying Demosthenes; and Rome pleads with us in the mute persuasion of her mangled Tully.

EDWARD EVERETT.

98. REVOLUTIONARY STRUGGLES.

THE present age may be justly described as the age of revolutions. From the commencement of our revolution up to the present day, we have witnessed, in Europe and America, an uninterrupted series of important changes. The thrones of the Old World have been shaken to their foundations. Every arrival from abroad brings us intelligence of some new event of the highest moment; some people rising in revolt against their sovereign; some new constitution proclaimed in one country; some reform, equivalent to a new constitution, projected in another; France in the midst of a dangerous revolutionary crisis; Belgium, Poland, and Italy the scenes of actual hostilities; England on the eve of commotion: the whole European commonwealth apparently plunging again into the gulf of general war.

What is the object of all those desperate struggles? The object of them is to obtain an extension of individual liberty. Established institutions have lost their influence and authority. Men have become weary of submitting to names and forms which they once revered. It has been ascertained—to use the language of Napoleon—that a throne is only four boards covered with velvet: that a written constitution is but a sheet of parchment. There is, in short, an effort making throughout the world to reduce the action of government within the narrowest possible limits, and to give the widest possible extent to individual liberty.

Our own country, though happily exempt, and God grant that it may long continue so, from the troubles of Europe, is not exempt from the influence of the causes that produce them. We too are inspired and agitated, and governed by the all-pervading, all-inspiring, all-agitating, all-governing spirit of the age. What do I say? We were the first to feel and act upon its influence. Our revolution was the first of the long series that has since shaken every corner of Europe and America. Our fathers led the van in the long array of heroes, martyrs, and confessors, who had fought and fallen under the banner of liberty. The institutions they bequeathed to us, and under which we are living in peace and happiness, were founded on the principles which lie at the bottom of the present agitation in Europe. We have realized what our contemporaries are laboring to attain. Our tranquillity is the fruit of an entire acquiescence in the spirit of the age. We have reduced the action of government within narrower limits, and given a wider scope to individual liberty; than any community that ever flourished before.

EDWARD EVERETT

99. WAR WITH FRANCE.

THE first thing that strikes me, sir, in casting my eyes to the future, is the utter impossibility that war, should there unfortunately be one, can have an honorable termination. The capacity of France to inflict injury upon us is ten times greater than ours to inflict injuries on her; while the cost of the war, in proportion to her means, would be in nearly the same proportion less than ours to our means. She has relatively a small commerce to be destroyed, while we have the largest in the world, in proportion to our capital and population. She may threaten and harass our coast, while her own is safe from assault. I do not hesitate to pronounce, sir, that a war with France will be among the greatest calamities—greater than a war with England herself. The power of the latter to annoy us may be greater than that of the former; but so is ours, in turn, greater to annoy England than France. Nothing can be more destructive to our commerce and navigation, than for England to be neutral, while we are belligerent, in a contest with such a country as France. The whole of our commercial marine, with our entire shipping, would pass almost instantly into the hands of England. With the exception of our public armed vessels, there would be

scarcely a flag of ours afloat on the ocean. We grew rich by being neutral while England was belligerent. It was that which so suddenly built up the mighty fabric of our prosperity and greatness. Reverse the position: let England be neutral while we are belligerent, and the sources of our wealth and prosperity would be speedily exhausted.

In a just and necessary war, all these consequences ought to be fearlessly met. Though a friend to peace, when a proper occasion occurs I would be among the last to dread the consequences of war. I think the wealth and blood of a country are well poured out in maintaining a just, honorable, and necessary war; but, in such a war as that with which the country is now threatened—a mere war of etiquette—a war turning on a question so trivial as whether an explanation shall or shall not be given—no, whether it has or has not been given, (for that is the real point on which the controversy turns,)—to put in jeopardy the lives and property of our citizens, and the liberty and institutions of our country, is worse than folly—is madness. I say the liberty and institutions of the country. I hold them to be in imminent danger. Such has been the grasp of executive power, that we have not been able to resist its usurpations, even in a period of peace; and how much less shall we be able, with the vast increase of power and patronage which a war must confer on that department? In a sound condition of the country, with our institutions in their full vigor, and every department confined to its proper sphere, we would have nothing to fear from a war with France, or any other power; but our system is deeply diseased, and we may fear the worst in being involved in a war at such a juncture.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

100. THE PRESERVATION OF THE UNION.

SIR, I may well appeal to those who find in the constitution or out of the constitution this power to control the territories, whether it is a power that ought to be exercised under existing circumstances.

Here is one-half of a great country which believes, with a unanimity perhaps without a parallel in grave national questions, that the constitution has delegated to congress no such power whatever. And there is a large portion of the other half which entertains similar views; while of those who see in the consti-

tution sufficient grounds for legislative action, there are many who admit—indeed, probably, there are few who deny—that the question is not free from serious doubts.

Besides the want of constitutional power, there are at least fourteen states of this Union which see in this measure a direct attack upon their rights, and a disregard of their feelings and interests, as injurious in itself as it is offensive to their pride of character, and incompatible with the existence of those bonds of amity which are stronger than constitutional ties to hold us together. No man can shut his eyes to the excitement which prevails there, and which is borne to us by the press in countless articles coming from legislative proceedings, from popular assemblies, and from all the sources whence public opinion is derived, and be insensible to the evil day that is upon us. I believe this Union will survive all the dangers with which it may be menaced, however trying the circumstances in which it may be placed. I believe it is not destined to perish till long after it shall have fulfilled the great mission confided to it, of example and encouragement to the nations of the earth who are struggling with the despotism of centuries, and groping their way in a darkness once impenetrable, but where the light of knowledge and freedom is beginning to disperse the gloom. But to maintain this proud position, this integrity of political existence, on which so much for us and for the world depends, we must carefully avoid those sectional questions so much and so forcibly deprecated by the father of his country, and cultivating a spirit of mutual regard, adding to the considerations of interest which hold us together the higher motives of affection and of affinity of views and of sympathies. Sad will be the day when the first drop of blood is shed in the preservation of this Union. That day need never come, and never will come, if the same spirit of compromise and of concession by each to the feelings of all, which animated our fathers, continues to animate us and our children. But if powers offensive to one portion of the country, and of doubtful obligation, to say the least of it, are to be exercised by another, and under circumstances of peculiar excitement, this confederation may be rent in twain, leaving another example of that judicial blindness with which God, in his providence, sometimes visits the sins of nations.

LEWIS CASS.

101. AGRICULTURE.

WE have the high authority of history, sacred and profane, for declaring that agriculture is a dignified and time-honored calling—ordained and favored of heaven, and sanctioned by experience; and we are invited to its pursuit by the rewards of the past and the present, and the rich promises of the future. While the fierce spirit of war, with its embattled legions, has, in its proud triumphs, “whelmed nations in blood, and wrapped cities in fire,” and filled the land with lamentation and mourning, it has not brought peace or happiness to a single hearth—dried the tears of the widows, or hushed the cries of the orphans it has made—bound up or soothed one crushed or broken spirit—nor heightened the joys of domestic or social life in a single bosom. But how many dark recesses of the earth has agriculture illumined with its blessings! How many firesides has it lighted up with radiant gladness! How many hearts has it made buoyant with domestic hope! How often, like the good Samaritan, has it alleviated want and misery, while the priest and Levite of power have passed by on the other side! How many family altars, and gathering places of affection, has it erected! How many desolate homes has it cheered by its consolations! How have its peaceful and gentle influences filled the land with plenteousness and riches, and made it vocal with praise and thanksgiving!

It has pleased the benevolent Author of our existence to set in boundless profusion before us the necessary elements for a high state of cultivation and enjoyment. Blessings cluster around us like fruits of the land of promise, and science unfolds her treasures and invites us to partake, literally without money and without price. The propensities of our nature, as well as the philosophy of our being, serve to remind us that man was formed for care and labor—for the acquisition and enjoyment of property—for society and government—to wrestle with the elements around him; and, that by an active exercise of his powers and faculties alone, can he answer the ends of his creation, or exhibit his exalted attributes. His daily wants, in all conditions of life, prompt him to exertion, and the spirit of acquisition, so deeply implanted in the human breast—that “ruling passion strong in death,” so universally diffused through the whole family of man—is the parent of that laudable enterprise which has caused the wilderness to bud and blossom like the rose, planted domestic enjoyments in the lap of

the beast of prey, and transformed the earth from an uncultivated wild into one vast storehouse of subsistence and enjoyment. What can be more acceptable to the patriot or the philanthropist, than to behold the great mass of mankind raised above the degrading influences of tyranny and indolence, to the rational enjoyment of the bounties of their Creator? To see, in the productions of man's magic powers, the cultivated country, the fragrant meadow, the waving harvest, the smiling garden, and the tasteful dwelling, and himself chastened by the precepts of religion, and elevated by the refinements of science, partaking of the fruits of his own industry, with the proud consciousness that he eats not the bread of idleness or fraud; that his gains are not met with the tears of misfortune, nor wrung from his fellow by the devices of avarice or extortion; his joys heightened, his sorrows alleviated, and his heart rectified by the cheering voice and heaven-born influences of woman. Well may he sit down under his own vine and fig-tree without fear of molestation, and his nightly repose be more quiet than that of the stately monarch of the East upon his down of cygnets, or the voluptuous Sybarite upon his bed of roses.

DANIEL S. DICKINSON.*

102. AN APPEAL FOR UNION.

SIR, I do not limit my appeal to Southern senators, I address myself to senators from whatever quarter of the Union; I appeal to them as American senators, and I adjure them by their recollections of the past—by their hopes of the future—as they value the free institutions which the mercy of Providence permits us to enjoy—by all these considerations, I entreat them to unite with us in excluding from the national councils this demon of discord. The acquisition of territory which it is proposed to accomplish by this bill, must bring upon us, with accumulated force, a question which even now menaces the permanence of our Union. I know the firmness of your determination to exert your constitutional powers, to prevent the extension of our domestic institutions. I know the various considerations which unite to constitute that determination, and to give to it its unyielding irrevocable character. I do not mean to discuss this question with you, still less to speak in the

* U. S. Senator from New York.

language of menace. That is alike forbidden by my respect for myself, for you, and for the dignity and the interests of my constituents ; but I entreat you to listen to truth, dispassionately, calmly announced to you.

Your determination to deny this right to the South, is not more fixed and unwavering than theirs to assert it. You do not believe that Southern men will silently acquiesce in—will tamely submit to the denial to them, of that which in their deliberate judgment is the common right of all the people of the United States. If we have a right to acquire territory—if that acquisition be made by the common effort of all the states—by the blood and treasure of all—if all have a common right to share, what all have united to acquire, then the exclusion of the South must result in one of two things. They must give an unexampled manifestation of their devotion to the bond of our Federal Union, by submitting to this exclusion, or sadly, though resolutely determine, at whatever hazard, and even against you their brothers in that sacred bond, to assert and maintain their rights. You know them well enough to know, which of these alternatives they will adopt. I do most earnestly hope that we may never be brought to so fearful a crisis. The danger menaces us even now ; but the patriotism and intelligence of the American people will, I trust, avert it : will teach us, and will teach you, that our safety, that your safety, that the common safety of all alike, forbid the acquisition of territory, if we would continue to enjoy the precious legacy which has been transmitted to us—a rich, almost boundless domain, capable of ministering to all our wants, of gratifying all our desires, and a glorious constitution, which a world in arms would vainly assail while we rally round it in our united strength.

JOHN M. BERRIEN.*

103. THE STATE OF VIRGINIA.

SIR, we often find that it is peculiar to the minds of some persons who do not practise virtue very much, to be constant in their recommendations of it to others ; it is the tribute which hypocrisy pays to virtue. Sir, there are some on this floor who say that they are above the constitution. I do not know how far they are above it, or how much better they are than those who

* U. S. Senator from Georgia.

made it. Those who make so many professions of conscience, generally have the shortest performances under them. There are those who are continually looking into other people's concerns, and making comparisons and parallels for no practical purpose. We yesterday heard a parallel drawn by the senator from Connecticut, between the states of New York and Virginia, with a view of illustrating the unfavorable effects of Southern institutions. I thought such a comparison was very unnecessary, and that any one might have said to that senator, that if Virginia had occasion to be proud of any thing, it was of her institutions—not only as they had exhibited their influence in her own borders, but wherever her sons had gone. Sir, if her fields are washed into gullies, let it be remembered that the crops which have grown upon them have raised statesmen and heroes. She may not boast of crowded villages and densely settled farms, but wherever they have been settled, they have been settled to good purpose; and though they do not possess the particular kind of prosperity which may have marked some of the Northern states, whenever she was disposed to exhibit her wealth, like Cornelia when asked to show her jewels, she could point to her children.

Sir, I wish to make no comparisons, but, if they are made, gentlemen will find that there have been more men of talent and virtue in this senate from the state of Virginia, than from any other state in the Union.

ANDREW P. BUTLER.*

104. THE SUSPENSION OF DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS WITH AUSTRIA.

MR. PRESIDENT, I am opposed to this proposition, for, supposing it to be founded upon true principles, its application is partial, unequal, and in that sense, is unjust. This objection has already been made, and a proposition, I believe, is now pending to add Russia to the list of the courts with which our diplomatic relations are to be suspended. Assuredly there would be as much reason for thus punishing Russia as Austria; for the offence is the same, or even worse. What shall we say to France, too, if we are to assume this general supervision of the conduct of foreign governments? Is there nothing in the

* U. S. Senator from South Carolina.

course of the French government in Italy to shock our republican sensibilities? Have they not interfered against the rights of man and popular liberty, according to our conception of the terms? We ought, then, in order to be just, to suspend our diplomatic relations with all of these courts—Austria, Russia, and France. I am not sure, sir, that the list would stop here, if I chose to pursue this examination further. But it is unnecessary for my purpose to continue the investigation; I have said enough to show the inequality of the proposition as it now stands. But I have a third objection to this resolution, which is founded on the fact that it casts reproach on our history and past conduct towards foreign governments—a reproach which, in my opinion, has not been deserved by the sages and patriots who have gone before us, or, indeed, by any of those who have hitherto been responsible for the course of our government. If, as this resolution assumes, it is our duty to observe the conduct of foreign governments towards their own subjects, and to punish them in this mode for acts of oppression towards their citizens, or for violations of the rights of man, according to our conception of their nature; then, sir, in times past we have grievously failed in the discharge of our obligations. From the institution of our government up to this period, how often ought we not to have exercised this power in the discharge of such duties! With how many governments should we not have suspended such relations at the time of the partition of Poland! With how many during the aggressive wars of Napoleon! Which of the European nations would have escaped after the treaty of Vienna, and during the existence of the Holy Alliance? Why, sir, we could not have recalled ministers fast enough about that period to have signalized our abhorrence of the daily violation of the rights of man, in the arbitrary disruption of territories long united together, and the forced connection of people to governments to which they were averse. I should waste the time of the senate, if I were to attempt the enumeration of the cases in which we have failed to act as this resolution assumes we ought to have done. How often should we have suspended relations with France, with England! Indeed, what government is there in the civilized world with whom we should not have suspended our relations at some period of our history, according to the principles now laid down? Perhaps we might have preserved diplomatic relations with the republic of San Marino, by way of showing that it was possible to maintain such a connection with somebody, according to the principles of action which we had laid down upon such subjects.

Sir, if this resolution be right, then our government has been grievously wrong in its past course in relation to these matters. To vote for this resolution is to record that censure. For one, I am not willing to do it. I believe they acted wisely and well. They deserved the thanks of mankind for their foreign policy, which has won, as I had supposed, universal respect.

R. M. T. HUNTER.*

105. THE SOUTH.

SIR, I can but consider it as a tribute of respect to the character for candor and sincerity which the South maintains, that every movement which occurs in the Southern states is closely scrutinized; but what shall we think of the love for the Union of those in whom this brings no corresponding change of conduct, who continue the wanton aggressions which have produced and justify the action they deprecate? Is it well, is it wise, is it safe, to disregard these manifestations of public displeasure, though it be the displeasure of a minority? Is it proper, or prudent, or respectful, when a representative, in accordance with the known will of his constituents, addresses you the language of solemn warning, in conformity to his duty to the constitution, the Union, and to his own conscience, that his course should be arraigned as the declaration of ultra and dangerous opinions? If these warnings were received in the spirit they are given, it would augur better for the country. It would give hopes which are now denied us, if the press of the country, that great lever of public opinion, would enforce these warnings, and bear them to every cottage, instead of heaping abuse upon those whose ease would prompt them to silence—whose speech, therefore, is evidence of sincerity. Lightly and loosely representatives of Southern people have been denounced as disunionists by that portion of the Northern press which most disturbs the harmony and endangers the perpetuity of the Union. Such, even, has been my own case, though the man does not breathe at whose door the charge of disunion might not as well be laid as at mine. The son of a revolutionary soldier, attachment to this Union was among the first lessons of my childhood bred to the service of my country from boyhood, to

* U. S. Senator from Virginia.

mature age I wore its uniform. Through the brightest portion of my life I was accustomed to see our flag, historic emblem of the Union, rise with the rising and fall with the setting sun. I look upon it now with the affection of early love, and seek to maintain and preserve it by a strict adherence to the constitution, from which it had its birth, and by the nurture of which its stars have come so much to outnumber its original stripes. Shall that flag, which has gathered fresh glory in every war, and become more radiant still by the conquest of peace—shall that flag now be torn by domestic faction, and trodden in the dust by petty sectional rivalry? Shall we of the South, who have shared equally with you all your toils, all your dangers, all your adversities, and who equally rejoice in your prosperity and your fame; shall we be denied those benefits guaranteed by our compact, or gathered as the common fruits of a common country? If so, self-respect requires that we should assert them; and, as best we may, maintain that which we could not surrender without losing your respect as well as our own.

If, sir, this spirit of sectional aggrandizement shall cause the disunion of these states, the last chapter of our history will be a sad commentary upon the justice and the wisdom of our people. That this Union, replete with blessings to its own citizens, and diffusive of hope to the rest of mankind, should fall a victim to a selfish aggrandizement, and a pseudo philanthropy, prompting one portion of the Union to war upon the domestic rights and peace of another, would be a deep reflection on the good sense and patriotism of our day and generation.

Sir, I ask Northern senators to make the case their own—to carry to their own fireside the idea of such intrusion and offensive discrimination as is offered to us—realize these irritations, so galling to the humble, so intolerable to the haughty, and wake, before it is too late, from the dream that the South will tamely submit. Measure the consequences to us of your assumption, and ask yourselves whether, as a free, honorable, and brave people, you would submit to it?

It is essentially the characteristic of the chivalrous, that they never speculate upon the fears of any man, and I trust that no such speculations will be made upon either the condition or the supposed weakness of the South. They will bring sad disappointments to those who indulge them. Rely upon her devotion to the Union; rely upon the feeling of fraternity she inherited and has never failed to manifest; rely upon the nationality and freedom from sedition which has in all ages characterized

an agricultural people; give her justice, sheer justice, and the reliance will never fail you.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.*

106. THE CALIFORNIA GOLD MINES.

I AM a friend to gold currency, but not to gold mining. That is a pursuit which the experience of nations shows to be both impoverishing and demoralizing to a nation. I regret that we have these mines in California; but they are there, and I am for getting rid of them as soon as possible. Make the working as free as possible. Instead of hoarding, and holding them up, and selling in dribblets, lay them open to industry and enterprise. Lay them open to natural capital, to labor, to the man that has stout arms and a willing heart. Give him a fair chance. Give all a fair chance. It is no matter who digs up the gold, or where it goes. The digger will not eat it, and it will go where commerce will carry it. The nations which have industry, which have agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, they will get the gold. Not sales, but permits, is the proper mode to follow, and the only practicable mode. People are going to California to dig, and dig they will. A wise legislation would regulate, not frustrate their enterprise. Permits would put them on the side of the law, for it would give them protection and security; sales and hoarding would put them in opposition to the law, and they would disregard it. Sir, this is a case in which the lawgiver must go with the current; and then he may regulate it: if he goes against the current, his law will be nugatory, and his authority will be despised. The current is for hunting, and finding, and digging; permits follow this current, and by granting them, the legislator may control and regulate the current.

If you want revenue, raise it from the permits, a small sum for each, and upon the coinage. In that way it would be practicable to raise as much as ought to be raised. But revenue is no object compared to the great object of clearing the ground of this attraction, which puts an end to all regular industry, and compared to the object of putting the gold into circulation. I care not who digs it up. I want it dug up. I want the fever to be over. I want the mining finished. Let all work that will. Let them ravage the earth, extirpate and exterminate the

* U. S. Senator from Mississippi.

mines. Then the sober industry will begin which enriches and ennobles a nation. Work as hard as we may, we cannot finish soon. These gold indications cover more than two thousand miles. They are in New Mexico—on the waters of the Middle Colorado—on the mountains between the Rio del Norte and the Rio Colorado—in the Sierra Nevada—and in the prolongations of that mountain, both north and south.

Is all this extent of country and of treasure to be hoarded and guarded by the government?—held up from use until examined and valued by a mineralogist, surveyed by surveyors, and then sold out in two-acre patches? Is this vast region to be hoarded and guarded, as a thing too precious for the people? Is it to be the Hesperian fruit, guarded by dragons from profane touch? And if so, where are the dragons to come from which are to guard it? Certain it is, our dragoons will not do for this guard. I am against the whole scheme of hoarding these mines, or endeavoring to confine their product to their own country. I am not for trying to stop it from going elsewhere. Let it go where it will: like water, it will find its level.

THOMAS H. BENTON.*

107. THE FEDERAL COMPACT.

Our situation is peculiar. At present, our national compact can prevent a state from acting hostilely towards the general interest. But, let this compact be destroyed, and each state becomes vested instantaneously with absolute sovereignty. Is there no instance of a similar situation to be found in history? Look at the states of Greece? By their divisions they became at first victims of the ambition of Philip, and were at length swallowed up in the Roman empire. Are we to form an exception to the general principles of human nature, and to all the examples of history? And are the maxims of experience to become false, when applied to our fate?

Some, indeed, flatter themselves that our destiny will be like that of Rome. But we have not that strong aristocratic arm which can seize a wretched citizen, scourged almost to death by a remorseless creditor, turn him into the ranks, and bid him, as a soldier, bear our eagle in triumph round the globe. I hope to God we shall never have such an abominable institution. But what. I

* U. S. Senator from Missouri.

ask, will be the situation of these states, organized as they now are, if, by the dissolution of our national compact, they be left to themselves? What is the probable result? We shall either be victims of foreign intrigue, and, split into factions, fall under the domination of a foreign power; or else, after the misery and torment of civil war, become the subjects of a usurping military despot. What but this compact, what but this specific part of it, can save us from ruin? The judicial power—that fortress of the constitution—is now to be overturned. Yes, with honest Ajax, I would not only throw a shield before it—I would build around it a wall of brass.

GOVERNEUR MORRIS *

108. PEACE AND NATIONAL HONOR.

MR. PRESIDENT, my object is peace. I will not pretend, like my honorable colleague, to describe to you the waste, the ravages, and the horrors of war. I have not the same harmonious periods, nor the same musical tones; neither shall I boast of Christian charity, nor attempt to display that ingenuous glow of benevolence so decorous to the cheek of youth, which gave a vivid tint to every sentence he uttered, and was, if possible, as impressive even as his eloquence. But though we possess not the same pomp of words, our hearts are not insensible to the woes of humanity. We can feel for the misery of plundered towns, the conflagration of defenceless villages, and the devastation of cultured fields. Turning from these features of general distress, we can enter the abodes of private affliction, and behold the widow weeping as she traces, in the pledges of connubial affection, the resemblance of him whom she has lost forever. We see the aged matron bending over the ashes of her son. He was her darling, for he was generous and brave, and, therefore, his spirit led him to the field in defence of his country. Hard, hard indeed must be that heart which can be insensible to scenes like these, and bold the man who dares present to the Almighty Father a conscience crimsoned with the blood of his children.

Yes, sir, we wish for peace; but how is that blessing to be preserved? In my opinion, there is nothing worth fighting for but national honor; for in the national honor is involved the

* U. S. Senator from New York.

national independence. I know that prudence may force a wise government to conceal the sense of indignity ; but the insult should be engraven on tablets of brass with a pencil of steel. And when that time and change, which happen to all, shall bring forward the favorable moment, then let the avenging arm strike home. It is by avowing and maintaining this stern principle of honor, that peace can be preserved.

GOVERNEUR MORRIS.

109. THE TRIUMPHS OF SCIENCE.

WHATEVER may be the issue of the experiments now in progress in government, in science, and in the useful arts, upon the external policy or the internal condition of nations ; whatever obstacles may for a time oppose and defeat the triumph of enlightened principles ; whether ancient prejudices shall again revive and ripen into collision, bringing in their train the conquest of provinces, the overthrow of armies, the deposition of monarchs, and the abolition of thrones ; or whether a period of enduring tranquillity has even now begun to dawn upon the inhabitants of the earth ;—happily, the cause of science fears no impediment, either from political agitation or discord. Her triumphs, as rapidly as they are achieved, are, by the instrumentality of the press, written down in all languages, and the record treasured up in a thousand places of safety. If any deluge of Vandalism shall overwhelm and bury in ruins the stores of knowledge which she has accumulated in one quarter of the globe, the same treasures will be preserved in others. Thus will the point at which, in all future time, the researches and discoveries of each generation shall have their termination, become the starting-place of their successors in the career of improvement. Nor has she any thing to fear from dissension among her own followers. Her empire is without bounds. Her domains know no geographical demarkations. Her votaries, wherever they are to be found, are citizens of the same great commonwealth ; pursuing the same high objects, obeying the same honorable impulses ; distracted by no party feuds ; ambitious of no other triumphs but to carry the victorious arms of knowledge and truth into the dominions of ignorance and error.

JOHN A. DIX.*

* U. S. Senator from New York.

110. THE INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

THE influence of Christianity upon the political condition of mankind, though silent and almost imperceptible, has doubtless been one of the most powerful instruments of its amelioration. The principles and the practical rules of conduct which it prescribes; the doctrine of the natural equality of men, of a common origin, a common responsibility, and a common fate; the lessons of humility, gentleness, and forbearance which it teaches, are as much at war with political, as they are with all moral, injustice, oppression, and wrong. During century after century, excepting for brief intervals, the world too often saw the beauty of the system marred by the fiercest intolerance and the grossest depravation. It has been made the confederate of monarchs in carrying out schemes of oppression and fraud. Under its banner, armed multitudes have been banded together, and led on by martial prelates to wars of desolation and revenge. Perpetrators of the blackest crimes have purchased from its chief ministers a mercenary immunity from punishment.

But nearly two thousand years have passed away, and no trace is left of the millions who, under the influence of bad passions, have dishonored its holy precepts; or of the far smaller number who, in seasons of general depravation, have drunk its current of living water on the solitary mountain or in the hollow rock. Its simple maxims, outliving them all, are silently working out a greater revolution than any which the world has seen; and long as the period may seem since its doctrines were first announced, it is almost imperceptible when regarded as one of the divisions of that time which is of endless duration. To use the language of an eloquent and philosophical writer, "The movements of Providence are not restricted to narrow bounds: it is not anxious to deduce to-day the consequences of the premises it laid down yesterday. It may defer this for ages, till the fulness of time shall come. Its logic will not be less conclusive for reasoning slowly. Providence moves through time as the gods of Homer through space—it makes a step, and years have rolled away. How long a time, how many circumstances intervened before the regeneration of the moral powers of man by Christianity exercised its great, its legitimate function upon his social condition! yet who can doubt or mistake its power?"*

JOHN A. DIX.†

* Guizot.

† U. S. Senator from New York.

111. INTELLIGENCE A NATIONAL SAFEGUARD.

OUR history constantly points her finger to a most efficient resource, and indeed to the only elixir, to secure a long life to any popular government, in increased attention to useful education and sound morals, with the wise description of equal measures and just practices they inculcate on every leaf of recorded time. Before their alliance, the spirit of misrule will always, in time, stand rebuked, and those who worship at the shrine of unhallowed ambition, must quail.

Storms, in the political atmosphere, may occasionally happen by the encroachments of usurpers, the corruption or intrigues of demagogues, or in the expiring agonies of faction, or by the sudden fury of popular phrensy; but, with the restraints and salutary influences of the allies before described, these storms will purify as healthfully as they often do in the physical world, and cause the tree of liberty, instead of falling, to strike its roots deeper.

In this struggle, the enlightened and moral possess also a power, auxiliary and strong, in the spirit of the age, which is not only with them, but onward, in every thing to ameliorate or improve.

When the struggle assumes the form of a contest with power, in all its subtlety, or with undermining and corrupting wealth, as it sometimes may, rather than with turbulence, sedition, or open aggression by the needy and desperate, it will be indispensable to employ still greater diligence; to cherish earnestness of purpose, resoluteness in conduct; to apply hard and constant blows to real abuses, and encourage not only bold, free, and original thinking, but determined action.

In such a cause, our fathers were men whose hearts were not accustomed to fail them, through fear, however formidable the obstacles. We are not, it is trusted, such degenerate descendants, as to prove recreant, and fail to defend, with gallantry and firmness as unflinching, all which we have either derived from them, or since added to the rich inheritance.

At such a crisis, therefore, and in such a cause, yielding to neither consternation nor despair, may we not all profit by the vehement exhortations of Cicero to Atticus? "If you are asleep, awake; if you are standing, move; if you are moving, run; if you are running, fly!"

All these considerations warn us—the gravestones of almost every former republic warn us—that a high standard of moral

rectitude, as well as of intelligence, is quite as indispensable to communities, in their public doings, as to individuals, if they would escape from either degeneracy or disgrace.

LEVI WOODBURY.*

112. THE PERMANENCE OF AMERICAN LIBERTY.

THE election of a chief magistrate by the mass of the people of an extensive community, was, to the most enlightened nations of antiquity, a political impossibility. Destitute of the art of printing, they could not have introduced the representative principle into their political systems, even if they had understood it. In the very nature of things, that principle can only be coextensive with popular intelligence. In this respect, the art of printing, more than any invention since the creation of man, is destined to change and elevate the political condition of society. It has given a new impulse to the energies of the human mind, and opens new and brilliant destinies to modern republics, which were utterly unattainable by the ancients. The existence of a country population, scattered over a vast extent of territory, as intelligent as the population of the cities, is a phenomenon which was utterly and necessarily unknown to the free states of antiquity. All the intelligence which controlled the destiny and upheld the dominion of republican Rome, was confined to the walls of the great city. Even when her dominion extended beyond Italy to the utmost known limits of the inhabited world, the city was the exclusive seat both of intelligence and empire. Without the art of printing, and the consequent advantages of a free press, that habitual and incessant action of mind upon mind, which is essential to all human improvement, could no more exist, among a numerous and scattered population, than the commerce of disconnected continents could traverse the ocean without the art of navigation. Here, then, is the source of our superiority, and our just pride as a nation. The statesmen of the remotest extremes of the Union, can converse together, like the philosophers of Athens, in the same portico, or the politicians of Rome, in the same forum. Distance is overcome, and the citizens of Georgia and of Maine can be brought to co-operate in the same great object, with as perfect a community of views and feelings, as actuated the

* U. S. Senator from New Hampshire.

tribes of Rome, in the assemblies of the people. It is obvious that liberty has a more extensive and durable foundation in the United States, than it ever has had in any other age or country. By the representative principle—a principle unknown and impracticable among the ancients, the whole mass of society is brought to operate, in constraining the action of power, and in the conservation of public liberty.

GEORGE McDUFFIE.*

113. NEW ENGLAND AND THE UNION.

GLORIOUS New England! thou art still true to thy ancient fame, and worthy of thy ancestral honors. On thy pleasant valleys rest, like sweet dews of morning, the gentle recollections of our early life; around thy hills and mountains cling, like gathering mists, the mighty memories of the revolution; and far away in the horizon of thy past gleam, like thy own bright northern lights, the awful virtues of our Pilgrim sires! But while we devote this day to the remembrance of our native land, we forget not that in which our happy lot is cast. We exult in the reflection, that though we count by thousands the miles which separate us from our birthplace, still our country is the same. We are no exiles meeting upon the banks of a foreign river, to swell its waters with our homesick tears. Here floats the same banner which rustled above our boyish heads, except that its mighty folds are wider, and its glittering stars increased in number.

The sons of New England are found in every state of the broad republic! In the East, the South, and the unbounded West, their blood mingles freely with every kindred current. We have but changed our chamber in the paternal mansion; in all its rooms we are at home, and all who inhabit it are our brothers. To us the Union has but one domestic hearth; its household gods are all the same. Upon us, then, peculiarly devolves the duty of feeding the fires upon that kindly hearth; of guarding with pious care those sacred household gods.

We cannot do with less than the whole Union; to us it admits of no division. In the veins of our children flows northern and southern blood: how shall it be separated?—who shall put asunder the best affections of the heart, the noblest instincts of

* U. S. Representative from South Carolina.

our nature? We love the land of our adoption; so do we that of our birth. Let us ever be true to both; and always exert ourselves in maintaining the unity of our country, the integrity of the republic.

Accursed, then, be the hand put forth to loosen the golden cord of union! thrice accursed the traitorous lips which shall propose its severance!

S. S. PRENTISS.*

114. THE TRUE REFORMERS.

To the rightly constituted mind, to the truly developed man, there always is, there always must be opportunity—opportunity to be and to learn, nobly to do and to endure; and what matter whether with pomp and eclat, with sound of trumpets and shout of applauding thousands, or in silence and seclusion, beneath the calm, discerning gaze of heaven? No station can be humble on which that gaze is approvingly bent: no work can be ignoble which is performed uprightly, and not impelled by sordid and selfish aims.

Not from among the children of monarchs, ushered into being with boom of cannon and shouts of revelling millions, but from amid the sons of obscurity and toil, cradled in peril and ignominy, from the bulrushes and the manger, come forth the benefactors and saviours of mankind. So when all the babble and glare of our age shall have passed into a fitting oblivion, when those who have enjoyed rare opportunities and swayed vast empires, and been borne through life on the shoulders of shouting multitudes, shall have been laid at last to rest in golden coffins, to molder forgotten, the stately marble their only monuments, it will be found that some humble youth, who neither inherited nor found, but hewed out his opportunities, has uttered the thought which shall render the age memorable, by extending the means of enlightenment and blessing to our race. The great struggle for human progress and elevation proceeds noiselessly, often unnoted, often checked and apparently baffled, amid the clamorous and debasing strifes impelled by greedy selfishness and low ambition. In that struggle, maintained by the wise and good of all parties, all creeds, all climes, bear ye the part of men. Heed the lofty summons, and with souls serene and constant, prepare to tread boldly in the path of highest du-

* U. S. Representative from Mississippi.

ty. So shall life be to you truly exalted and heroic; so shall death be a transition neither sought nor dreaded; so shall your memory, though cherished at first but by a few humble, loving hearts, linger long and gratefully in human remembrance, a watchword to the truthful and an incitement to generous endeavor, freshened by the proud tears of admiring affection, and fragrant with the odors of heaven!

HORACE GREELEY.*

115. SELF-SACRIFICING AMBITION.

WE need a loftier ideal to nerve us for heroic lives. To know and feel our nothingness without regretting it; to deem fame, riches, personal happiness, but shadows of which human good is the substance; to welcome pain, privation, ignominy, so that the sphere of human knowledge, the empire of virtue, be thereby extended: such is the soul's temper in which the heroes of the coming age shall be cast. When the stately monuments of mightiest conquerors shall have become shapeless and forgotten ruins, the humble graves of earth's Howards and Frys shall still be freshened by the tears of fondly admiring millions, and the proudest epitaph shall be the simple entreaty,

"Write me as one who *loved* his fellow-men."

Say not that I thus condemn and would annihilate ambition. The love of approbation, of esteem, of true glory, is a noble incentive, and should be cherished to the end. But the ambition which points the way to fame over torn limbs and bleeding hearts, which joys in the Tartarean smoke of the battle-field, and the desolating tramp of the war-horse,—*that* ambition is worthy only of "archangel ruined." To make one conqueror's reputation, at least one hundred thousand bounding, joyous, sentient beings must be transformed into writhing and hideous fragments,—must perish untimely by deaths of agony and horror, leaving half a million widows and orphans to bewail their loss in anguish and destitution. This is too mighty, too awful a price to be paid for the fame of any hero, from Nimrod to Wellington. True fame demands no such sacrifices of others; it requires us to be reckless of the outward well-being of but one. It exacts no hecatomb of victims for each triumphal pile; for the more who covet and seek it, the easier and more abun-

* U. S. Representative from New York.

dant is the success of each and all. With souls of the celestial temper, each human life might be a triumph, which angels would lean from the skies delighted to witness and admire.

HORACE GREELEY.*

116. THE ADMISSION OF CALIFORNIA.

THE great questions which demand our consideration at this moment, are those which relate to our new territorial acquisitions; and the first of these questions is that which relates to California.

(What is California? But yesterday, sir, it was a colony in embryo. But yesterday—to use the language which Mr. Burke once applied to America—it was “a little speck, scarce visible in the mass of national interest; a small seminal principle, rather than a formed body.” To-day, it presents itself to us an established commonwealth, and is knocking at our doors for admittance to the Union as a free and independent state.) Shall it be turned away? Shall it be remanded to its colonial condition? Shall we attempt to crowd back this full-grown man into the cradle of infancy? And that, too, in spite of the express provision of the treaty by which it was acquired, “that at a proper time, it shall be incorporated into the Union?”

Upon what pretence shall such a step be taken? Why is not this the proper time? Is it said that there has been some violation of precedents in her preparatory proceedings? Where will you find a precedent in any degree applicable to her condition? When has such a case been presented in our past history? When may we look for another such in our future progress? “Who hath heard such a thing? Who hath seen such thing? Shall the earth be made to bring forth in one day? Or shall a nation be born at once?”

Is it said that she has not population enough? The best accounts which we can obtain estimate her population at more than a hundred thousand souls; and these, be it remembered, are nearly all full-grown persons, and a vast majority of them men, and voters. And what, after all, are any estimates of population worth in such a case? As the same great British orator, whom I have just quoted, said of the American colonies in 1775: “Such is the strength with which population shoots

* U. S. Representative from New York.

in that part of the world, that, state the numbers as high as we will, whilst the dispute continues, the exaggeration ends. Whilst we are discussing any given magnitude, they are grown to it."

Is it said that her boundaries are too extensive? You did not find this fault with Texas. Texas, with the boundaries which are claimed by her, has three hundred and twenty-five thousand five hundred and twenty square miles; and, with any boundaries which are likely to be assigned to her, she will have more than two hundred thousand square miles. California, under her own constitution, has but one hundred and fifty-five thousand five hundred and fifty square miles of territory, of which one-half are mere mountains of rock and ice, and another quarter a desert waste!

Is it said that these settlers are a wild, reckless, floating population, bent only upon digging gold, and unworthy to be trusted in establishing a government? Sir, I do not believe a better class of emigrants was ever found flocking in such numbers to any new settlement on the face of the earth. The immense distance, the formidable difficulties, and the onerous expense of the pilgrimage to California, necessarily confined emigration to men of some pecuniary substance, as well as to men of more than ordinary physical endurance. We have all seen going out from our own respective neighborhoods, not a few hardy, honest, industrious, patriotic young men,

"Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes there;"

and, in their name, sir, I protest against the constitution which they have adopted being condemned on any score of its pater-
nity.

And now, sir, entertaining such views, I need hardly add that, in my judgment, California ought to be admitted to the Union without more delay, as a separate, independent measure. I am opposed to any scheme for qualifying, or coupling it with other arrangements. It is unjust to California to embarrass, and perhaps peril, her admission, by mixing her up with matters of a controverted character. It is still more unjust to a large majority of this house, who desire to record their names distinctly for her admission as a state, to deny them the proper, legitimate, parliamentary mode of doing so, by annexing to the same bill provisions against which not a few of them are solemnly pledged. Let the Southern gentlemen forbear to teach us bloody instructions, which may return to plague the inventor. The ingredients of the poisoned chalice may yet be commended to their own lips. Let them remember, that there may be a

point of honor at the North as well as at the South. Let them remember that the same voice of patriotism which cries to the North "give up," says to the South also, "keep not back."

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.*

117. NEW TERRITORIES.

SIR, the territories which have come under our guardianship are, in my judgment, of more worth than to be made the mere make-weights in the scales of sectional equality. They are entitled to another sort of consideration, than to be cut up, and partitioned off, like trodden-down Poland, in order to satisfy the longings and appease the jealousies of surrounding states. They are—they ought certainly—to be disposed of and regulated by us, with a primary regard to the prosperity and welfare of those who occupy them now, and those who are destined to occupy them hereafter, and not with the selfish view of augmenting the mere local power or pride of any of us.

Mr. Chairman, I see in the territorial possessions of this Union, the seats of new states, the cradles of new commonwealths, the nurseries, it may be, of new republican empires. I see in them the future abodes of our brethren, our children, and our children's children, for a thousand generations. I see, growing up within our borders, institutions upon which the character and condition of a vast multitude of the American family, and of the human race, in all time to come, are to depend. I feel, that for the original shaping and molding of these institutions, you and I, and each one of us who occupy these seats, are in part responsible. And I cannot omit to ask myself, what shall I do, that I may deserve the gratitude and the blessing, and not the condemnation and the curse, of that posterity, whose welfare is thus in some degree committed to my care?

Here then, sir, I bring these remarks to a close. I have explained, to the best of my ability, the views which I entertain of the great questions of the day. Those views may be misrepresented hereafter, as they have been heretofore; but they cannot be misunderstood by any one who desires, or who is even willing, to understand them.

One tie, however, I am persuaded, still remains to us all—

* U. S. Representative from Massachusetts.

a common devotion to the union of these states, and a common determination to sacrifice every thing but principle to its preservation. Our responsibilities are indeed great. This vast republic, stretching from sea to sea, and rapidly outgrowing every thing but our affections, looks anxiously to us, this day, to take care that it receives no detriment. Nor is it too much to say, that the eyes and the hearts of the friends of constitutional freedom throughout the world are at this moment turned eagerly here—more eagerly than ever before—to behold an example of successful republican institutions, and to see them come out safely and triumphantly from the fiery trial to which they are now subjected.

I have the firmest faith that these eyes and these hearts will not be disappointed. I have the strongest belief that the visions and phantoms of disunion which now appall us, will soon be remembered only like the clouds of some April morning, or "the dissolving views" of some evening spectacle. I have the fullest conviction that this glorious republic is destined to outlast all, all at either end of the Union, who may be plotting against its peace, or predicting its downfall.

"Fond, impious man! think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Raised by thy breath, can quench the orb of day?
To-morrow, it repairs its golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray!"

Let us proceed in the settlement of the unfortunate controversies in which we find ourselves involved, in a spirit of mutual conciliation and concession: let us invoke fervently upon our efforts the blessings of that Almighty Being who is "the author of peace and the lover of concord." And we shall still find order springing out of confusion, harmony evoked from discord, and peace, union, and liberty, once more reassured to our land!

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.*

118. IGNORANCE AND SUPERSTITION.

WE are not to make pilgrimages, my friends, in search of ignorance. It lives in our lives, and dwells in our dwellings. Who can tell how many there are, even in our own enlightened age and country, who can still discover the movements of em-

* U. S. Representative from Massachusetts.

battled and bloody hosts in the harmless coruscations of the northern aurora? How many are still the dupes of the absurd pretensions and impositions of judicial astrology? How many miserable lunatics, pretending to be rational, still see, in an eclipse of the moon, nothing but the sickening effect of some enchanter's influence? How many who are still firm believers in unlucky days? How many who still draw disastrous omens from the commonest events in nature; who can pick letters out of the wick of a burning candle; brew a quarrel by spilling a little salt at the table; sever love and friendship by the present of a pair of scissors; and hear the death-warrant of a friend in the ticking of an insect, or the flapping of a dove's wing at the window? How many who still believe that the earthly interests of a new-born infant absolutely require that it should first be carried up stairs, before it is brought down? How many grown-up children are still cowards in the dark? How many who still people an imaginary world of their own creation, with hosts of spectres, hobgoblins, and brownies? Nor let the educated flatter themselves that all the current ignorance of the period is confined to the circle of the uninstructed. For who can tell how many of the Augustuses of our day confidently expect ill-luck, if a stocking be put on with the wrong side out, or the left shoe be put on to the right foot? how many of our Luthers see the hand of the devil in every meteoric phenomenon? how many of our Johnsons are believers in, or are themselves gifted with, the "second sight?"

But, my friends, ignorance does not do the whole or the worst of her work, by shackling with idle fear and superstitious belief the free mind of man. She does more than this. When the mind is occupied with error, truth cannot enter; and when the heart is filled with superstition, it becomes the habitation of cruelty. Faith is the foundation on which conduct builds; and her banner, be it pure or be it bloody, is sure to float over every conquest made in her name. Under the lead of ignorance, persecution takes the field, and destroys with fire and with the sword. The earth is filled with violence, and the powers of universal nature are moved in elemental war, to satisfy the wrath of man.

D. D. BARNARD.*

* U. S. Representative from New York.

119. THE LIGHT OF KNOWLEDGE.

WE know the enemy we have to contend with—which is ignorance ; and we know where to find him, though he hath his habitation in darkness. . We are acquainted with his haunts and his associations ; and the weapon of his certain destruction is in our hands. That weapon is **LIGHT**—the light of genuine learning added to the light of a genuine faith—a light which heretofore has not been permitted to burn with brightness and purity, chiefly because it was not originally kindled at the right fountain ; a light which has often gone out, in the keeping of unfaithful vestals ; which has often been hid, when it should have been made manifest ; which has always been, more or less, fed from sources which could not supply or support it ; which, at best, has been kept as a lamp to the feet of the few, when it should have been made to illumine the pathway of the many ; which, for the most part, having only glimmered faintly from a few sequestered and solitary places, has served but to deepen the shadows of the general gloom around them. This is that light which is now beginning to be fed from better and purer sources ; which has its fountain in nature ; which is to be supplied from her fulness, by the aid of the educated ; which ought to be made, and may be made to increase, spreading wide and mounting high, and passing rapidly from heart to heart, and from dwelling to dwelling, till all the valleys shall answer to all the mountain-tops in one universal and healthful glow of brightness and illumination.

D. D. BARNARD.*

120. IGNORANCE A CRIME, IN A REPUBLIC.

IN all the dungeons of the Old World, where the strong champions of freedom are now pining in captivity beneath the remorseless power of the tyrant, the morning sun does not send a glimmering ray into their cells, nor does night draw a thicker veil of darkness between them and the world, but the lone prisoner lifts his iron-laden arms to heaven in prayer, that we, the depositaries of freedom, and of human hopes, may be faithful to our sacred trust ;—while, on the other hand, the pensioned advocates of despotism stand, with listening ear, to

* U. S. Representative from New York.

catch the first sound of lawless violence that is wafted from our shores, to note the first breach of faith or act of perfidy amongst us, and to convert them into arguments against liberty and the rights of man.

The experience of the ages that are past, the hopes of the ages that are yet to come, unite their voices in an appeal to us;—they implore us to think more of the character of our people than of its numbers; to look upon our vast natural resources, not as tempters to ostentation and pride, but as a means to be converted, by the refining alchemy of education, into mental and spiritual treasures; they supplicate us to seek for whatever complacency or self-satisfaction we are disposed to indulge, not in the extent of our territory, or in the products of our soil, but in the expansion and perpetuation of the means of human happiness; they beseech us to exchange the luxuries of sense for the joys of charity, and thus give to the world the example of a nation whose wisdom increases with its prosperity, and whose virtues are equal to its power. For these ends they enjoin upon us a more earnest, a more universal, a more religious devotion to our exertions and resources, to the culture of the youthful mind and heart of the nation. Their gathered voices assert the eternal truth, that, in a republic, ignorance is a crime; and that private immorality is not less an opprobrium to the state than it is guilt in the perpetrator.

HORACE MANN.*

121. POPULAR EDUCATION THE CONCERN OF EVERY CITIZEN.

THERE are those who claim an exemption from a general contribution for the purpose of extending the blessings of knowledge to all, upon the ground that they have already provided for the education of their own children, or are both able and willing to do so, at their own proper cost and charges; and that it is for others to do the same, or to omit it altogether, as they may deem most expedient. Let us examine, for a moment, the strength and validity of this plea. My friend, you have a son, upon whose education no time, no pains, no expense has been spared. He, too, has been daintily brought up and vigilantly cared for. No child of poverty and degradation has been suffered to pollute the fair surface of his ingenuous and aristocratic

* U. S. Representative from Massachusetts.

mind. His companionship has been with the gentle and the well-born; his associations have been exclusively with the virtuous, the high-minded, and the pure. All that the most eminent and successful instructors and the most ample store of ancient and modern lore could give him, has been freely and liberally bestowed; and he goes forth into the scenes of active life with a proud brow, a fearless heart, and a cultivated mind. Surely it were the height of presumption to expect that a father could do more. What is it to him that the licensed vender of alcohol lurks in his neighborhood with his well-filled dens of infamy and darkness? What is it to him that the gambler, the debauchee, the prostitute, the accomplished libertine, the unprincipled villain are abroad in the land, and that they, and such as they, are now the *men* who, a few short years since, as luckless and poor, but as yet innocent and unhardened *boys*, were passed haughtily by as unworthy of his notice or regard? A few brief years have rolled on, and that fair-haired boy, in an evil hour, has yielded to the allurements of passion! The tempter has prevailed; and his swollen and bloated cheeks, his trembling limbs, his pestiferous breath, haggard and bloodshot eyes, tell that for him the drunkard's dishonored grave is rapidly preparing! Alas! my friend, had you indeed no interest in the education of your neighbor's children?

S. S. RANDALL

122. CLASSICAL STUDIES.

THERE is not a single nation from the north to the south of Europe, from the bleak shores of the Baltic to the bright plains of immortal Italy, whose literature is not embedded in the very elements of classical learning. The literature of England is, in an emphatic sense, the production of her scholars; of men who have cultivated letters in her universities, and colleges, and grammar-schools; of men who thought any life too short, chiefly because it left some relic of antiquity unmastered, and any other fame humble, because it faded in the presence of Roman and Grecian genius. He who studies English literature without the lights of classical learning, loses half the charms of its sentiments and style, of its force and feelings, of its delicate touches, of its delightful allusions, of its illustrative associations. Who, that reads the poetry of Gray, does not feel that it is the refinement of classical taste which gives such inexpressible vividness and

transparency to his diction? Who, that reads the concentrated sense and melodious versification of Dryden and Pope, does not perceive in them the disciples of the old school, whose genius was inflamed by the heroic verse, the terse satire, and the playful wit of antiquity? Who, that meditates over the strains of Milton, does not feel that he drank deep at

"Siloa's brook, that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God"—

that the fires of his magnificent mind were lighted by coals from ancient altars?

It is no exaggeration to declare that he who proposes to abolish classical studies proposes to render, in a great measure, inert and unedifying the mass of English literature for three centuries; to rob us of the glory of the past, and much of the instruction of future ages; to blind us to excellences which few may hope to equal, and none to surpass; to annihilate associations which are interwoven with our best sentiments, and give to distant times and countries a presence and reality as if they were in fact his own.

JOSEPH STORY.

123. THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

ONE of the most striking characteristics of our age, and that indeed which has worked deepest in all the changes of its fortunes and pursuits, is the general diffusion of knowledge. This is emphatically the age of reading. In other times, this was the privilege of the few; in ours, it is the possession of the many.

The principal cause of this change is to be found in the freedom of the press. It has been aided, also, by the system of free schools wherever it has been established; by that liberal commerce which connects, by golden chains, the interests of mankind; and, above all, by those necessities which have compelled even absolute monarchs to appeal to the patriotism and common sentiments of their subjects. Little more than a century has elapsed since the press, in England, was under the control of a licenser; and within our own days only has it ceased to be a contempt, punishable by imprisonment, to print the debates of parliament. We all know how it still is on the continent of Europe. It either speaks in timid undertones, or echoes back the prescribed formularies of the government. The

moment publicity is given to the affairs of state, they excite everywhere an irresistible interest. If discussion be permitted, it will soon be necessary to enlist talents to defend, as well as talents to devise measures. The daily press first instructed men in their wants, and soon found that the eagerness of curiosity outstripped the power of gratifying it. No man can now doubt the fact that, wherever the press is free, it will emancipate the people; wherever knowledge circulates unrestrained, it is no longer safe to oppress; wherever public opinion is enlightened, it nourishes an independent, masculine, and healthful spirit. If Faustus were now living, he might exclaim, with all the enthusiasm of Archimedes, and with a far nearer approach to the truth, Give me where I may place a free press, and I will shake the world.

JOSEPH STORY.

124. THE FATE OF THE INDIANS.

THERE is, indeed, in the fate of the unfortunate Indians much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much which may be urged to excuse their own atrocities; much in their characters which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? By a law of their nature, they seem destined to a slow, but sure, extinction. Everywhere, at the approach of the white man, they fade away. We hear the rustling of their footsteps, like that of the withered leaves of autumn, and they are gone forever. They pass mournfully by us, and they return no more.

Two centuries ago, the smoke of their wigwams and the fires of their councils rose in every valley, from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida—from the ocean to the Mississippi and the lakes. The shouts of victory and the war-dance rang through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk whistled through the forests, and the hunter's trace and the dark encampment startled the wild beasts in their lairs.

But where are they? Where are the villages, and warriors, and youth—the sachems and the tribes—the hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No; nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral

canker, which hath eaten into their heart-cores ; a plague, which the touch of the white man communicated ; a poison, which betrayed them into a lingering ruin. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region which they may now call their own. Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes, the aged, the helpless, the women, and the warriors, "few and faint, yet fearless still."

The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or dispatch ; but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears ; they utter no cries ; they heave no groans. There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission, but of hard necessity, which stifles both ; which chokes all utterance ; which has no aim or method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them—no, never ! Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know and feel, that there is for them still one remove further, not distant, nor unseen. It is to the general burial-ground of the race.

JOSEPH STORY.

125. THE EXAMPLE OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

THE instructive lesson of history, teaching by example, can nowhere be studied with more profit, or with a better promise, than in the revolutionary period of America ; and especially by us, who sit under the tree our fathers have planted, enjoy its shade, and are nourished by its fruits. But little is our merit or gain, that we applaud their deeds, unless we emulate their virtues. Love of country was in them an absorbing principle, an undivided feeling ; not of a fragment, a section, but of the whole country. Union was the arch on which they raised the strong tower of a nation's independence. Let the arm be palsied that would loosen one stone in the basis of this fair structure, or mar its beauty ; the tongue mute, that would dishonor their

names, by calculating the value of that which they deemed without price.

They have left us an example already inscribed in the world's memory; an example portentous to the aims of tyranny in every land; an example that will console in all ages the drooping aspirations of oppressed humanity. They have left us a written charter as a legacy, and as a guide to our course. But every day convinces us that a written charter may become powerless. Ignorance may misinterpret it; ambition may assail and faction destroy its vital parts; and aspiring knavery may at last sing its requiem on the tomb of departed liberty. It is the spirit which lives: in this are our safety and our hope—the spirit of our fathers; and while this dwells deeply in our remembrance, and its flame is cherished, ever burning, ever pure, on the altar of our hearts; while it incites us to think as they have thought, and do as they have done, the honor and the praise will be ours, to have preserved unimpaired the rich inheritance which they so nobly achieved.

JARED SPARKS.

126. THE STUDY OF ORATORY IN GREECE AND ROME.

IN the ancient republics of Greece and Rome, oratory was a necessary branch of a finished education. A much smaller proportion of the citizens were educated than among us; but of these a much larger number became orators. No man could hope for distinction or influence, and yet slight this art. The commanders of their armies were orators as well as soldiers, and ruled as well by their rhetorical as by their military skill. There was no trusting with them, as with us, to a natural facility, or the acquisition of an accidental fluency by actual practice.

But they served an apprenticeship to the art. They passed through a regular course of instruction in schools. They submitted to long and laborious discipline. They exercised themselves frequently, both before equals and in the presence of teachers, who criticised, reprov'd, rebuked, excited emulation, and left nothing undone which art and perseverance could accomplish. The greatest orators of antiquity, so far from being favored by natural tendencies—except, indeed, in their high intellectual endowments—had to struggle against natural obstacles; and, instead of growing up spontaneously to their unrivalled

eminence, they forced themselves forward by the most discouraging, artificial process.

Demosthenes combated an impediment in speech, an ungainliness of gesture, which at first drove him from the forum in disgrace. Cicero failed at first, through weakness of lungs and an excessive vehemence of manner, which wearied the hearers and defeated his own purpose. These defects were conquered by study and discipline. He exiled himself from home, and, during his absence, in various lands, passed not a day without a rhetorical exercise, seeking the masters who were most severe in criticism, as the surest means of leading him to the perfection at which he aimed.

WILLIAM WIRT

127. THE DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

WE have now, fellow-citizens, reached an important point in this interesting controversy between Great Britain and her colonies. The future tendency of the present state of things could no longer be mistaken. "Thick coming events already cast their shadows before," and pointed to a result then as inevitable as it was near, and as much desired by some as it was destined to be glorious to all.

From this point, let us, for a moment, look back upon this singular and momentous contest. In this review, we shall find it singularly characterized by a spirit of gradual and persevering encroachment on the one part, and of forbearance, but steady resistance, on the other. Small at first and slight the departure from the acknowledged principles of right, but increasing in wrong at each successive step of its progress, making the legitimate resistance to its first wrong a new pretext for the aggravation and increased severity of its succeeding one, until its assumption of power had passed all limit, and its exercise all restraint, the course of Great Britain, in this contest, exhibited a folly as remarkable as her tyranny was odious. No supplication could soften her anger, or propitiate her favor; no argument, however clear and strong, could reach her reason, or arouse her sense of justice; and no appeal to humanity could either touch her sensibility or excite her kindly regard. But moved by the worst spirit of cupidity and ambition, stung by the mortifications of wounded pride and conscious wrong, and deaf alike to the voice of reason, the dictates of justice, and

the suggestions of humanity, she rushed blindly and madly upon her ruin, exhibiting a striking example of the truth of that familiar but beautiful Latin proverb,

"Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat."

On the other hand, we find the colonists forbearing in their complaints, moderate in their demands, but firm and unwavering in their resistance to wrong. In their love of liberty and their attachment to free government, they never faltered. Neither the corruptions of avarice, the whisperings of ambition, nor the gorgeous pageantry of monarchy or power, could ever for a moment seduce them from the one, or draw them from the other. As the perception of their rights was always clear, so was their assertion of them ever fearless. A people more timid than the colonists, viewing the great disparity of force between the parties to the contest, might often have been led to adopt the expedient, while the colonists thought only of the right. They had imbibed too much of the spirit of their Pilgrim fathers, either to submit quietly to any wrong, or make any compromise with duty. Once satisfied of the right, they embraced it without hesitation, and left the event to Him who controls and governs all events. Although comparatively few in numbers, and feeble in resources, their strength was in their consciousness of right, and in Him who had ordained it.

Having, therefore, endured unredressed wrong to the last point of human forbearance; and their last attempt at reconciliation having been met only with contumely and insult, a single alternative only remained to them. That alternative was adopted. The representatives of the people, then in congress assembled, animated by a patriotism as pure as it was ardent, and sustained by a spirit as bold and fearless as it was just, and "appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world, for the rectitude of their intentions," did, on the 4th of July, 1776, put forth to the world the solemn declaration, "that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states."

LUTHER BRADISH.

128. THE NOBLE DEEDS OF THE REVOLUTION.

THE united colonies, which were lately dependencies on Great Britain, are now free and independent states. They have "assumed among the powers of the earth the separate and

equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitled them." They have declared their independence. Their right to that independence is henceforth to be determined by their power to maintain it. It is no longer a question of a redress of grievances, but one of power. And this young republic of the New World is about to enter the lists, and measure arms with one of the proudest and most powerful monarchies of the Old. Upon the issue of this contest hangs not only her own destiny, but the hopes of the friends of free government throughout the world.

With the events and the results of the war that ensued, you are all familiar. They have already passed on to the pages of history, and their record is garnered up amongst our dearest and proudest recollections. Time would fail me, to enter into a minute detail of those events. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that the whole period of this memorable contest, from the firing of the first gun at Lexington to the last at Yorktown—from the first insolence of Gage to the last humiliation of Cornwallis,—was, on the part of the Americans, fruitful in great men and noble deeds. 'Tis said that "adversity is the school in which great virtues are acquired, and great characters formed." And it is certain that the great and trying exigences of the revolution never failed to produce both men and deeds equal to the occasion. If, at any time, the country seemed to want the ordinary and necessary means of success, that want was abundantly supplied by her many virtues; for the military and civic virtues, of the highest order, which characterized this whole period, would have illustrated any age of any country. A pure and ardent patriotism; a patient endurance of hardships; a sustaining courage, that no danger or difficulties could appall; and a devotion to the public good that scarce knew bounds, were the virtues that eminently distinguished this period, and which led the country in triumph through its arduous struggle, to the final establishment and recognition of its independence.

LUTHER BRADISH.

129. THE DISINTERESTEDNESS OF WASHINGTON.

To the pen of the historian must be resigned the more arduous and elaborate tribute of justice to those efforts of heroic and political virtue, which conducted the American people to peace and liberty. The vanquished foe retired from our

shores, and left to the controlling genius who repelled them the gratitude of his own country, and the admiration of the world. The time had now arrived which was to apply the touchstone to his integrity—which was to assay the affinity of his principles to the standard of immutable right. On the one hand, a realm, to which he was endeared by his services, almost invited him to empire; on the other, the liberty to whose protection his life had been devoted, was the ornament and boon of human nature. Washington could not depart from his own great self. His country was free—he was no longer a general. Sublime spectacle! more elevating to the pride of virtue than the sovereignty of the globe united to the sceptre of ages! Enthroned in the hearts of his countrymen, the gorgeous pageantry of prerogative was unworthy the majesty of his dominion. That effulgence of military character which in ancient states has blasted the rights of the people whose renown it had brightened, was not here permitted, by the hero from whom it emanated, to shine with so destructive a lustre. Its beams, though intensely resplendent, did not wither the young blossoms of our independence; and liberty, like the burning bush, flourished unconsumed by the glory which surrounded it.

To the illustrious founder of our republic was it reserved to exhibit the example of a magnanimity that commanded victory—of a moderation that retired from triumph. Unlike the erratic meteors of ambition, whose flaming path sheds a disastrous light on the pages of history, his bright orb, eclipsing the luminaries among which it rolled, never portended “fearful change” to religion, nor from its “golden tresses” shook pestilence on empire. What to other heroes has been glory, would to him have been disgrace. To his intrepidity it would have added no honorary trophy, to have waded, like the conqueror of Peru, through the blood of credulous millions, to plant the standard of triumph at the burning mouth of a volcano. To his fame it would have erected no auxiliary monument, to have invaded, like the ravager of Egypt, an innocent though barbarous nation, to inscribe his name on the pillar of Pompey.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

130. CLASSICAL AND CHRISTIAN LITERATURE.

THE classics possess a peculiar charm, from the circumstance that they have been the models, I might almost say the masters, of composition and thought in all ages. In the contemplation of these august teachers of mankind, we are filled with conflicting emotions. They are the early voice of the world, better remembered and more cherished still, than all the intermediate words that have been uttered,—as the lessons of childhood still haunt us when the impressions of later years have been effaced from the mind. But they show with most unwelcome frequency the tokens of the world's childhood, before passion had yielded to the sway of reason and the affections. They want the highest charm of purity, of righteousness, of elevated sentiments, of love to God and man. It is not in the frigid philosophy of the porch and the academy that we are to seek these; not in the marvellous teachings of Socrates, as they come mended by the mellifluous words of Plato; not in the resounding line of Homer, on whose inspiring tale of blood Alexander pillowed his head; not in the animated strain of Pindar, where virtue is pictured in the successful strife of an athlete at the Isthmian games; not in the torrent of Demosthenes, dark with self-love and the spirit of vengeance; not in the fitful philosophy and intemperate eloquence of Tully; not in the genial libertinism of Horace, or the stately atheism of Lucretius. No; these must not be our masters; in none of these are we to seek the way of life. For eighteen hundred years the spirit of these writers has been engaged in weaponless contest with the Sermon on the Mount, and those two sublime commandments on which hang all the law and the prophets. The strife is still pending. Heathenism, which has possessed itself of such siren forms, is not yet exorcised. It still tempts the young, controls the affairs of active life, and haunts the meditations of age.

Our own productions, though they may yield to those of the ancients in the arrangement of ideas, in method, in beauty of form, and in freshness of illustration, are immeasurably superior in the truth, delicacy, and elevation of their sentiments—above all, in the benign recognition of that great Christian revelation, the brotherhood of man. How vain are eloquence and poetry, compared with this heaven-descended truth! Put in one scale that simple utterance, and in the other the lore of antiquity, with its accumulating glosses and commentaries, and the last will be light and trivial in the balance. Greek poetry has been

likened to the song of the nightingale as she sits in the rich, symmetrical crown of the palm-tree, trilling her thick-warbled notes ; but even this is less sweet and tender than the music of the human heart.

CHARLES SUMNER.

131. AMERICAN LITERATURE.

WE cannot honor our country with too deep a reverence ; we cannot love her with an affection too pure and fervent ; we cannot serve her with an energy of purpose or a faithfulness of zeal, too steadfast and ardent. And what is our country ? It is not the East, with her hills and her valleys, with her countless sails, and the rocky ramparts of her shores. It is not the North, with her thousand villages, and her harvest-home, with her frontiers of the lake and the ocean. It is not the West, with her forest-sea and her inland isles, with her luxuriant expanses, clothed in the verdant corn, with her beautiful Ohio, and her majestic Missouri. Nor is it yet the South, opulent in the mimic snow of the cotton, in the rich plantations of the rustling cane, and in the golden robes of the rice-field. What are these but the sister families of one greater, better, holier family—our country ?

If, indeed, we desire to behold a literature like that, which has sculptured, with such energy of expression, which has painted so faithfully and vividly, the crimes, the vices, the follies of ancient and modern Europe : if we desire that our land should furnish for the orator and the novelist, for the painter and the poet, age after age, the wild and romantic scenery of war ; the glittering march of armies, and the revelry of the camp ; the shrieks and blasphemies, and all the horrors of the battle-field ; the desolation of the harvest, and the burning cottage ; the storm, the sack, and the ruin of cities : if we desire to unchain the furious passions of jealousy and selfishness, of hatred, revenge, and ambition, those lions that now sleep harmless in their den : if we desire that the lake, the river, the ocean, should blush with the blood of brothers ; that the winds should waft from the land to the sea, from the sea to the land, the roar and the smoke of battle ; that the very mountain-tops should become altars for the sacrifice of brothers ;—if we desire that these, and such as these—the elements, to an incredible extent, of the literature of the old world—should be the elements of our literature, then, but then only, let us hurl from its pedestal the

majestic statue of our Union, and scatter its fragments over all our land. But, if we covet for our country the noblest, purest, loveliest literature the world has ever seen, such a literature as shall honor God, and bless mankind ; a literature, whose smiles might play upon an angel's face, whose "tears would not stain an angel's cheek ;" then let us cling to the union of these states, with a patriot's love, with a scholar's enthusiasm, with a Christian's hope. In her heavenly character, as a holocaust self-sacrificed to God ; at the height of her glory, as the ornament of a free, educated, peaceful, Christian people, American literature will find that the intellectual spirit is her very tree of life, and that union her garden of paradise.

GRIMKE.

132. THE END OF THE WORLD.

WHEN the first day of judgment happened, that of the universal deluge of waters upon the old world, the calamity swelled like the flood, and every man saw his friend perish, and the neighbors of his dwelling, and the relatives of his house, and the sharers of his joys, and yesterday's bride, and the new-born heir, the priest of the family, and the honor of the kindred, all dying or dead, drenched in water and the divine vengeance ; and then they had no place to flee unto, no man cared for their souls ; they had none to go unto for counsel, no sanctuary high enough to keep them from the vengeance that rained down from heaven ; and so it shall be at the day of judgment, when that world and this, and all that shall be born hereafter, shall pass through the same Red Sea, and be all baptized with the same fire, and be involved in the same cloud, in which shall be thunderings and terrors infinite. Every man's fear shall be increased by his neighbor's shrieks, and the amazement that all the world shall be in, shall unite as the sparks of a raging furnace into a globe of fire, and roll upon its own principle, and increase by direct appearances and intolerable reflections. And that shriek must needs be terrible, when millions of men and women, at the same instant, shall fearfully cry out, and the noise shall mingle with the trumpet of the archangel, with the thunders of the dying and groaning heavens, and the crack of the dissolving world, when the whole fabric of nature shall shake into dissolution and eternal ashes !

JEREMY TAYLOR.

133. PARTY SPIRIT.

PARTIES and party men may deserve reprobation for their selfishness, their violence, their errors, or their wickedness. They may do our country much harm. They may retard its growth, destroy its harmony, impair its character, render its institutions unstable, pervert the public mind, and deprave the public morals. These are, indeed, evils, and sore evils; but the principle of life remains, and will yet struggle, with assured success, over these temporary maladies.

Still we are great, glorious, united, and free; still we have a name that is revered abroad, and loved at home—a name which is a tower of strength to us against foreign wrong, and a bond of internal union and harmony—a name which no enemy pronounces but with respect, and which no citizen hears but with a throb of exultation. Still we have that blessed constitution, which, with all its pretended defects, and all its alleged violations, has conferred more benefit on man than ever yet flowed from any other human institution—which has established justice, insured domestic tranquillity, provided for the common defence, promoted the general welfare, and which, under God, if we be true to ourselves, will insure the blessings of liberty to us and our posterity.

Surely, such a country, and such a constitution, have claims upon you, my friends, which cannot be disregarded. I entreat and adjure you, then, by all that is near and dear to you on earth, by all the obligations of patriotism, by the memory of your fathers who fell in the great and glorious struggle, for the sake of your sons, whom you would not have to blush for your degeneracy; by all your proud recollections of the past, and all the fond anticipations of the future renown of our nation—preserve that country, uphold that constitution. Resolve that they shall not be lost, while in your keeping; and may God Almighty strengthen you to perform that vow!

W. GASTON.

134. THE WARFARE OF TRUTH.

THE awful and murderous operations of military power can only be justified when directed against a foreign invader, or domestic conspirators attempting to obtain possession of the government by force of arms:—even in such cases they must be allowed to be in themselves great evils, and are only tolerated because necessary to put down still greater evils. They cannot be rightfully employed as the means of enlarging the liberties, or reforming the abuses, of any nation or community.

The horrors and cruelties of civil and intestine war, the bloodshed and the barbarism of the battle-field, the furies and the crimes attendant upon massacre, conflagration, and pillage, can never be made to prepare the way for the blessings of liberty, peace, and equal rights, to enter and take up their abode in any land. They serve only to bind upon it still more firmly the burden and the woes of slavery and sin. "All they that take the sword," that is, select and adopt it as the means of improving their social or political condition, "shall perish with the sword." But truth is mighty, reason is mighty, conscience is mighty, the spirit of human and of Christian benevolence is mightier than them all, and the most despised minority, the most trampled victims of oppression and slavery, if they make these the weapons of their warfare, and wield them in faith, patience, and perseverance, will be sure to conquer, for God will be their ally. And the strongest and fiercest giant, who comes to the field with a spear, and with a sword, and with a shield, will be sure to fall before the merest stripling who meets him in the name of the Lord.

C. W. UPHAM.

135. OUR OBLIGATIONS TO THE PILGRIMS.

To whom do we owe it, under an all-wise Providence, that this nation, so miraculously born, is now contributing with such effect to the welfare of the human family, by aiding the march of mental and moral improvement, and giving an example to the nations of what it is to be pious, intelligent, and free? To whom do we owe it, that with us the great ends of the social compact are accomplished to a degree of perfection never before

realized ; that the union of public power and private liberty is here exhibited in a harmony so singular and perfect as to allow the might of political combination to rest upon the basis of individual virtue, and to call into exercise, by the very freedom which such a union gives, all the powers that contribute to national prosperity ?

To whom do we owe it, that the pure and powerful light of the gospel is now shed abroad over these countries, and is rapidly gaining upon the darkness of the western world ; that the importance of religion to the temporal welfare of men, and to the permanence of wise institutions, is here beginning to be felt in its just measure ? To whom do we owe it, that in this favored land the gospel of the grace of God has best displayed its power to bless humanity, by uniting the anticipations of a better world with the highest interests and pursuits of this ; by carrying its merciful influence into the very business and bosoms of men ; by making the ignorant wise and the miserable happy ; by breaking the fetters of the slave, and teaching the “babe and suckling” those simple and sublime truths which give to life its dignity and virtue, and fill immortality with hope :—to whom do we owe all this ? Doubtless, to the Plymouth Pilgrims ! Happily did one of these fearless exiles exclaim, in view of all that was past, and of the blessing, and honor, and glory, that was yet to come, “God hath sifted three kingdoms, that he might gather the choice grain, and plant it in the wilderness.”

WHELPLEY.

136. WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

THE influence of the female character is now felt and acknowledged in all the relations of her life. I speak not now of those distinguished women, who instruct their age through the public press ; nor of those whose devout strains we take upon our lips when we worship ; but of a much larger class ; of those whose influence is felt in the relations of neighbor, friend, daughter, wife, mother. Who waits at the couch of the sick to administer tender charities while life lingers, or to perform the last acts of kindness when death comes ? Where shall we look for those examples of friendship that most adorn our nature ; those abiding friendships, which trust even when betrayed, and survive all changes of fortune ? Where shall we find the brightest illustrations of filial piety ? Have you ever seen a daughter,

herself perhaps timid and helpless, watching the decline of an aged parent, and holding out with heroic fortitude to anticipate his wishes, to administer to his wants, and to sustain his tottering steps to the very borders of the grave?

But in no relation does woman exercise so deep an influence, both immediately and prospectively, as in that of mother. To her is committed the immortal treasure of the infant mind. Upon her devolves the care of the first stages of that course of discipline which is to form, of a being perhaps the most frail and helpless in the world, the fearless ruler of animated creation, and the devout adorer of its great Creator. Her smiles call into exercise the first affections that spring up in our hearts. She cherishes and expands the earliest germs of our intellects. She breathes over us her deepest devotions. She lifts our little hands, and teaches our little tongues to lisp in prayer. She watches over us, like a guardian angel, and protects us through all our helpless years, when we know not of her cares and her anxieties on our account. She follows us into the world of men, and lives in us, and blesses us, when she lives not otherwise upon the earth.

J. G. CARTER.

137. THE FREEDOM OF SCIENCE IN AMERICA.

THE quick and keen sense of self-interest, that gives such sagacity and energy to the business operations of this country, is equally propitious to the success of every art, every discovery, invention, undertaking, and science, that involves in it any amount of practical improvement or power. Hence, whatever of theoretical science, inventive skill, ingenious speculation, or reasoning eloquence, can be made to tell upon any of the multitudinous affairs making up the business of life, or to minister in any way to the increased power or enjoyment of man, will soon find ready attention for their claims. Here no prejudices in favor of time-honored usages are strong enough long to resist the advance of scientific improvement or wise innovation. Society is not divided into castes, each one of them watching with jealous vigilance against any encroachment of their several exclusive walks by any rude intruder from another class, themselves clinging to the settled usages and old forms of their own clan, with the steady pertinacity of men whose unexamined prejudices are interwoven with their earliest habits and their most valuable personal interests. If Science, descending from

her starry throne in the heavens, light the student to any discovery or invention in any manner applicable to the wants of his fellow-creatures,—if Genius prompt the lofty thought,—if love of God or of man inspire the generous design, no matter how the novelty may astonish for the moment, no matter what prejudices may be shocked, no matter what interests may be alarmed and band themselves against the innovator, let him go on undismayed ; he advances to certain victory.

GULIAN C. VERPLANCK.

138. PRACTICAL SCHOLARSHIP.

It may well be that there are some meditations so subtle and unreal, some branches of learning so remote from use, some laborious arts of refinement requiring for their successful cultivation such silent abstraction and unremitting, undivided labor for years, that they can find no room amid the strife and bustle, the *fumum, strepitumque*, the railroad noise and rapidity of this work-day world of America.

But if awed by that veneration the scholar naturally feels for those who consecrate their days and nights to learning, alternating only between books and the pen, you hesitate to allow the superiority conferred by this variety and versatility over the man of one solitary study, let me appeal to the unvarying testimony of literary history for the proof. The great men of antiquity, the models of eloquence, the fathers of poetry, the teachers of ethical wisdom, the founders of that ancient jurisprudence, that still rules the greater part of the civilized world, were none of them solitary scholars ; none of them were contented with the "half wisdom of books" alone. They performed well all the duties of war and peace ; and their immortal works, beautiful in the severe simplicity of truth and nature, still remain "eternal monuments"—as Thucydides, in the calm consciousness of genius, has said of his own majestic history—eternal monuments for the good of after ages, of things which they had themselves seen and done.

GULIAN C. VERPLANCK.

139. INDEPENDENCE OF THOUGHT IN AMERICA.

EVERY thing here is propitious to honest independence of thought. Such an independence is the presiding genius of all our institutions; it is the vital spirit that gives life to the whole. Without this, our constitutions and laws, our external forms of equality, our elections, our representation, our boasted liberty of speech and of conscience, are but poor and beggarly elements, shadows without substance, dead and worthless carcasses, from which the living soul, the grace, the glory, the strength, have forever fled.

That restlessness of enterprise, which alike nerves the frontier settler to the toils and adventures of the wilderness, and kindles the young dreams of the political aspirant, which whitens the ocean with our canvas, drives the railroad through the desert, and startles the moose at his watering-place, or scares the eagle from his high solitary perch with the sudden beat of the steam-boat's wheels—that one and the same ardent, restless spirit ruling our whole people, can have little communion with that abject prostration of intellect, that makes man crouch before his fellow, submitting his reason and his conscience to another's will. It is our happy fate to know nothing personally of the severer tyranny of power over the conscience. History can alone teach us what this is, and how to estimate duly our political advantages in this respect. What then is the history of human opinions but a long record of martyrdom for truth, for religion, for private conscience, for public liberty? Every monument of antiquity in the Old World, like that one of "London's lasting shame,"

"The *Traitor's Gate*, miscalled, through which of yore
Fast Raleigh, Cranmer, Russel, Sydney, More,"—

every vestige of the past recalls some remembrance of the "lifted axe, the agonizing wheel," the scaffold, the stake, and the fagot, on which the patriot poured out his life's blood, and where the martyr breathed forth in torture his last prayer of triumphant, forgiving faith. But, traveller, stop not there to mourn. Rejoice rather, for these are the monuments of the victories of truth, of the triumph of the self-sustaining, immortal mind, over the impotence of transient power. The martyrs have conquered. Their sentence is reversed. Their tyrants have passed away with names blackened and branded by universal scorn. The cause for which they died has now mounted

the seat of worldly empire, or else is enthroned still more regally in the hearts of millions.

GULIAN C. VERPLANCK.

140. AMERICAN SCHOLARS NOT DEPENDENT UPON PRIVILEGED ORDERS.

IN other lands, pecuniary dependence is too often connected with reverence for rank, so that they produce together the most complete vassalage. The market for intellectual labor is overstocked. Nature's rich banquet is crowded with titled and hereditary guests; "the table is full." To emerge from the crowd of menials, and obtain some share of the feast, the unbidden scholar must attach himself to the train of a patron, and feed on the alms his niggard bounty may bestow. Such has been the degrading history of literary men, poets, authors, and, I blush to add, philosophers, throughout the world, for many centuries. The facility with which a sure and comfortable subsistence may be obtained in this country, and the certainty with which educated talent, directed by ordinary discretion and industry, may obtain to a decent competency, are such as to exclude all temptation, much more all necessity, to follow in this respect the humiliating example of European learning. To such evils "the lack of means need never drive us." If dazzled by the false glitter of office, if bribed by the doles of political patronage, or by such paltry boons as private interest can bestow, the American scholar is ever weak enough to sell his conscience, or bow down his independence before a master, he falls a voluntary victim. The sin is his own: his own be the shame. Let him not seek to divide it with his country. Is it not then a glorious privilege to be wholly free from the necessity of such dependence, never to be forced by the tyrannous compulsion of need to man-worship, the meanest of all idolatries? Far nobler, far happier, than kings can make him, is the lot of him who dedicates his life and his intellect to instruct and delight the people; who looks to them, not for alms or bounty, but for a just compensation in honor and in profit, for the pleasure or the instruction he affords them; who seeks to serve them as a friend, not to fawn on them as a flatterer—to please them or to teach them, yet as having a higher master and knowing the solemn responsibility of one who acts upon the happiness or the morals of many. Happy he who, in the discharge of such du

ties, leads none into dangerous error, lulls none into careless or contemptuous negligence of right, nor ever sullies the whiteness of an innocent mind. Happier, still happier, he who has scattered abroad into many hearts those moral seeds whence benevolent and heroic actions spring up, who has "given ardor to virtue and confidence to truth," or, in more sacred language, "has turned many unto righteousness." Such genius, fired from heaven's own light, will continue to the end of time to burn and spread, kindling congenial flames far and wide, until they lift up their broad united blaze on high, enlightening, cheering, and gladdening the nations of the earth.

GULIAN C. VERPLANCK.

141. THE INFLUENCE OF FREE INSTITUTIONS ENNOBLING.

It has been said by shrewd though unfriendly observers, that in America the practical and the profitable swallow up every other thought. There, say they, fancy withers, art languishes, taste expires; there the mind looks only to the material and the mechanical, and loses its capacity for the ideal and the abstract. But while the intelligent American citizen is surrounded by the strongest temptations to devote himself solely to selfish pursuits, he is at the same time everywhere invited to conform his own spirit to that of our liberal institutions, and instructed to uplift his mind to the consideration of large principles, and to regard himself as being but a small part of the vast whole which claims his best affections.

With such a choice before him, pitiable indeed is the lot of him who turns from the nobler and manlier side, to think, to live, and to drudge for himself alone. He cuts himself off from the best delights of the heart, its endearing charities and its elevating sympathies. He paralyzes his own intellect by suffering it to become half dead through inaction, and that in its nobler parts. The mighty ladder of thought and reason, reaching from the visible to the invisible—from the crude knowledge gained through the senses to the sublimest inferences of the pure reason—from the earth to the very footstool of God's own throne—is before him and invites his ascent. But he bends his eyes obstinately downwards upon the glittering ores at his feet, until he loses the wish or the hope for any thing better.

That such grovelling materiality, such mean selfishness, is not the necessary, nor the constant, no, nor the frequent result of

our ardent industry in the affairs of life, let the discoveries of Franklin, and the magnificent far-drawn speculations of Edwards—let the grand philosophy, and the poetic thought, flashing quick and thick through the cloudy atmosphere of political discussion in our senate-house—let the open-handed charity, the more than princely munificence, the untiring personal labors of benevolence, exhibited by our most devoted and successful men of business, bear splendid testimony.

GULIAN C. VERPLANCK.

142. THE EVILS OF POLITICAL PARTIES.

IN our popular form of government, the existence of organized parties for the promotion of any system of policy, for the success of any principles of administration on which opinions are divided, and even for local objects and questions that must be decided ultimately by the ballot-boxes and legislative action, seems to be unavoidable, and when confined to their legitimate sphere, not only harmless but salutary. But no dispassionate man, who examines the character of all our political parties for the last few years, can fail to perceive that there is something in their organization threatening to defeat the primary object of their own formation, and injurious to personal honor and independence.

By means of this organization, the true liege-men of faction learn to move together with the discipline and blind obedience of a regular army, and to regard those who do not act with them, not as republican fellow-citizens who differ from them in opinion on some secondary though important points, but as aliens and enemies. The first who suffer the just punishment of this moral treason, for such it is, against republican principles, are the successful leaders themselves. They deprive themselves at once of the honest enthusiasm, the cheerful confidence that ever accompany the zealous support of principles. They become the timid, temporizing slaves of expediency, looking at every step, not to its justice or wisdom, but to its probable popularity. Their own policy prevents them from relying for respect and support upon the broad judgment of all honest and enlightened men, and when age or adversity arrives, when "interest calls off all her sneaking train," they are left helpless and contemptible. Such being the pitiable condition of the magnets of faction, what must be that of him who follows at their

heels as a hireling ; above all, of the educated and literary hireling ? He has sold his manhood for a little pelf ; he must revile, and he must glorify ; he must shout huzzas, or whisper calumnies, just as he is bidden. His time is not his own. His thoughts are not his own. His soul is not his own.

Strange thing it is, but true, that in this our republic, the land of abundance, the native soil of independence, there may be found some Americans of talent and information as abject in the submission of their understanding and will to the dictation of another, as was ever the most awe-struck courtier of the Russian czar, and who can fawn upon the dispensers of office with a cringing servility that would have mantled with shame the cheek of the worst hireling of Walpole, or the most profligate parasite of Dubois, the scandal of the church, or of Jeffries, the reproach of the law.

GULLIAN C. VERPLANCK.

143. MILITARY GLORY.

11.

THE idea of Honor is associated with war. But to whom does the honor belong ? If to any, certainly not to the mass of the people, but to those who are particularly engaged in it. The mass of a people, who stay at home and hire others to fight, who sleep in their warm beds and hire others to sleep on the cold and damp earth, who sit at their well-spread board and hire others to take the chance of starving, who nurse the slightest hurt in their own bodies and hire others to expose themselves to mortal wounds and to linger in comfortless hospitals, certainly this mass reap little honor from war. The honor belongs to those immediately engaged in it. Let me ask, then, what is the chief business of war. It is to destroy human life, to mangle the limbs, to gash and hew the body, to plunge the sword into the heart of a fellow-creature, to strew the earth with bleeding frames, and to trample them under foot with horses' hoofs. It is to batter down and burn cities, to turn fruitful fields into deserts, to level the cottage of the peasant and the magnificent abode of opulence, to scourge nations with famine, to multiply widows and orphans. Are these honorable deeds ? Were you called to name exploits worthy of demons, would you not naturally select such as these ? Grant that a necessity for them may exist ; it is a dreadful necessity, such as a good man must recoil from with instinctive horror ; and though

it may exempt them from guilt, it cannot turn them into glory. We have thought that it was honorable to heal, to save, to mitigate pain, to snatch the sick and sinking from the jaws of death. We have placed among the revered benefactors of the human race, the discoverers of arts which alleviate human sufferings, which prolong, comfort, adorn, and cheer human life, and if these arts be honorable, where is the glory of multiplying and aggravating tortures and death?

DR. CHANNING.

144. FALSE COURAGE.

COURAGE, considered in itself, or without reference to its origin and motives, and regarded in its common manifestations, is not virtue, is not moral excellence; and the disposition to exalt it above the spirit of Christianity is one of the most ruinous delusions which have been transmitted to us from barbarous times. In most men, courage has its origin in a happy organization of the body. It belongs to the nerves rather than to the character. In some, it is an instinct bordering on rashness. In one man it springs from strong passions obscuring the idea of danger. In another, from the want of imagination, or from the capacity of bringing future evils near. The courage of the uneducated may often be traced to stupidity, to the absence of thought and sensibility. Many are courageous from the dread of the infamy absurdly attached to cowardice. One terror expels another. A bullet is less formidable than a sneer. To show the moral worthlessness of mere courage, of contempt of bodily suffering and pain, one consideration is sufficient. The most abandoned have possessed it in perfection. The villain often hardens into the thorough hero, if courage and heroism be one. The more complete his success in searing conscience and defying God, the more dauntless his daring. Long-continued vice and exposure naturally generate contempt of life and a reckless encounter of peril. Courage, considered in itself, or without reference to its causes, is no virtue, and deserves no esteem. It is found in the best and the worst, and is to be judged according to the qualities from which it springs and with which it is conjoined.

DR. CHANNING.

145. TRUE COURAGE.

THERE is a virtuous, glorious courage ; but it happens to be found least in those who are most admired for bravery. It is the courage of principle, which dares to do right in the face of scorn, which puts to hazard reputation, rank, the prospects of advancement, the sympathy of friends, the admiration of the world, rather than violate a conviction of duty. It is the courage of benevolence and piety, which counts not life dear in withstanding error, superstition, vice, oppression, injustice, and the mightiest foes of human improvement and happiness. It is moral energy, that force of will in adopting duty, over which menace and suffering have no power. It is the courage of a soul which reverences itself too much to be greatly moved about what befalls the body ; which thirsts so intensely for a pure inward life, that it can yield up the animal life without fear ; in which the idea of moral, spiritual, celestial good has been unfolded so brightly as to obscure all worldly interests ; which aspires after immortality, and therefore heeds little the pains or pleasures of a day ; which has so concentrated its whole power and life in the love of Godlike virtue, that it even finds a joy in the perils and sufferings by which its loyalty to God and virtue may be approved. This courage may be called the perfection of humanity, for it is the exercise, result, and expression of the highest attributes of our nature.

DR. CHANNING.

146. MILITARY COURAGE.

THE courage of military and ordinary life, instead of resting on high and unchangeable principles, finds its chief motive in the opinions of the world, and its chief reward in vulgar praise. Superior to bodily pain, it crouches before censure, and dares not face the scorn which faithfulness to God and unpopular duty must often incur. It wears the appearance of energy, because it conquers one strong passion, fear ; but the other passions it leaves unmastered, and thus differs essentially from moral strength or greatness, which consists in subjecting all appetites and desires to a pure and high standard of rectitude. Brilliant courage, as it is called, so far from being a principle of universal self-control, is often joined with degrading pleasures, with a lawless spirit, with general licentiousness of manners, with a

hardihood which defies God as well as man, and which, not satisfied with scorning death, contemns the judgment that is to follow. So wanting in moral worth is the bravery which has so long been praised, sung, courted, adored. It is time that it should be understood. It is time that the old, barbarous, indiscriminate worship of mere courage should give place to a wise moral judgment. This fanaticism has done much to rob Christianity of its due honor. Men, who give their sympathies and homage to the fiery and destructive valor of the soldier, will see little attraction in the mild and peaceful spirit of Jesus. His unconquerable forbearance, the most genuine and touching expression of his divine philanthropy, may even seem to them a weakness. Will this delusion never cease? Will men never learn to reverence disinterested love? Shall the desolations and woes of ages bear their testimony in vain against the false glory which has so long dazzled the world? I do not ask these questions in despair. Whilst we lament the limited triumphs of Christianity over false notions of honor, we see and ought to recognize its progress. War is not now the only or chief path to glory. The greatest names are not now written in blood. The purest fame is the meed of genius, philosophy, philanthropy, and piety, devoting themselves to the best interests of humanity. The passion for military glory is no longer, as once, able of itself to precipitate nations into war.

DR. CHANNING.

147. THE MORAL CHARACTER OF WAR.

A NATION, in declaring war, should be lifted above its passions by the fearfulness and solemnity of the act. It should appeal with unfeigned confidence to heaven and earth for its uprightness of purpose. It should go forth as the champion of truth and justice, as the minister of God, to vindicate and sustain that great moral and national law, without which life has no security, and social improvements no defence. It should be inspired with invincible courage, not by its passions, but by the dignity and holiness of its cause. Nothing in the whole compass of legislation is so solemn as a declaration of war. By nothing do a people incur such tremendous responsibility. Unless justly waged, war involves a people in the guilt of murder. The state which, without the command of justice and God, sends our fleets and armies to slaughter fellow-creatures,

must answer for the blood it sheds, as truly as the assassin for the death of his victim. Oh, how loudly does the voice of blood cry to heaven from the field of battle! Undoubtedly, the men whose names have come down to us with the loudest shouts of ages, stand now before the tribunal of eternal justice condemned as murderers; and the victories, which have been thought to encircle a nation with glory, have fixed the same brand on multitudes in the sight of the final and Almighty Judge.

DR. CHANNING.

148. TRUTH.

FORCE of thought may be put forth to amass wealth for selfish gratification, to give the individual power over others, to blind others, to weave a web of sophistry, to cast a deceitful lustre on vice, to make the worse appear the better cause. But energy of thought, so employed, is suicidal. The intellect, in becoming a pander to vice, a tool of the passions, an advocate of lies, becomes not only degraded, but diseased. It loses the capacity of distinguishing truth from falsehood, good from evil, right from wrong; it becomes as worthless as an eye which cannot distinguish between colors or forms. Woe to that mind which wants the love of truth! For want of this, genius has become a scourge to the world; its breath a poisonous exhalation; its brightness a seducer into paths of pestilence and death. Truth is the light of the Infinite Mind, and the image of God in his creatures. Nothing endures but truth. The dreams, fictions, theories which men would substitute for it, soon die. Without its guidance, effort is vain, and hope baseless. Accordingly, the love of truth, a deep thirst for it, a deliberate purpose to seek it and hold it fast, may be considered as the very foundation of human culture and dignity. Precious as thought is, the love of truth is still more precious; for without it, thought wanders and wastes itself, and precipitates men into guilt and misery.

DR. CHANNING.

149. THOUGHT, THE PRIVILEGE OF ALL MEN.

I DENY to any individual or class a monopoly of thought. Who among men can show God's commission to think for his

brethren, to shape passively the intellect of the mass, to stamp his own image on them as if they were wax? As well might a few claim a monopoly of light and air, of seeing and breathing, as of thought. Is not the intellect as universal a gift as the organs of sight and respiration? Is not truth as freely spread abroad as the atmosphere or the sun's rays? Can we imagine that God's highest gifts of intelligence, imagination, and moral power, were bestowed, to provide only for animal wants? to be denied the natural means of growth, which is action? to be starved by drudgery? Were the mass of men made to be monsters? to grow only in a few organs and faculties, and to pine away and shrivel in others? or were they made to put forth all the powers of men, especially the best and most distinguishing? No man, not the lowest, is all hands, all bones and muscles. The mind is more essential to human nature, and more enduring than the limbs; and was this made to lie dead? Is not thought the right and duty of all? Is not truth alike precious to all? Is not truth the natural aliment of the mind, as plainly as the wholesome grain is of the body? Is not the mind adapted to thought, as plainly as the eye to light, the ear to sound? Who dares to withhold it from its natural action—its natural element and joy? Undoubtedly, some men are more gifted than others, and are marked out for more studious lives. But the work of such men is not to do other's thinking for them, but to help them to think more vigorously and effectually. Great minds are to make others great. Their superiority is to be used, not to break the multitude to intellectual vassalage—not to establish over them a spiritual tyranny, but to rouse them from lethargy and to aid them to judge for themselves. The light and life which spring up in one soul are to be spread far and wide. Of all treasons against humanity, there is no one worse than his, who employs great intellectual force to keep down the intellect of his less favored brother.

DR. CHANNING.

150. THE CAPACITY OF THE PEOPLE FOR KNOWLEDGE.

THE mass of the people, it is said, can go to the bottom of nothing; and the result of stimulating them to thought, will be the formation of a dangerous set of half-thinkers. To this argument, I reply, first, that it has the inconvenience of proving too much; for, if valid, it shows that none of any class ought

to think. For who, I would ask, can go to the bottom of any thing? Whose "learning" is not "little?" Whose "draughts" of knowledge are not "shallow?" Who of us has fathomed the depths of a single product of nature, or a single event in history? Who of us is not baffled by the mysteries in a grain of sand? How contracted the range of the widest intellect! But is our knowledge, because so little, of no worth? Are we to despise the lessons which are taught us in this nook of creation—in this narrow round of human experience—because an infinite universe stretches around us, which we have no means of exploring, and in which the earth, and sun, and planets, dwindle to a point? We should remember, that the known, however little it may be, is in harmony with the boundless unknown, and a step towards it. We should remember, too, that the gravest truths may be gathered from a very narrow compass of information. God is revealed in his smallest work as truly as in his greatest. The principles of human nature may be studied better in a family than in the history of the world. The finite is a manifestation of the infinite. Great ideas are within the reach of every man who thirsts for truth and seeks it with singleness of mind. The laboring class are not now condemned to draughts of knowledge so shallow as to merit scorn. Many of them know more of the outward world than all the philosophers of antiquity; and Christianity has opened to them mysteries of the spiritual world, which kings and prophets were not privileged to understand. And are they, then, to be doomed to spiritual inaction, as incapable of useful thought?

DR. CHANNING.

151. THE NOBILITY OF MIND.

THAT some should be richer than others is natural, and is necessary, and could only be prevented by gross violations of right. Leave men to the free use of their powers, and some will accumulate more than their neighbors. But, to be prosperous is not to be superior, and should form no barrier between men. Wealth ought not to secure to the prosperous the slightest consideration. The only distinctions which should be recognized are those of the soul, of strong principle, of incorruptible integrity, of usefulness, of cultivated intellect, of fidelity in seeking for truth. A man, in proportion as he has

these claims, should be honored and welcomed everywhere. Such a man, however coarsely, if neatly, dressed, should be a respected guest in the most splendid mansions, and at the most brilliant meetings. A man is worth infinitely more than the saloons, and the costumes, and the show of the universe. He was made to tread all these beneath his feet. What an insult to humanity is the present deference to dress and upholstery, as if silkworms, and looms, and scissors, and needles could produce something nobler than a man! Every good man should protest against a caste founded on outward prosperity, because it exalts the outward above the inward, the material above the spiritual; because it springs from and cherishes a contemptible pride in superficial and transitory distinctions; because it alienates man from his brother, breaks the tie of common humanity, and breeds jealousy, scorn, and mutual ill-will. Can this be needed to social order?

In rude ages, it keeps the people down; but when the people, by degrees, have risen to some consciousness of their rights and essential equality with the rest of the race, the awe of rank naturally subsides, and passes into suspicion, jealousy, and sense of injury, and a disposition to resist. The very institution which once restrained, now provokes. Through this process the Old World is now passing. The strange illusion that a man, because he wears a garter or ribbon, or was born to a title, belongs to another race, is fading away; and society must pass through a series of revolutions, silent or bloody, until a more natural order takes place of distinctions which grew originally out of force. Thus aristocracy, instead of giving order to society, now convulses it; so impossible is it for arbitrary human ordinations permanently to degrade human nature, or subvert the principles of justice and freedom.

DR. CHANNING.

152. SOCIAL CHANGES.

SUPPOSE that the happiest of all ages were the feudal, when aristocracy was in its flower and glory; when the noble, superior to the laws, committed more murders in one year than the multitude in twenty. Suppose it best for the laborer to live and die in thoughtless ignorance. Allow all this, and that we have reason to look with envy on the past; one thing is plain: the past is gone, the feudal castle is dismantled, the distance

between classes greatly reduced. Unfortunate as it may be, the people have begun to think, to ask reasons for what they do and suffer and believe, and to call the past to account. Old spells are broken, old reliances gone. Men can no longer be kept down by pageantry, state robes, forms, and shows. Allowing it to be best, that society should rest on the depression of the multitude, the multitude will no longer be quiet when they are trodden under foot, but ask impatiently for a reason why they too may not have a share in social blessings. Such is the state of things, and we must make the best of what we cannot prevent. Right or wrong, the people will think; and is it not important that they should think justly? that they should be inspired with the love of truth, and instructed how to seek it? that they should be established by wise culture in the great principles on which religion and society rest, and be protected from skepticism and wild speculation by intercourse with enlightened and virtuous men? It is plain, that in the actual state of the world, nothing can avail us, but a real improvement of the mass of the people. No stable foundation can be laid for us but in men's minds. Alarming as the truth is, it should be told, that outward institutions cannot now secure us. Mightier powers than institutions have come into play among us—the judgment, the opinions, the feelings of the many; and all hopes of stability, which do not rest on the progress of the many, must perish.

DR. CHANNING

153. THE VALUE OF BOOKS.

ONE of the very interesting features of our times, is the multiplication of books, and their distribution through all conditions of society. Once confined to a few by their costliness, they are now accessible to the multitude; and in this way a change of habits is going on in society, highly favorable to the culture of the people. Instead of depending on casual rumor and loose conversation for most of their knowledge and objects of thought; instead of forming their judgments in crowds, and receiving their chief excitement from the voice of neighbors, men are now learning to study and reflect alone, to follow out subjects continuously, to determine for themselves what shall engage their minds, and to call to their aid the knowledge, original views, and reasonings of men of all countries and ages; and the results

must be, a deliberateness and independence of judgment, and a thoroughness and extent of information, unknown in former times. The diffusion of these silent teachers, books, through the whole community, is to work greater effects than artillery, machinery, and legislation. They are cheering or soothing companions in solitude, illness, affliction. The wealth of both continents would be no equivalent for the good they impart.

In the best books, great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all, who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am. No matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling. If the Sacred Writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof; if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of paradise, and Shakspeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship.

DR. CHANNING

154. HARD WORK.

I HAVE great faith in hard work. The material world does much for the mind by its beauty and order; but it does more for our minds by the pains it inflicts, by its obstinate resistance which nothing but patient toil can overcome, by its vast forces which nothing but unremitting skill and effort can turn to our use, by its perils which demand continual vigilance, and by its tendencies to decay. I believe that difficulties are more important to the human mind than what we call assistances. Work we all must, if we mean to bring out and perfect our nature. Even if we do not work with the hands, we must undergo equivalent toil in some other direction. No business or study which does not present obstacles, tasking to the full the intellect and the will; is worthy of a man. In science, he who does not grapple with hard questions, who does not concentrate his whole intellect in vigorous attention, who does not aim to penetrate what at first repels him, will never attain to mental force. The uses of toil reach beyond the present world. The capacity of

steady, earnest labor is, I apprehend, one of our great preparations for another state of being. When I see the vast amount of toil required of men, I feel that it must have important connections with their future existence; and that he who has met this discipline manfully; has laid one essential foundation of improvement, exertion, and happiness in the world to come. You will here see that labor has great dignity. It is not merely the grand instrument, by which the earth is overspread with fruitfulness and beauty, and the ocean subdued, and matter wrought into innumerable forms for comfort and ornament. It has a far higher function, which is to give force to the will, efficiency, courage, the capacity of endurance and of persevering devotion to far-reaching plans. Alas, for the man who has not learned to work! He is a poor creature. He does not know himself. He depends on others, with no capacity of making returns for the support they give; and let him not fancy that he has a monopoly of enjoyment. Ease, rest, owes its deliciousness to toil; and no toil is so burdensome as the rest of him who has nothing to task and quicken his powers.

DR. CHANNING.

155. THE DIGNITY OF HUMAN NATURE.

You are a man; you are a rational and religious being; you are an immortal creature. Yes, a glad and glorious existence is yours; your eye is opened to the lovely and majestic vision of nature; the paths of knowledge are around you, and they stretch onward to eternity; and, most of all, the glory of the infinite God, the all-perfect, all-wise, and all-beautiful, is unfolded to you. What now, compared with this, is a little worldly renown? The treasures of infinity and of eternity are heaped upon thy laboring thought;—can that thought be deeply occupied with questions of mortal prudence? It is as if a man were enriched by some generous benefactor almost beyond measure, and should find nothing else to do but vex himself and complain, because another man was made a few thousands richer.

Where, unreasonable complainer, dost thou stand, and what is around thee? The world spreads before thee its sublime mysteries, where the thoughts of sages lose themselves in wonder; the ocean lifts up its eternal anthems to thine ear; the golden sun lights thy path; the wide heavens stretch them-

selves above thee, and worlds rise upon worlds, and systems beyond systems, to infinity; and dost thou stand in the centre of all this, to complain of thy lot and place? Pupil of that infinite teaching—minister at nature's great altar—child of heaven's favor—ennobled being—redeemed creature,—must thou pine in sullen and envious melancholy, amidst the plenitude of the whole creation!

In that thou art a man, thou art infinitely exalted above what any man can be, in that he is praised. I would rather be the humblest man in the world, than barely be thought greater than the greatest. The beggar is greater, as a man, than is the man, merely as a king. Not one of the crowds that listened to the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero—not one who has bent with admiration over the pages of Homer and Shakspeare—not one who followed in the train of Cæsar or of Napoleon, would part with the humblest power of thought, for all the fame that is echoing over the world and through the ages.

DR. O. DEWEY.

156. ATTENTION, THE SOUL OF GENIUS.

THE favorite idea of a genius among us is, of one who never studies, or who studies, nobody can tell when—at midnight, or at odd times and intervals; and now and then strikes out, “at a heat,” as the phrase is, some wonderful production. “The young man,” it is often said, “has genius enough, if he would only study.” Now, the truth is, that the genius will study; it is that in the mind which does study: that is the very nature of it. (I care not to say that it will always use books. All study is not reading, any more than all reading is study.)

Attention is the very soul of genius; not the fixed eye, not the poring over a book, but the fixed thought. It is, in fact, an action of the mind, which is steadily concentrated upon one idea, or one series of ideas; which collects, in one point, the rays of the soul, till they search, penetrate, and fire the whole train of its thoughts. And while the fire burns within, the outside may be indeed cold, indifferent, negligent, absent in appearance: he may be an idler, or a wanderer, apparently without aim or intent; but still the fire burns within. And what, though “it bursts forth” at length, as has been said, “like volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force?” It only shows the intense action of the elements beneath. What,

though it breaks forth, like lightning from the cloud? The electric fire had been collecting in the firmament, through many a silent, clear, and calm day. What, though the might of genius appears in one decisive blow, struck in some moment of high debate, or at the crisis of a nation's peril! That mighty energy, though it may have heaved in the breast of Demosthenes, was once a feeble, infant thought. A mother's eye watched over its dawns. A father's care guarded its early youth. It soon trod, with youthful steps, the halls of learning, and found other fathers to wake and to watch for it, even as it finds them here. It went on; but silence was upon its path, and the deep strugglings of the inward soul silently ministered to it. The elements around breathed upon it, and "touched it to finer issues." The golden ray of heaven fell upon it, and ripened its expanding faculties. The slow revolutions of years slowly added to its collected energies and treasures; till, in its hour of glory, it stood forth embodied in the form of living, commanding, irresistible eloquence. The world wonders at the manifestation, and says, "Strange, strange that it should come thus unsought, unpremeditated, unprepared!" But the truth is, there is no more a miracle in it, than there is in the towering of the pre-eminent forest-tree, or in the flowing of the mighty and irresistible river, or in the wealth and waving of the boundless harvest.

DR. O. DEWEY.

157. THE NOBILITY OF LABOR.

WHY, in the great scale of things, is labor ordained for us? Easily, had it so pleased the great Ordainer, might it have been dispensed with. The world itself might have been a mighty machinery for producing all that man wants. Houses might have risen like an exhalation,

"With the sound
Of dulcet symphonies, and voices sweet,
Built like a temple."

Gorgeous furniture might have been placed in them, and soft couches and luxurious banquets spread, by hands unseen; and man, clothed with fabrics of nature's weaving, rather than with imperial purple, might have been sent to disport himself in those Elysian palaces.

But where, then, had been human energy, perseverance,

patience, virtue, heroism? Cut off labor with one blow from the world, and mankind had sunk to a crowd of Asiatic voluptuaries.

Better that the earth be given to man as a dark mass, whereupon to labor. Better that rude and unsightly materials be provided in the ore-bed, and in the forest, for him to fashion in splendor and beauty. Better, not because of that splendor and beauty, but because the act of creating them is better than the things themselves; because exertion is nobler than enjoyment; because the laborer is greater and more worthy of honor than the idler.

Labor is heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not the great ordinance be broken down. What do I say? It is broken down; and it has been broken down for ages. Let it, then, be built again; here, if any where, on the shores of a new world—of a new civilization.

But how, it may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil? it may be said. They do, indeed, toil; but they too generally do, because they must. Many submit to it, as in some sort a degrading necessity; and they desire nothing so much on earth as an escape from it. This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system, under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away.

Ashamed to toil! Ashamed of thy dingy workshop and dusty labor-field; of thy hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which mother Nature has embroidered mist, sun, and rain, fire and steam—her own heraldic honors! Ashamed of those tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity! It is treason to nature; it is impiety to heaven: it is breaking heaven's great ordinance. Toil—toil, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand—is the only true manhood, the only true nobility!

DR. O. DEWEY.

158. HOWARD, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

It is not in the field of patriotism alone that deeds have been achieved, to which history has awarded the palm of moral sublimity. There have lived men in whom the name of patriot has been merged in that of philanthropist; who, looking with

an eye of compassion over the face of the earth, have felt for the miseries of our race, and have put forth their calm might to wipe off one blot from the marred and stained escutcheon of human nature, to strike off one form of suffering from the catalogue of human woe. Such a man was Howard. Surveying our world like a spirit of the blessed, he beheld the misery of the captive—he heard the groaning of the prisoner. His determination was fixed. He resolved, single-handed, to gauge and to measure one form of unpitied, unheeded wretchedness, and, bringing it out to the sunshine of public observation, to work its utter extermination. And he well knew what this undertaking would cost him. He knew what he had to hazard from the infection of dungeons, to endure from the fatigues of inhospitable travel, and to brook from the insolence of legalized oppression. He knew that he was devoting himself to the altar of philanthropy; and he willingly devoted himself. He had marked out his destiny, and he hasted forward to its accomplishment, with an intensity “which the nature of the human mind forbade to be more, and the character of the individual forbade to be less.” Thus he commenced a new era in the history of benevolence. And hence, the name of Howard will be associated with all that is sublime in mercy, until the final consummation of all things.

DR. F. WAYLAND.

159. THE EMPTINESS OF HUMAN GLORY.

THE crumbling tombstone and the gorgeous mausoleum, the sculptured marble and the venerable cathedral, all bear witness to the instinctive desire within us to be remembered by coming generations. But how short-lived is the immortality which the works of our hands can confer! The noblest monuments of art that the world has ever seen are covered with the soil of twenty centuries. The works of the age of Pericles lie at the foot of the Acropolis in indiscriminate ruin. The ploughshare turns up the marble which the hand of Phidias had chiselled into beauty; and the Mussulman has folded his flock beneath the falling columns of the temple of Minerva.

Neither sculptured marble nor stately column can reveal to other ages the lineaments of the spirit; and these alone can embalm our memory in the hearts of a grateful posterity. As the stranger stands beneath the dome of St. Paul's, or treads,

with religious awe, the silent aisles of Westminster Abbey, the sentiment which is breathed from every object around him is, the utter emptiness of sublunary glory. The fine arts, obedient to private affection or public gratitude, have here embodied, in every form, the finest conceptions of which their age was capable. Each one of these monuments has been watered by the tears of the widow, the orphan, or the patriot. But generations have passed away, and mourners and mourned have sunk together into forgetfulness.

It is by what we ourselves have done, and not by what others have done for us, that we shall be remembered by after ages. It is by thought that has aroused my intellect from its slumbers, which has "given lustre to virtue, and dignity to truth," or by those examples which have inflamed my soul with the love of goodness, and not by means of sculptured marble, that I hold communion with Shakspeare and Milton, with Johnson and Burke, with Howard and Wilberforce.

DR. F. WAYLAND.

160. THE MISSION OF THE SAXON RACE.

THE power given to the two nations of the Saxon race is a remarkable fact of this age. The keys of the earth have been committed to their charge. The printing-press, the steam-engine, the telegraph, the coal beds, and even the mines of the earth, have been thrown into their hands. To a great extent, their interest and work on the earth are common. Both of them combined may regenerate the globe. Their united mission is to elevate its whole population to Gospel light and truth; to rational liberty and to prosperous trade. And all this, we may reasonably hope, will soon, to a great degree, be realized. The pressing advances in the course of invention, discovery, and settlement, for the last twenty-five years, allow almost any extent of expectation, and make no calculations for the future appear extravagant. The new republics forming on our western coast are in this accumulation of wonders—the most important and remarkable, as connected with these anticipated results. How happy was the name given to that ocean, on which, probably, the great and final achievements of this moral victory are to be seen! Oh, that the omen may be permitted to abide! Let no warfare disturb its pacific waters! Let no streams of human blood mingle with its translucent depths! Carrying still west-

ward our acquired sympathy for suffering man, let us press forward, everywhere, to elevate and save—nowhere to destroy. Let the attainments of the generations past be honored and fulfilled, by the generous and faithful discharge of the responsibilities accruing upon us for generations to come. Thus, in maintaining and spreading the glorious Gospel of Christ, in connection with every instrument of national extension and power, shall we be serving our generation according to the will of God, and preparing a highway for the Saviour's passage in triumph through a redeemed and rejoicing world. Thus may we justly come and offer our annual thanksgiving to the God of our fathers. Thus may we be ourselves laid unto our fathers at the last, in joyful hope for the welfare of our land when our own work of life is finished. Thus may earth have reason to rejoice over the discovery and history of a continent and a nation, whose influence has been an unspeakable blessing to mankind.

DR. S. H. TYNG.

161. POLITICAL DEMAGOGUES.

THERE never was a country in the world, from the days of Pericles to the present time, which furnished such unbounded scope for the demagogue as ours; and never was a country so cursed with demagogues. The demagogue and the courtier are but opposite poles of the same character. The demagogue perpetually tells the people that they are sovereign—that there is no higher law than their will. Like the courtier, he flatters and cajoles the sovereign, in order to mislead and rule him. What chance for a fair hearing has the honest friend of the people? It certainly cannot be said to be unnatural for men to confide in and yield themselves to the guidance of those who bow to their will, flatter their vanity, or minister to their passions. In point of fact, what public man dares resist the current of party opinion, and the demands of party discipline? What truths unpalatable to the popular taste, however vitally important to the public welfare, do the politicians of either party dare to tell the people? What popular errors, however dangerous, do they dare expose and denounce? From the political and party presses, controlled by demagogues, the people almost never hear the truth. Morning, noon, and night, they are fed on falsehoods, and nursed in prejudices, hatreds, and animosities. All considerations of truth, decency, and rever-

ence, give way before the violence of party spirit; and the blind and bitter spirit of party is continually stimulated by provocatives addressed to the ignorance, the prejudices, and violent passions of the people; and in the midst of all their professed homage, love, and respect for the people, the demagogues show clearly enough to the discerning eye in what real contempt they hold the knowledge, the wisdom, and the virtue of the people, by the boundless impudence of the lies, flatteries, and quackeries with which they seek to cajole and lead them.

And which way tends the political destiny of the nation under these influences of the party presses and of political demagogues? It tends to throw the absolute power of the nation into whatever party of demagogues, calling themselves friends of the people, can most successfully cajole and corrupt the people. It tends, in short, to a democratic absolutism—the worst of all forms of absolutism, the most pervading and the least conscientious. Any party, supported by a popular majority, can at any time overbear the constitution, and absorb into itself all the powers of the state.

DR. C. S. HENRY.

162. THE PACIFIC AGE.

THE history of man's intellect down to the present hour is, with comparatively few exceptions, the history of deep darkness, of withering bondage, of noble aspirations stifled, of great and immortal faculties yielding nothing. I ask, wherefore has been this criminal perversion of God's noblest gifts? Wherefore has learning witnessed to so many ages of imprisonment, and, even in her best days, exercised so contracted a dominion? The answer is, she has had her lot in a world of enemies,—the chief of which is war. But we think we see signs of no equivocal import that war is soon to die; and we trust that her other foes will also be slain and buried in the same grave. The pacific age stretches into the far-distant future. I see it embosomed in millennial glory. I hear it celebrated in millennial anthems. I inquire for man's intellect, and behold it is quite another thing than what I have been accustomed to contemplate: he has become so great that, if he were to meet an angel, it would scarcely seem arrogant that he should call him brother. I see the means of knowledge multiplied a hundred-fold and extended everywhere: I see great and venerable institutions of learning

planted on the ruins of superstition and barbarism : I see the world peopled with cultivated minds ; I see truth and virtue reigning over all. Hail, thou pacific age ! Come and renovate man's intellect, as well as his heart ! Be it so that it is our privilege to witness only thy auspicious dawn—yet we believe that our children and children's children shall rejoice in thy noonday splendors !

DR. W. B. SPRAGUE.

163. LANGUAGE.

| WHAT is worthy to form a part of liberal study, if not language, and what is worthy of being studied more thoroughly ? It puts us in intercourse with other men, and forms a society among the intelligences of the earth. The senses give us commerce with the physical world ; but without language we should know little or nothing of other minds.] So too in its written form, it gives us intercourse with the great men of all times and all ages, who have left their thoughts on record. We gather their works in our libraries, and when we please, we may enjoy their society, ourselves the host and master of ceremonies, and regulating our intercourse with them in our own way. Time and distance are no obstacles, for through language and the press they have gained ubiquity. Their books are better to us in their living intercourse, for these have patience with our dullness and our blunders ; they bear with our doubts and our denials ; they allow us our own time, and find no fault if we prefer the wisdom of others, or even our own, to theirs. When I look upon a library, I think I see the grandest achievement of the human mind. It is little to heap up the stones of a pyramid, or to bind together the remotest ends of a wide territory, and to annihilate time and space by a railroad ; here we have piled together the thoughts of men, the best labors of immortal intellects ; we have, gathered into one mass, the wisdom of the wisest of all times and all countries ; we multiply it, and place within the reach and hearing of all, ever living and ever speaking, those whom God has given, in the long course of time, to all nations, to be their teachers in knowledge and understanding.

DR. BENJAMIN HALE.

164. THE BIBLE FRIENDLY TO LIBERTY

THE language of the Bible is a hearty masculine English, as pure a standard of our mother tongue as we have. Its history is that by which all ancient history has been obliged to correct itself; and its poetry unsurpassed. It is full of the purest ethics and the noblest philosophy. It gives the truest view of human nature, and reveals the only method for its radical improvement.

Is it not the friend of civil liberty? Certainly, if beyond all other means it is powerful to make man a law to himself, it is beyond every thing else favorable to liberty. The Bible has never yet shown itself a foe to the liberties or the prosperity and happiness of states. It is true, the world has sometimes been agitated by the attempt of some of its friends to impose their views of its revelations upon others, but the evil is most surely corrected, by permitting it freely and at all times to speak for itself.

All the most valuable elements of modern civilization have developed themselves under the fostering influence of Christianity; and, if I may judge from my own consciousness, or from the records of history, nothing has contributed, and nothing can contribute so effectually to make men feel the true dignity of their nature, and raise them to a true independence of spirit, as to regard themselves in the light of that immortality which has been made known to us by the Gospel. Whose sufferings in the cause of human liberty have equalled those of the Christian martyrs of all times? And in Christian countries, who is most likely to set his opinion to sale, and truckle to the times, he who is daily conscious of the undying spirit within him, or he who has lost sight of himself as an immortal-being?

DR. BENJAMIN HALE.

165. THE POLITICAL KNAVE.

THE lowest of politicians is that man who seeks to gratify an invariable selfishness by pretending to seek the public good. For a profitable popularity, he accommodates himself to all opinions, to all dispositions, to every side, and to each prejudice. He is a mirror, with no face of its own, but a smooth surface from which each man of ten thousand may see himself reflected.

He glides from man to man, coinciding with their views, pretending their feelings, simulating their tastes : with this one, he hates a man ; with that one, he loves the same man : he favors a law, and he dislikes it ; he approves, and opposes ; he is on both sides at once, and seemingly wishes that he could be on one side more than both sides.

As a man, he means to be veracious, honest, moral ; as a politician, he is deceitful, cunning, unscrupulous,—any thing for party. As a man, he abhors the slimy demagogue ; as a politician, he employs him as a scavenger. As a man, he shrinks from the flagitiousness of slander ; as a politician, he permits it, smiles upon it in others, rejoices in the success gained by it. As a man, he respects no one who is rotten in heart ; as a politician, no man through whom victory may be gained can be too bad.

For his religion he will give up all his secular interests ; but for his politics he gives up even his religion. He adores virtue, and rewards vice. Whilst bolstering up unrighteous measures, and more unrighteous men, he prays for the advancement of religion, and justice, and honor ! I would to God that his prayer might be answered upon his own political head ; for never was there a place where such blessings were more needed ! What a heart has that man, who can stand in the very middle of the Bible, with its transcendent truths raising their glowing fronts on every side of him, and feel no inspiration but that of immorality and meanness !

If the love of country, a sense of character, a manly regard for integrity, the examples of our most illustrious men, the warnings of religion and all its solicitations, and the prospect of the future, cannot inspire a man to any thing higher than a sneaking, truckling, dodging scramble for fraudulent fame and dishonest bread, it is because such a creature has never felt one sensation of manly virtue ; it is because his heart is a howling wilderness, inhospitable to innocence.

H. W. BEECHER.

166. ADDRESS TO A MISSIONARY.

BROTHER ! listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun ; the Great Spirit had made it for the use of the Indians. He had created the buffalo, the

deer, and other animals for food. He had made the bear and the beaver; their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered them over the country, and taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for bread. All this he had done for his red children, because he loved them. If we had disputes about our hunting-ground, they were generally settled without the shedding of much blood. But an evil day came upon us; your forefathers crossed the great waters and landed on this island. Their numbers were small; they found us friends, and not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country through fear of wicked men, and had come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat; we took pity on them, and granted their request; and they sat down among us. We gave them corn and meat; and, in return, they gave us poison. The white people now having found our country, tidings were sent back, and more came amongst us; yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends: they called us brothers; we believed them; and gave them a larger seat. At length their number so increased, that they wanted more land: they wanted our country. Our eyes were opened, and we became uneasy. Wars took place; Indians were hired to fight against Indians; and many of our people were destroyed.

Brother! Once our seats were large, and yours were small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country, but, not satisfied, you want to force your religion upon us.

Brother! continue to listen. You say you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to his mind, and that if we do not take hold of the religion which you teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. How do we know this to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a book. If it was intended for us as well as you, why has not the Great Spirit given it to us; and not only to us, but why did he not give to our forefathers the knowledge of that book, with the means of rightly understanding it? We only know what you tell us about it, and having been so often deceived by the white people, how shall we believe what they say?

RED JACKET.

• 167. ADDRESS TO GEN. STREET.

You have taken me prisoner, with all my warriors. I am much grieved, for I expected, if I did not defeat you, to hold out much longer, and give you more trouble before I surrendered. I tried hard to bring you into ambush, but your last general understands Indian fighting. I determined to rush on you, and fight you face to face. I fought hard. But your guns were well aimed. The bullets flew like birds in the air, and whizzed by our ears like the wind through the trees in winter. My warriors fell around me ; it began to look dismal : I saw my evil day at hand. The sun rose dim on us in the morning, and at night it sank in a dark cloud, and looked like a ball of fire. That was the last sun that shone on Black Hawk. His heart is dead, and no longer beats quick in his bosom. He is now a prisoner to the white men. They will do with him as they wish. But he can stand torture, and is not afraid of death. He is no coward. Black Hawk is an Indian.

He has done nothing for which an Indian ought to be ashamed. He has fought for his countrymen, the squaws and papposes, against white men, who came, year after year, to cheat them and take away their lands. You know the cause of our making war. It is known to all white men. They ought to be ashamed of it. The white men despise the Indians, and drive them from their homes. They smile in the face of the poor Indians to cheat them. They shake them by the hand to gain their confidence, to make them drunk, and to deceive them. We told them to let us alone, and keep away from us ; but they followed on, and beset our paths, and they coiled themselves among us, like the snake. They poisoned us by their touch. We were not safe. We lived in danger. We looked up to the Great Spirit. We went to our father. We were encouraged. His great council gave us fair words and big promises ; but we got no satisfaction : things were growing worse. There were no deer in the forest. The opossum and beaver were fled. The springs were drying up, and our squaws and papposes without victuals to keep them from starving.

We called a great council, and built a large fire. The spirit of our fathers arose and spoke to us to avenge our wrongs or die. We set up the war-whoop, and dug up the tomahawk ; our knives were ready, and the heart of Black Hawk swelled high in his bosom when he led his warriors to battle. He is satisfied. He will go to the world of spirits contented. He

has done his duty. His father will meet him there, and commend him.

Farewell, my nation! Black Hawk tried to save you, and avenge your wrongs. He drank the blood of some of the whites. He has been taken prisoner, and his plans are stopped. He can do no more. He is near his end. His sun is setting, and he will rise no more. Farewell to Black Hawk!

BLACK HAWK.

168. CONCILIATION WITH THE COLONIES.

THE proposition is peace. Not peace, through the medium of war; not peace, to be hunted through the labyrinth of intricate and endless negotiations; not peace, to arise out of universal discord, fomented from principle, in all parts of the empire; not peace, to depend on the juridical determination of perplexing questions, or the precise marking the shadowy boundaries of a complex government: it is simple peace; sought in its natural course, and in its ordinary haunts. It is peace, sought in the spirit of peace; and laid in principles purely pacific. I propose,—by removing the ground of the difference, and by restoring the former unsuspecting confidence of the colonies in the mother country,—to give permanent satisfaction to your people; and (far from a scheme of ruling by discord) to reconcile them to each other in the same act, and by the bond of the very same interest, which reconciles them to British government.

I mean to give peace. Peace implies reconciliation; and, where there has been a material dispute, reconciliation does, in a manner, imply concession on the one part or the other. In this state of things, I make no difficulty in affirming that the proposal ought to originate from us. Great and acknowledged force is not impaired, either in effect or in opinion, by an unwillingness to exert itself. The superior power may offer peace with honor and safety. Such an offer from such a power will be attributed to magnanimity. But, the concessions of the weak are the concessions of fear. When such a one is disarmed, he is wholly at the mercy of his superior; and he loses forever that time and those chances which, as they happen to all men, are the strength and resources of all inferior power.

All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians

who have no place among us. But, to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these ruling principles are, in truth, every thing. Magnanimity in politics is, not seldom, the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together. We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire, and have made the most extensive, and the only honorable, conquests, not by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race.

EDMUND BURKE.

169. REFORM IN PARLIAMENT.

Is it, in the eye of such a reformer as my noble friend, no abuse, that the most populous, the most opulent, the most enterprising, and the most intelligent cities in this empire should be wholly unrepresented, whilst the moldering mounds of Old Sarum, and the barren walks of Midhurst, each send two members to parliament? "Oh! but, then," says he, "if your plan had been confined to that, Birmingham and Manchester might have been permitted to return members to the house of commons." Be it so. But, then, is it no abuse in the eyes of my noble friend, that the power of giving laws to a great empire, with millions of subjects at home, and tens of millions of subjects abroad—the power of giving laws to this great and intelligent country, and of all but giving laws, through this country, to all the world besides—is it no abuse, I say, that the power of making such laws, should be vested, as property, in private individuals? Is it no abuse in his eyes that the power should be given, not by the choice of the people, but according to the caprice, inclination, or good-will of a peer or other powerful patron? Is it no abuse, that this power should be let out for a term of years, like a stall or a stable? Is it no abuse that it should be so openly treated as an article of traffic, that, when a question arose respecting prompt payment, the payment or discount for three, six, or nine-tenths was made, not in money, but in returning a member to serve in this present parliament now assembled? I speak, my lords, from my own knowledge. What! is this no abuse? Is the buying and selling of seats in the British house of parliament so common and ordinary a

transaction, that it fails to excite alarm or indignation in the minds of those who are made acquainted with such disgraceful transactions? Is it no abuse that the buying and selling of seats should be as common as bargains and sales that are every day made—as common as the buying and selling of cattle in the stalls of Smithfield market? That these things should be no abuse—that these practices, which the highest authority of the commons house of parliament declared from the chair of that house, would have made our ancestors startle with indignation—that these practices, I say, are to be called no abuse, is one of the most extraordinary and barefaced assertions that I have ever heard uttered by man.

BROUGHAM.

170. REFORM IN THE ELECTIONS.

MY LORDS, I am stating one or two of the prominent evils of the system, but, I leave out all mention of the bribery and corruption that contaminate and degrade the elections of all boroughs. From whence do they arise?—from whence, but from what are called the sacred rights of corporations—that is to say, not the rights of the corporations, but the rights of the freemen of the towns corporate. They are the usurpers of the ancient rights of the people; they are the select bodies which were totally unknown in the earlier stages of the constitution; they are the individuals to whom that constitution, originally, never intended to insure the right of voting; and they are the persons who, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, all over England, have, by usurpation, acquired to themselves the privilege of an exclusive monopoly in the choice of the representatives of the people. In my mind, it is no small recommendation of the measure which has been introduced, that it will, in future, abolish such abuses and anomalies.

My lords, I have yet to learn that a measure recommended upon principle, consistent in its form, and, certainly, proceeding upon an anxious wish to restore, and not to destroy, to improve, and not to impair, is to be at once cried down and abandoned, because it happens to enjoy this additional quality—I will not call it a recommendation—that it is honestly and sincerely greeted with approbation by a large body of his majesty's subjects.

My lords, I do not call upon you to adopt this measure

because it happens to be consistent with popular feelings. I do not call upon you to adopt it upon that account; but I am persuaded that if this measure be rejected, you will bring the security of the country—the peace of his majesty—the stability of our ancient constitution—and the whole frame of society, from Cornwall to Sutherland, Ireland as well as England, into a state of jeopardy, which I earnestly pray to heaven may never come to pass.

My lords, I do not wish to use the language of threats, but I recollect, and history has recorded the fact, that when the great Earl of Chatham was addressing our most severe ancestors within these walls—when he was shaking them with his magnificent oratory—he suffered the lightning of his eloquence to smite the enemies of reform, by menacing them with the dangers that must attend an attempt to withhold from the people their just rights; and I well remember that that was deemed no insult by those who heard him, but was considered honorable, highly honorable to him who had the boldness to utter that denunciation. For my own part, all that I will venture to do in this latter day of eloquence and of talent, standing in the honorable situation which I do in this house and in the country, is, to call upon your lordships to reflect and believe, that the thunders of heaven are sometimes heard to roll in the voice of a united people.

BROUGHAM.

171. SYMPATHY FOR MAN AROUND THE THRONE OF GOD.

WHEN one of a numerous household droops under the power of disease, is not that the one to whom all the tenderness is turned, and who, in a manner, monopolizes the inquiries of his neighborhood, and the care of his family? When the sighing of the midnight storm sends a dismal foreboding into the mother's heart; to whom, of all her offspring, I would ask, are her thoughts and her anxieties then wandering? Is it not to her sailor-boy whom her fancy has placed amid the rude and angry surges of the ocean? We sometimes hear of shipwrecked passengers thrown upon a barbarous shore, and seized upon by its prowling inhabitants, and hurried away through the tracks of a dreary and unknown wilderness, and sold into captivity. Oh! tell me, when the fame of all this disaster reaches his family, who is the member of it to whom is directed the full

tide of its griefs and of its sympathies? Who is it, that for weeks, and for months, usurps every feeling, and calls out their largest sacrifices, and sets them to the busiest expedients for getting him back again? Who is it that makes them forgetful of themselves, and of all around them? and tell me, if you can assign a limit to the pains, and the exertions, and the surrenders which afflicted parents and weeping sisters would make to seek and to save him?

Now conceive the principle of all these earthly exhibitions to be in full operation around the throne of God. Conceive the universe to be one secure and rejoicing family, and that this alienated world is the only strayed, or only captive member belonging to it, and we shall cease to wonder that from the first period of the captivity of our species, down to the consummation of their history in time, there should be such a movement in heaven; or, that angels should so often have sped their commissioned way, on the errand of our recovery; or, that the Son of God should have bowed himself down to the burden of our mysterious atonement; or, that the Spirit of God should now, by the busy variety of his all-powerful influences, be carrying forward that dispensation of grace, which is to make us meet for readmittance into the mansions of the celestial.

DR. CHALMERS.

172. THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

MY LORDS, it is with no ordinary feeling that I find myself speaking upon this subject, in this, the most august assembly in the world—ay, I repeat it, in this, the most august assembly in the world. Such this house for centuries has been—such it still is—such, let us hope, it may long continue to be. God grant it may, for if it should ever cease to be the most august assembly in the world, it will become the most degraded. And why, my lords, will this be? because if this house shall fall from its proud eminence, it will not fall by violence from without; for, notwithstanding all that has been said or done, the people of this country will never be so false to their own interests, as to be wanting in respectful attachment to you, if you are not wanting to yourselves and them. It will fall by the folly or the guilt, by the cowardice or the treachery of some, if there shall be any such, of its own degenerate members.

My lords, it has been ordained by a severe, but most merci-

ful dispensation, that those to whom great interests are intrusted, cannot be false to those interests, without drawing down a full measure of righteous retribution on their own heads. My lords, to you the guardianship of the British constitution—that constitution which for at least eight hundred years, has fostered, nursed, matured, and consolidated the liberties and the happiness of this much-favored people; to you the guardianship of that constitution has been mainly consigned: to your fidelity, to your prudence, to your firmness. My lords, if it fall, you will not only fall with it, but you will be ground to dust beneath its ruins. May He who has appointed you to your high place, enable you to fill it as you ought! In this great crisis, for so we all feel it to be, in this agony of our country's fate, may He give you wisdom to see, and fortitude to pursue steadily and fearlessly that only path, which can lead to honor or to safety—the path of duty. True, my lords, that path is beset with difficulties and with dangers; clouds and thickest darkness rest upon it; but one thing is clear, is bright, and one thing only,—to walk uprightly is within your own power. As for consequences, they are in the power of God. Will you distrust that power? My lords, you will not.

DR. PHILPOTS.

173. AUTUMN.

It is the unvarying character of nature, amid all its scenes, to lead us, at last, to its Author; and it is for this final end that all its varieties have such dominion over our minds. We are led, by the appearance of spring, to see his bounty; we are led, by the splendors of summer, to see his greatness. In the season of autumn we are led to a higher sentiment; and, what is most remarkable, the very circumstances of melancholy are those which guide us most securely to put our trust in him. We are witnessing the decay of the year; we go back in imagination, and find that such, in every generation, has been the fate of man. We look forward, and we see that to such ends all must come at last; we lift our desponding eyes in search of comfort, and we see above us One who "is ever the same, and to whose years there is no end." Amid the vicissitudes of nature, we discover that central Majesty, "in whom there is no variableness nor shadow of turning." We feel that there is a God; and, from the tempestuous sea of life, we hail that polar star of nature,

to which a sacred instinct had directed our eyes, and which burns, with undecaying ray, to lighten us among all the darkness of the deep.

Let the busy and active go out, and pause, for a time, amid the scenes which surround them, and learn the high lesson which nature teaches in the hours of its fall. They are now ardent with all the desires of mortality; and fame, and interest, and pleasure are displaying to them their shadowy promises. Let them withdraw themselves, for a time, from the agitations of the world; let them mark the desolation of summer, and listen to the winds of winter, which begin to murmur above their heads. It is a scene which, with all its powers, has yet no reproach: it tells them that such is also the fate to which they must come; that the pulse of passion must one day beat low; that the illusions of time must pass; and "that the spirit must return to Him who gave it."

ALISON.

16

174. CHARITY.

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men, and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself; it is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put

away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then, face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know, even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

ST. PAUL.

175. THE RIGHTS OF THE PLEBEIANS.

WHAT an insult upon us is this? If we are not so rich as the patricians, are we not citizens of Rome as well as they? inhabitants of the same country? members of the same community? The nations bordering upon Rome, and even strangers more remote, are admitted, not only to marriage with us, but to what is of much greater importance, the freedom of the city. Are we, because we are commoners, to be worse treated than strangers? And, when we demand that the people may be free to bestow their offices and dignities on whom they please, do we ask any thing unreasonable or new? Do we claim more than their original inherent right? What occasion, then, for all this uproar, as if the universe were falling to ruin? They were just going to lay violent hands upon me in the senate-house.

What! must this empire, then, be unavoidably overturned? must Rome of necessity sink at once, if a plebeian, worthy of the office, should be raised to the consulship? The patricians, I am persuaded, if they could, would deprive you of the common light. It certainly offends them that you breathe, that you speak, that you have the shapes of men. Nay, but to make a commoner a consul, would be, say they, a most enormous thing. Numa Pompilius, however, without being so much as a Roman citizen, was made king of Rome. The elder Tarquin, by birth not even an Italian, was nevertheless placed upon the throne. Servius Tullius, the son of a captive woman, obtained the kingdom as the reward of his wisdom and virtue. In those days, no man in whom virtue shone conspicuous, was rejected or despised on account of his race and descent.

CANULEIUS.

176. BRUTUS JUSTIFYING THE ASSASSINATION OF CÆSAR.

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor;

and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom ; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.

Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen ? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honor him ; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears, for his love ; joy, for his fortune ; honor, for his valor ; and death, for his ambition. Who's here so base, that would be a bondman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

None ! Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the capitol ; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy ; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony ; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying—a place in the commonwealth ; as which of you shall not ? With this I depart ; that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

SHAKESPEARE.

177. HAMLET'S ADDRESS TO THE PLAYERS.

SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue ; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-criers spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus ; but use all gently ; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings ; who,

for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise : I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termageus ; it out-herods Herod : I pray you avoid it. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor : suit the action to the word, the word to the action ; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature : for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as it were, the mirror up to nature ; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve ; the censure of which one, must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

SHAKESPEARE.

COMIC AND AMUSING SELECTIONS.

1. ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

WILL WAG went to see Charley Quirk,
 More famed for his books than his knowledge,
 In order to borrow a work
 He had sought for in vain over college.

But Charley replied, "My dear friend,
 You must know I have sworn and agreed
 My books from my room not to lend,—
 But you may *sit by my fire and read.*"

Now it happened, by chance, on the morrow,
 That Quirk, with a cold, quivering air,
 Came his neighbor Will's bellows to borrow,
 For his own they were out of repair.

But Willy replied, "My dear friend,
 I have sworn and agreed, you must know,
 That my bellows I never will lend,—
 But you may *sit by my fire and blow.*"

MRS. GILMAN

2. THE DILATORY SCHOLAR.

Oh! where is my hat?—it is taken away,
 And my shoestrings are all in a knot!
 I can't find a thing where it should be to-day,
 Though I've hunted in every spot.

My slate and my pencil nowhere can be found,
 Though I placed them as safe as could be;
 While my books and my maps are all scattered around,
 And hop about just like a flea.

Do, Rachel, just look for my Atlas, up stairs ;
 My Virgil is somewhere there, too ;
 And, sister, brush down these troublesome hairs,—
 And, brother, just fasten my shoe.

And, mother, beg father to write an excuse ;
 But stop—he will only say “No,”
 And go on with a smile, and keep reading the news,
 While every thing bothers me so.

My satchel is heavy and ready to fall ;
 This old pop-gun is breaking my map ;
 I'll have nothing to do with the pop-gun or ball,—
 There's no playing for such a poor chap !

The town-clock will strike in a minute, I fear ;
 Then away to the foot I must sink :—
 There, look at my History, tumbled down here !
 And my Algebra covered with ink !

I wish I'd not lingered at breakfast the last,
 Though the toast and the butter were fine :
 I think that our Edward must eat very fast,
 To be off when I haven't done mine.

Now, Edward and Henry protest they won't wait,
 And beat on the door with their sticks ;
 I suppose they will say I was dressing too late :
 To-morrow I'll be up at six.

MRS. GILMAN

3. ORATOR PUFF.

MR. ORATOR PUFF had two tones in his voice,
 The one squeaking thus, and the other down so ;
 In each sentence he uttered he gave you your choice,
 For one half was B alt, and the rest G below.

Oh ! oh ! Orator Puff,
 One voice for an orator's surely enough.

But he still talked away, spite of coughs and of frowns,
 So distracting all ears with his ups and his downs,
 That a wag once, on hearing the orator say,
 “My voice is for war,” asked him, “Which of them, pray ?”
 Oh ! oh ! Orator Puff,
 One voice for an orator's surely enough.

Reeling homewards, one evening, top-heavy with gin,
 And rehearsing his speech on the weight of the crown,
 He tripp'd near a saw-pit, and tumbled right in,
 "Sinking fund," the last words as his noddle came down.

Oh! oh! Orator Puff,
 One voice for an orator's surely enough.

"Good Lord!" he exclaim'd, in his he-and-she-tones,
 "Help me out! help me out!—I have broken my bones!"
 "Help you out!" said a Paddy, who passed, "what a bother!"
 Why, there's two of you there; can't you help one another?"
 Oh! oh! Orator Puff,
 One voice for an orator's surely enough.

THOMAS MOORE.

4. THE JACKDAW.

THERE is a bird, who, by his coat,
 And by the hoarseness of his note,
 Might be supposed a crow;
 A great frequenter of the church,
 Where, bishop-like, he finds a perch,
 And dormitory too.

Above the steeple shines a plate,
 That turns, and turns, to indicate
 From what point blows the weather:
 Look up—your brains begin to swim,—
 'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,
 He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height,
 Thither he wings his airy flight,
 And thence, securely, sees
 The bustle and the raree-show,
 That occupy mankind below,
 Secure, and at his ease.

You think, no doubt, he sits, and muses,
 On future broken bones and bruises,
 If he should chance to fall;
 No; not a single thought like that,
 Employs his philosophic pate,
 Or troubles it at all.

He sees that this great roundabout,
 The world, with all its motley rout,
 Church, army, physic, law,
 Its customs, and its bus'nesses,
 Is no concern at all of his,
 And says—what says he?—Caw.

Thrice happy bird! I too have seen
 Much of the vanities of men;
 And, sick of having seen 'em,
 Would, cheerfully, these limbs resign,
 For such a pair of wings as thine,
 And such a head between 'em.

COWPER.

5. NOSE vs. EYES.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose, -

The spectacles set them, unhappily, wrong;
 The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
 To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So the Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
 With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning;
 While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
 So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,
 And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find
 That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
 Which amounts to possession, time out of mind.

Then, holding the spectacles up to the court—
 Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
 As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
 Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
 ('Tis a case that has happened, and may be again),
 That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
 Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then?

On the whole, it appears, and my argument shows,
 With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
 That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
 And the Nose was as plainly intended for them. -

Then, shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how,
 He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
 But what were his arguments few people know,
 For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave, solemn tone,
 Decisive and clear, without one if or but—
 That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
 By daylight or candle-light, Eyes should be shut.

COWPER.

6. CONVERSATION.

THE emphatic speaker dearly loves to oppose,
 In contact inconvenient, nose to nose,
 As if the gnomon on his neighbor's phiz,
 Touched with a magnet, had attracted his.
 His whispered theme, dilated, and at large,
 Proves, after all, a wind-gun's airy charge,—
 An extract of his diary—no more,—
 A tasteless journal of the day before.
 He walked abroad, o'ertaken in the rain,
 Called on a friend, drank tea, stepped home again,
 Resumed his purpose, had a world of talk
 With one he stumbled on, and lost his walk.
 I interrupt him with a sudden bow,—
 "Adieu, dear sir! lest you should lose it now."

I cannot talk with civet in the room,—
 A fine puss, gentlemen, that's all perfume:
 His odoriferous attempts to please,
 Perhaps might prosper with a swarm of bees;
 But we that make no honey, though we sting,—
 (Poets)—are sometimes apt to maul the thing.

A graver coxcomb we may sometimes see,
 Quite as absurd, though not so light as he;
 A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
 An oracle within an empty cask,
 The solemn fop,—significant and budge,
 A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge;
 He says but little, and that little said
 Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead.

His wit invites you, by his looks, to come,
 But, when you knock, it never is at home :
 'Tis like a parcel sent you by the stage,—
 Some handsome present, as your hopes presage :
 'Tis heavy, bulky, and bids fair to prove
 An absent friend's fidelity and love,—
 But, when unpacked, your disappointment groans,
 To find it stuffed with brickbats, earth, and stones.

COWPER.

7. THE REMOVAL.

A NERVOUS old gentleman, tired of trade,—
 By which, though, it seems, he a fortune had made,—
 Took a house 'twixt two sheds, at the skirts of the town,
 Which he meant, at his leisure, to buy and pull down.

This thought struck his mind when he viewed the estate ;
 But, alas ! when he entered he found it too late ;
 For in each dwelt a smith :—a more hard-working two
 Never doctored a patient, or put on a shoe.

At six in the morning, their anvils, at work,
 Awoke our good squire, who raged like a Turk :
 " These fellows," he cried, " such a clattering keep,
 That I never can get above eight hours of sleep."

From morning till night they keep thumping away,—
 No sound but the anvil the whole of the day :
 His afternoon's nap, and his daughter's new song,
 Were banished and spoiled by their hammers' ding-dong.

He offered each Vulcan to purchase his shop ;
 But, no ! they were stubborn, determined to stop :
 At length (both his spirits and health to improve)
 He cried, " I'll give each fifty guineas to move."

" Agreed !" said the pair ; " that will make us amends."
 " Then come to my house, and let us part friends :
 You shall dine ; and we'll drink on this joyful occasion,
 That each may live long in his new habitation."

He gave the two blacksmiths a sumptuous regale,—
 He spared not provisions, his wine, nor his ale ;

So much was he pleased with the thought that each guest
Would take from him noise, and restore to him rest.

“And now,” said he, “tell me, where mean you to move—
I hope to some spot where your trade will improve?”

“Why, sir,” replied one, with a grin on his phiz,
“Tom Forge moves to my shop, and I move to his!”

ANONYMOUS.

8. MY AUNT.

MY AUNT! my dear unmarried aunt!
Long years have o'er her flown;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
That binds her virgin zone:
I know it hurts her,—though she looks
As cheerful as she can:
Her waist is ampler than her life,
For life is but a span.

My aunt! my poor deluded aunt!
Her hair is almost gray:
Why will she train that winter curl
In such a spring-like way?
How can she lay her glasses down,
And say she reads as well,
When, through a double convex lens,
She just makes out to spell.

Her father—grandpapa! forgive
This erring lip its smiles—
Vowed she would make the finest girl
Within a hundred miles.
He sent her to a stylish school—
'Twas in her thirteenth June;
And with her, as the rules required,
“Two towels and a spoon.”

They braced my aunt against a board,
To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small;

They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
 They screwed it up with pins ;—
 Oh, never mortal suffered more
 In penance for her sins !

So, when my precious aunt was done,
 My grandsire brought her back ;
 (By daylight, lest some rabid youth
 Might follow on the track.")
 " Ah ! " said my grandsire, as he shook
 Some powder in his pan,
 " What could this lovely creature do
 Against a desperate man ? "

Alas ! nor chariot, nor barouche,
 Nor bandit cavalcade,
 Tore from the father's trembling arms
 His all-accomplished maid.
 For her how happy had it been !
 And heaven had spared to me
 To see one sad, ungathered rose
 On my ancestral tree.

OLIVER W. HOLMES.

9. THE FEATURES.

THAT mortals are made up of quarrelsome clay,
 My tale, I imagine, will prove as it goes ;
 For the features composing the visage, one day,
 Most cruelly fell to abusing the Nose.
 First, the Lips took it up, and their reason was this :
 That the Nose was a bane both to beauty and love.
 And they never, moreover, in comfort could kiss,
 For that horrid protuberance jutting above !

Then Eyes, not behind in the matter to be,
 With a sparkle began, as I've often times seen 'em,
 And vowed, it was perfectly shocking to see
 Such a lump of deformity sticking between 'em."
 The Cheeks, with a blush, said, " the frightfullest shade,
 By the Nose, o'er their bloom and their beauty was thrown ;"
 And Ears couldn't bear the loud trumpeting noise,
 Whenever that troublesome member was blown !

So 'twas moved, and agreed, without dallying more,
 To thrust the intruder, at once, from the face.
 But Nose, hearing this, most indignantly swore,
 "By the breath of his nostrils, he'd stick to his place!"
 Then, addressing the Eyes, he went learnedly through
 His defence, and inquired, "when their vigor was gone,
 Pray what would their worship for spectacles do,
 If the face had no nose, to hang spectacles on?"

"Mankind," he observed, "loved their scent, as their sight;
 Or who'd care a farthing for myrtles and roses?
 And the charge of the Lips was as frivolous quite;
 For, if Lips fancied kissing, pray, why mightn't Noses?
 As for Ears,"—and, speaking, Nose scornfully curled,—
 "Their murmurs were equally trifling and teasing,
 And not all the Ears, Eyes, or Lips in the world,
 Should keep him unblown, or prevent him from sneezing."

"To the Cheeks," he contended, "he acted as screen,
 And guarded them oft from the wind and the weather;
 And but that he stood like a landmark between,
 The face had been nothing but cheek altogether!"
 With eloquence thus he repelled their abuse,
 With logical clearness defining the case;
 And from thence came the saying, so frequent in use,
 That an argument's plain "as the nose on your face!"

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

10. MORNING MEDITATIONS.

LET others preach upon a morning breezy,
 How well to rise while night and larks are flying;
 For my part, getting up seems not so easy,
 By half, as lying.

What if the lark does carol in the sky,
 Soaring beyond the sight to find him out—
 Wherefore am I to rise at such a fly?
 I'm not a trout.

Talk not to me of bees and such like hums;
 They smell of sweet herbs at the morning prime:
 Only lie long enough, and bed becomes
 A bed of *time*.

To me Dan Phœbus and his cars are naught,
 His steeds that paw impatiently about ;
 Let them enjoy, say I, as horses ought,
 The first turn out.

Right beautiful the dewy meads appear,
 Besprinkled by the rosy-fingered girl ;
 What then—if I prefer my pillow dear
 To early *pearl* ?

My stomach is not ruled by other men's,
 And, grumbling for a season, quaintly begs—
 Wherefore should miser rise before the hens
 Have laid their eggs ?

Why from a comfortable pillow start,
 To see faint flushes in the east awaken ?
 A fig, say I, for any streaky part,
 Excepting bacon.

An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,
 Who used to haste the dewy grass among,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn—
 Well—he died young.

With chairwomen such early hours agree,
 And sweeps that earn betimes their bite and sup ;
 But I'm no climbing boy, and will not be
 All up—all up.

So here I'll lie, my morning calls deferring,
 Till something nearer to the stroke of noon :
 A man that's fond precociously of *stirring*,
 Must be a *spoon*.

THOMAS HOOD.

11. MAJOR BROWN.

If any man, in any age,
 In any town or city,
 Was ever valiant, courteous, sage,
 Experienced, wise, or witty,
 That man was Major Brown by name :
 The fact you cannot doubt,

For he himself would say the same,
Ten times a day, about.

The major in the foreign wars
Indifferently had fared ;
For he was covered o'er with scars,
Though he was never scared.

But war had now retired to rest,
And piping peace returned ;
Yet still within his ardent breast,
The major's spirit burned.

When suddenly he heard of one
Who, in an air balloon
Had gone—I can't tell where he'd gone—
Almost into the moon.

“Let me—let me,” the major cries,
“Let me, like him, ascend ;
And if it fall that I should rise,
Who knows where it may end ?”

The cords are cut—a mighty shout !—
The globe ascends on high ;
And, like a ball from gun shot out,
The major mounts the sky—

Or would have done, but cruel chance
Forbade it so to be ;
And bade the major not advance—
Caught in a chestnut-tree.

But soon the awkward branch gives way,
He smooths his angry brow,
Shoots upward, rescued from delay,
And makes the branch a bow :

Till, mounting furlongs now some dozens,
And peeping down, he pants
To see his mother, sisters, cousins,
And uncles, look like ants.

That Brown looked blue I will not say—
His uniform was red ;—
But he thought that if his car gave way
He should probably be dead.

He gave his manly breast a slap,
And loudly shouted "Courage!"
And waved above his head the cap
In which he used to forage.

And up he went, and looked around
To see what there might be,
And felt convinced that on the ground
Were better things to see.

A strange bird came his path across,
Whose name he did not know;
Quoth he, "'Tis like an albatross,"—
It proved to be a crow.

"I wish that you would please to drop,"
Quoth Brown to his balloon;—
He might as well have spoken to
The man that's in the moon.

And now the heavens begin to lower,
And thunders loud to roll;
And winds and rains to blow and pour
That would daunt a general's soul.

Such a hurricane to Major Brown
Must most unpleasant be;
And he said, "If I cannot get down,
'Twill be all up with me!"

From his pocket, then, a knife he took—
In Birmingham 'twas made—
The handle was of handsome look,
Of tempered steel the blade.

Says he, "The acquaintance of a balloon
I certainly shall cut;"
So in the silken bag, full soon
His penknife blade he put.

Out rushed the gas imprisoned there,—
The balloon began to sink;
"I shall surely soon get out of the air,"
Said Major Brown, "I think."

Alas for Brown, balloon, and car,
The gas went out too fast;

The car went upside down, and far
 Poor Major Brown was cast.

Long time head over heels he tum-
 bled, till unto the ground,
 As I suppose, he must have come ;
 But he was never found.

The car was found in London town ;
 The bag to Oxford flew ;
 But what became of Major Brown,
 No mortal ever knew.

THOMAS HOOD

12. THE DUEL.

IN Brentford town, of old renown,
 There lived a Mister Bray,
 Who fell in love with Lucy Bell,
 And so did Mister Clay.

To see her ride from Hammersmith,
 By all it was allowed,
 Such fair "outside"* was never seen,—
 An angel on a cloud.

Said Mr. Bray to Mr. Clay,
 "You choose to rival me
 And court Miss Bell ; but there your *court*
 No *thoroughfare* shall be.

"Unless you now give up your suit,
 You may repent your love ;—
 I, who have shot a pigeon match,
 Can shoot a turtle-dove.

"So, pray, before you woo her more,
 Consider what you do :
 If you pop aught to Lucy Bell,—
 I'll *pop* it into you."

Said Mr. Clay to Mr. Bray,
 "Your threats I do explode ;—

* In England, women frequently ride on the outside of stage-coaches.

One who has been a volunteer
Knows how to prime and load.

And so I say to you, unless
Your passion quiet keeps,
I, who have shot and hit *bulls'* eyes,
May chance to hit a *sheep's* !"

Now gold is oft for silver changed,
And that for copper red ;
But these two went away to give
Each other change for lead.

But first they found a friend apiece,
This pleasant thought to give—
That when they both were dead, they'd have
Two *seconds* yet to live.

To measure out the ground, not long
The seconds next forbore ;
And having taken one rash step,
They took a dozen more.

They next prepared each pistol pan,
Against the deadly strife ;
By putting in the prime of death,
Against the prime of life.

Now all was ready for the foes ;
But when they took their stands,
Fear made them tremble so, they found
They both were *shaking hands*.

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B.,
" Here one of us may fall,
And, like St. Paul's Cathedral now,
Be doomed to have a *ball*.

" I do confess I did attach
Misconduct to your name !
If I withdraw the charge, will then
Your *ramrod* do the same ?"

Said Mr. B., " I do agree ;—
But think of Honor's courts,—
If we off without a shot,
There will be strange *reports*.

"But look! the morning now is bright,
Though cloudy it begun;
Why can't we aim above, as if
We had *called out* the sun?"

So up into the harmless air
Their bullets they did send;
And may all other duels have
That *upshot* in the end.

THOMAS HOOD.

13. JOHN DAY.

JOHN DAY, he was the biggest man,
Of all the coachman kind;
With back too broad to be conceived
By any narrow mind.

The bar-maid of "The Crown" he loved,
From whom he never ranged;
For, though he changed his horses there,
His love he never changed.

One day, as she was sitting down
Beside the porter pump,
He came and knelt, with all his fat,
And made an offer plump.

Said she, "My taste will never learn
To like so huge a man;
So I must beg you will come here
As little as you can."

But still he stoutly urged his suit,
With vows, and sighs, and tears,
Yet could not pierce her heart, although
He drove the "Dart" for years.

In vain he wooed—in vain he sued—
The maid was cold and proud,
And sent him off to Coventry,
While on the way to Stroud.

He fretted all the way to Stroud,
And thence all back to town;

The course of love was never smooth,
So his went up and down.

At last, her coldness made him pine
To merely bones and skin ;
But still he loved like one resolved
To love through thick and thin.

“ O, Mary ! view my wasted back,
And see my dwindled calf !
Though I have never had a wife,
I’ve lost my better half !”

Alas ! in vain he still assailed,
Her heart withstood the dint ;
Though he had carried sixteen stone,
He could not move a flint !

Worn out, at last he made a vow,
To break his being’s link,
For he was so reduced in size,
At nothing he could shrink.

Now, some will talk in water’s praise,
And waste a deal of breath ;
But John, though he drank nothing else,
He drank himself to death.

The cruel maid, that caused his love,
Found out the fatal close,
For, looking in the butt, she saw
The butt end of his woes.

Some say his spirit haunts the Crown ;
But that is only talk ;
For, after riding all his life,
His ghost objects to walk.

THOMAS HOOD.

14. THE TROUBLESOME WIFE.

A MAN had once a vicious wife—
(A most uncommon thing in life) ;
His days and nights were spent in strife unceasing.
Her tongue went glibly all day long,
Sweet contradiction still her song,
And all the poor man did was wrong, and ill-done.

A truce without doors, or within,
From speeches long as tradesmen spin,
Or rest from her eternal din, he found not.

He every soothing art displayed ;
Tried of what stuff her skin was made :
Failing in all, to Heaven he prayed to take her.

Once, walking by a river's side,
In mournful terms, " My dear," he cried,
" No more let feuds our peace divide : I'll end them.

" Weary of life, and quite resigned,
To drown, I have made up my mind,
So tie my hands as fast behind, as can be ;

" Or nature may assert her reign,
My arms assist, my will restrain,
And swimming, I once more regain my troubles."

With eager haste the dame complies,
While joy stands glistening in her eyes :
Already, in her thoughts, he dies before her.

" Yet, when I view the rolling tide,
Nature revolts," he said ; " beside,
I would not be a suicide, and die thus.

" It would be better far, I think,
While close I stand upon the brink,
You push me in—nay, never shrink, but do it."

To give the blow the more effect,
Some twenty yards she ran direct,
And did what she could least expect she should do.

He slips aside, himself to save,
So souse she dashes in the wave,
And gave, what ne'er she gave before, much pleasure.

" Dear husband, help ! I sink !" she cried ;
" Thou best of wives," the man replied,
" I would, but you my hands have tied : heaven help you."

ANONYMOUS.

15. THE COLD-WATER MAN.

THERE lived an honest fisherman—
I knew him passing well—
Who dwelt hard by a little pond,
Within a little dell.

All day that fisherman would sit
Upon an ancient log,
And gaze into the water, like
Some sedentary frog.

A cunning fisherman was he :
His angles all were right ;
And, when he scratched his aged poll,
You'd know he'd got a bite.

To charm the fish he never spoke,
Although his voice was fine ;
He found the most convenient way
Was just to "drop a line."

And many a "gudgeon" of the pond,
If made to speak to-day,
Would own, with grief, this angler had
A mighty "taking way."

One day, while fishing on the log,
He mourned his want of luck,—
When, suddenly, he felt a bite,
And, jerking—caught a duck !

Alas ! that day the fisherman
Had taken too much grog ;
And being but a landsman, too,
He couldn't "keep the log."

In vain he strove with all his might,
And tried to gain the shore ;—
Down, down he went, to feed the fish
He'd baited oft before !

The moral of this mournful tale
To all is plain and clear ;—
A single "drop too much" of rum
May make a watery bier.

And he who will not "sign the pledge,"
 And keep his promise fast,
 May be, in spite of fate, a stark
 Cold-water man at last.

J. G. SAXE

16. YOUTHFUL PRECOCITY.

HAPPY the youth, in this our golden age,
 Condemned no more to con the prosy page
 Of Locke and Bacon, antiquated fools,
 Now justly banished from our moral schools.
 By easier modes philosophy is taught,
 Than through the medium of laborious thought.
 Imagination kindly serves in stead,
 And saves the pupil many an aching head.
 Room for the sages!—hither comes a throng
 Of blooming Platos trippingly along.
 In dress how fitted to beguile the fair!
 What intellectual, stately heads—of hair!
 Hark to the oracle!—to Wisdom's tone
 Breathed in a fragrant zephyr of cologne.
 That boy in gloves, the leader of the van,
 Talks of the "outer" and the "inner man,"
 And knits his girlish brow in stout resolve
 Some mountain-sized "idea" to "evolve."
 Delusive toil!—thus in their infant days,
 When children mimic manly deeds in plays,
 Long will they sit, and eager, "bob for whale,"
 Within the ocean of a water-pail!
 The next, whose looks unluckily reveal
 The ears portentous that his locks conceal,
 Prates of the "orbs" with such a knowing frown,
 You deem he puffs some lithographic town
 In western wilds, where yet unbroken ranks
 Of thrifty beavers build unchartered "banks,"
 And prowling panthers occupy the lots
 Adorned with churches on the paper plots!
 In other times,—'twas many years ago,—
 The scholar's course was toilsome, rough, and slow,
 The fair Humanities were sought in tears,
 And came, the trophy of laborious years.

Now Learning's shrine each idle youth may seek,
And, spending there a shilling and a week
(At lightest cost of study, cash, and lungs),
Come back, like *Rumor*, with "a thousand tongues!"

What boots such progress, when the golden load
From heedless haste is lost upon the road?
When each great science, to the student's pace,
Stands like the wicket, in a hurdle race,
Which, to o'erleap, is all the courser's mind,
And all his glory, that 'tis left behind!

J. G. Saxe

17. THE CONFLAGRATION.

As Chaos, which, by heavenly doom,
Had slept in everlasting gloom,
Started with terror and surprise,
When light first flashed upon her eyes—
So London's sons in nightcap woke,
In bed-gown woke her dames;
Nor shouts were heard 'mid fire and smoke
And twice ten hundred voices spoke—
"The playhouse is in flames!"
The summoned firemen woke at call,
And hied them to their stations all:
Starting from short and broken snooze,
Each sought his pond'rous hobnailed shoes;
And one, the leader of the band,
From Charing Cross along the Strand,
Like stag by beagles hunted hard,
Ran till he stopt at Vin'gar Yard.
The burning badge his shoulder bore,
And belt and oil-skin hat he wore,
The cane he had, his men to bang,
Showed foreman of the British gang—
His name was Higginbottom.
E'en Higginbottom now was posed,
For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed;
Without, within, in hideous show,
Devouring flames resistless glow,
And blazing rafters downwards go,
And never halloo, "Heads below!"

Nor notice give at all.
The firemen, terrified, are slow
To bid the pumping torrent flow
For fear the roof would fall.
Back, Robins, back ! Crump, stand aloof !
Whitford, keep near the walls !
Huggins, regard your own behoof,
For lo ! the blazing, rocking roof
Down, down, in thunder falls !
An awful pause succeeds the stroke,
And o'er the ruins volumed smoke,
Rolling around its pitchy shroud,
Concealed them from th' astonished crowd.
At length the mist awhile was cleared,
When, lo ! amid the wreck upreared,
Gradually a moving head appeared,
And Eagle firemen knew
'Twas Joseph Muggins, name revered,
The foreman of their crew.
Loud shouted all in signs of woe,
" A Muggins ! to the rescue, ho !"
And poured the hissing tide :
Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
And strove and struggled all in vain,
For, rallying but to fall again,
He tottered, sunk, and died.
Did none attempt, before he fell,
To succor one they loved so well ?
Yes, Higginbottom did aspire
(His fireman's soul was all on fire)
His brother chief to save ;
But ah ! his reckless, generous ire
Served but to share his grave !
'Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
Through fire and smoke he dauntless broke,
Where Muggins broke before.
But sulphury stench and boiling drench,
Destroying sight, o'erwhelmed him quite,
He sunk to rise no more.
Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,
His whizzing water-pipe he waved ;
" Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps,
You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps,
Why are you in such doleful dumps ?

A fireman, and afraid of bumps !—
 What are they fear'd on ? fools ! 'od rot 'em !"
 Were the last words of Higginbottom.

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

18. FOLLOW YOUR NOSE.

KIND friends, at your call I'm come here to sing,
 Or rather to talk of my woes ;
 Though small's the delight to you I can bring,
 The subject's concerning my nose.
 Some noses are large, and others are small,
 For nature's vagaries are such,
 To some folks, I'm told, she gives no nose at all,
 But to me she has given too much.
 Oh, dear ! lauks-a-daisy me !
 My cause of complaint, and the worst of my woes,
 Is, because I have got such a shocking long nose.
 Some insult or other, each day I do meet,
 And by joking, my friends are all foes ;
 And the boys every day, as I go through the street,
 All bellow out—" There goes a nose !"
 A woman, with matches one day, I came near,
 Who, just as I tried to get by her,
 Shoved me rudely aside, and asked, with-a leer,
 If I wanted to set her o'fire ?
 Oh, dear ! lauks-a-daisy me !
 Each rascal, each day, some inuendo throws,
 As, my nose isn't mine, I belongs to my nose.
 I once went a courting a wealthy old maid,
 To be married we were, the next day ;
 But an accident happened, the marriage delayed,
 My nose got too much in the way.
 For the night before marriage, entranced with my bliss—
 In love, e'er some torment occurs—
 I screwed up my lips, just to give her a kiss,
 My nose slipped, and rubbed against hers !
 Oh, dear ! lauks-a-daisy me !
 The ring that I gave, at my head soon she throws,
 And another tipped me, 'twas a w-ring on the nose.

Like a porter all day, with fatigue fit to crack,
 I'm seeking for rest, at each place ;
 Or, like Pilgrim of old, with his load at his back,
 Only my load I bear on my face.
 I can't get a wife, though each hour hard I try,
 The girls they all blush, like a rose ;
 "I'm afraid to have you!" when I ask 'em for why?
 Because you have got such a nose.
 Oh, dear ! lauks-a-daisy me !
 Their cause of refusal I cannot suppose,
 They all like the man, but they say—blow his nose !

Like a large joint of meat before a small fire,
 They say that my proboscis hangs—
 Or, to a brass knocker, naught there can be nigher,
 And in length it a pump-handle bangs.
 A wag, you must know, just by way of a wibe,
 Said, with a grin on his face, t'other night,
 As he from his pocket was pulling a pipe,
 "At your nose will you give me a light?"
 Oh, dear ! lauks-a-daisy me !
 If I ask any one my way to disclose,
 If I lose it, they answer, Why, follow your nose.

ANONYMOUS

19. ECONOMY.

ECONOMY's a very useful broom,
 Yet should not ceaseless hunt about the room
 To catch each straggling pin to make a plum.
 Too oft economy's an iron vice,
 That squeezes e'en the little frames of mice,
 That peep with fearful eyes, and ask a crumb.

! Proper economy's a comely thing ;
 Good in a subject—better in a king ;
 Yet, pushed too far, it dulls each finer feeling—
 Most easily inclined to make folks mean ;
 Inclines them, too, to villany to lean,
 To overreaching, perjury, and stealing—
 E'en when the heart should only think of grief,
 It creeps into the bosom like a thief,

And swallows up the affections, all so mild ;
Witness the Jewess and her only child.

Poor Mistress Levi had a luckless son,
Who, rushing to obtain the foremost seat,
In imitation of the ambitious great,
High from the gallery, ere the play began,
He fell all plump into the pit,
Dead in a minute as a nit :

In short, he broke his pretty Hebrew neck,
Indeed—and very dreadful was the wreck !

The mother was distracted, raving, wild,
Shrieked, tore her hair, embraced and kissed her child,

Afflicted every heart with grief around.
Soon as the shower of tears was somewhat past,
And moderated the hysteric blast,
She cast about her eyes in thought profound ;
And being with a *saving* knowledge blest,
She thus the playhouse manager addressed :

“ Sher, I am de moder of de poor Chew lad,
Dat meet misfortune here so bad ;
Sher, I must haf de shilling back, you know,
Ass Moses haf nat see de show.”

JOHN WOLCOT.

20. SHAMUS O'BRIEN.

Jist afther the war, in the year 98,
As soon as the boys wor all scattered and bate,
'Twas the custom, whenever a pisunt was got,
To hang him by thrial—barrin' sich as was shot.
There was trial by jury goin' on by daylight,
And the martial law hangin' the lavins by night.
It's them was hard times for an honest gossoon ;
If he missed in the judges, he'd meet a dragoon ;
An' whether the sojers or judges gev sentence,
The divil a much time they allowed for repentance.
An' it's many's the fine boy was then an his keepin',
Wid small share iv restin', or atin', or sleepin',
An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned to sell it,
A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullet—

Unsheltered by night and unrested by day,
With the heath for their barrack, revenge for their pay.
An' the bravest an' hardest boy iv them all,
Was Shamus O'Brien, from the town iv Glingall.
His limbs were well set, an' his body was light,
An' the keen-fanged hound had not teeth half so white;
But his face was as pale as the face of the dead,
An' his cheek never warmed with the blush of the red :
An' for all that, he wasn't an ugly young bye,
For the devil himself couldn't blaze with his eye,
So droll an' so wicked, so dark an' so bright,
Like a fire-flash that crosses the depth of the night :
An' he was the best mower that ever has been,
An' the illigantest hurler that ever was seen :
In fincin' he gev Patrick Mooney a cut,
An' in jumpin' he bate Tom Malowney a fut ;
For lightness iv fut there was not his peer,
For, by gorra ! he'd almost outrun the red deer ;
An' his dancin' was sich, that the men used to stare,
An' the women turn crazy, he done it so quare ;
An', by gorra ! the whole world gev into him there.
An' its he was the boy that was hard to be caught,
An' it's often he run, an' it's often he fought,
An' it's many the one can remember right well
The quare things he done, an' it's oft I heerd tell
How he freckened the magisthrates in Cahirbally,
An' escaped thro' the sojers in Aherloe Valley,
An' leathered the yeomen, himself agin four,
An' stretched the two strongest on old Galtimore.
But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must rest,
An' treachery prey on the blood iv the best.
After many a brave action of power and pride,
An' many a hard night on the mountain's bleak side,
An' a thousand great dangers and toils overpast,
In the darkness of night he was taken at last.
Now, Shamus, look back on the beautiful moon,
For the door of the prison must close on you soon ;
An' take your last look at her dim lovely light,
That falls on the mountain and valley this night ;—
One look at the village, one look at the flood,
An' one at the sheltering, far-distant wood.
Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,
An' farewell to the friends that will think of you still ;
Farewell to the pathern, the hurlin' and wake,

An' farewell to the girl that would die for your sake.
An' twelve sojers brought him to Maryborough jail,
An' the turnkey resaved him, refusin' all bail. ANONYMOUS

21. THE SAME.—PART SECOND.

As soon as a few weeks was over and gone,
The terrible day iv thrial kem on.
There was sich a crowd there was scarce room to stand,
An' sojers on guard, an' dhragoons sword in hand ;
An' the court-house so full that the people were bothered,
An' attorneys an' criers on the pint iv bein' smothered ;
An' counsellors almost gev over for dead,
An' the jury sittin' up in their box overhead ;
An' the judge settled out so detarmined an' big,
With his gown on his back, an' an illigant new wig.
An' silence was called, an' the minute it was said,
The court was as still as the heart of the dead,
An' they heard but the opening of one prison lock,
An' Shamus O'Brien kem into the dock.
For one minute he turned his eye round on the throng,
An' he looked at the bars, so firm an' so strong,
An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a friend,
A chance to escape, nor a word to defend ;
An' he folded his arms as he stood there alone,
As calm an' as cold as a statue of stone ;
An' they read a big writin', a yard long, at laste,
An' Jim didn't undherstand it nor mind it a taste.
An' the judge took a big pinch iv snuff, an' he says,
" Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, av you plase ?"

An' all held their breath, in the silence of dhread,
An' Shamus O'Brien made answer an' said :—
" My lord, if you ask me if in my lifetime
I thought any treason, or did any crime
That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,
The hot blush of shame, or the coldness of fear,
Though I stood by the grave to receive my death blow,
Before God and the world, I would answer you, no ;
But if you would ask me, as I think it like,
If in the rebellion I carried a pike,

An' fought for ould Ireland, from the first to the close,
 An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes,—
 I answer you, yes ; an' I tell you again,
 Though I stand here to perish, it's my glory that then
 In her cause I was willing my veins should run dhry,
 An' that now for her sake I am ready to die.”
 Then the silence was great, and the jury smiled bright,
 An' the judge wasn't sorry the job was made light ;
 By my sowl, it's himself was the crabbed ould chap !
 In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black cap.
 Then Shamus' mother, in the crowd standin' by,
 Called out to the judge, with a pitiful cry,
 “ Oh, judge, darlin', don't !—oh ! don't say the word !
 The crathur is young—have mercy, my lord !
 He was foolish—he didn't know what he was doin' :
 You don't know him, my lord ;—oh ! don't give him to ruin
 He's the kindest crathur, the tendherest hearted ;—
 Don't part us forever, we that's so long parted !
 Judge, mavourneen, forgive him—forgive him, my lord,
 An' God will forgive you :—oh ! don't say the word !”
 That was the first minute that O'Brien was shaken,
 When he saw he was not quite forgot or forsaken ;
 An' down his pale cheeks, at the word of his mother,
 The big tears wor running fast, one afther t'other,
 An' two or three times he endeavored to spake,
 But the sthrong manly voice used to falther an' break ;
 But at last, by the strength of his high-mounting pride,
 He conquered and masthered his grief's swelling tide ;
 An' says he, “ Mother, darlint, don't break your poor heart,
 For, sooner or later, the dearest must part ;
 And, God knows, it's better than wandering in fear
 On the bleak, trackless mountain, among the wild deer,
 To lie in the graye, where the head, heart, and breast
 From thought, labor, and sorrow forever shall rest.
 Then, mother, my darlin', don't cry any more—
 Don't make me seem broken in this my last hour ;
 For I wish, when my head's lyin' undher the raven,
 No thrue man can say that I died like a craven !”
 Then, towards the judge Shamus bent down his head,
 An' that minute the solemn death sintonce was said.

22. THE SAME.—PART THIRD.

THE mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on high,
An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky—
But why are the men standin' idle so late ?
An' why do the crowds gather fast in the street ?
What come they to talk of ?—what come they to see ?
An' why does the long rope hang from the cross tree ?
Oh, Shamus O'Brien, pray fervent and fast,
May the saints take your soul, for this day is your last ;
Pray fast and pray sthrong, for the moment is nigh,
When, sthrong, proud, an' great as you are, you must die.
At last they threw open the big prison gate,
An' out came the sheriffs and sojers in state,
An' a cart in the middle, an' Shamus was in it,
Not paler, but prouder than ever, that minute.
An' as soon as the people saw Shamus O'Brien,
Wid prayin' and blessin', an' all the girls cryin',
A wild wailin' sound kem on all by degrees,
Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' through trees.
On, on, to the gallows, the sheriffs are gone,
An' the cart an' the sojers go steadily on ;
An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,
A wild, sorrowful sound, that id open your heart.
Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,
An' the hangman gets up with the rope in his hand ;
An' the priest, havin' blessed him, goes down on the ground,
An' Shamus O'Brien throws one last look around.
Then the hangman drew near, an' the people grew still,
Young faces turned sickly, and warm hearts turn chill ;
An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,
For the gripe iv the life-strangling cord to prepare ;
An' the good priest has left him, havin' said his last prayer.
But the good priest did more—for his hands he unbound,
And, with one daring spring, Jim has leaped on the ground.
Bang, bang ! goes the carbines, and clash goes the sabres ;
" He's not down ! he's alive still ! now stand to him, neighbors !"
Through the smoke and the horses, he's into the crowd ;—
" By the heavens, he's free !" than the thunder more loud,
By one shout from the people the heavens were shaken,—
One shout that the dead of the world might awaken.

Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,
 But if you want hangin', it's yourself you must hang;
 To-night he'll be sleepin' in Aberloe Glin,
 An' the devil's in the dice if you catch him agin.
 The sojers ran this way, the sheriffs ran that,
 An' father Malone lost his new Sunday-hat;
 An' the sheriffs wor both of them punished sevarly,
 An' fined like the devil, because Jim done them fairly.

A week after dis time, widout firing a cannon,
 A sharp Yankee schooner sailed out of the Shannon;
 An' the captain left word he was goin' to Cork,
 But the divil a bit—he was bound to New York.
 The very next spring—a bright morning in May,—
 Just six months after the "great hanging day,"—
 A letter was brought to the town of Kildare,
 And on the outside was written out fair—
 "To ould Mrs. O'Brien, in Ireland, or elsewhere."
 And the inside began—"My dear good ould mother,
 I'm safe and am happy—and not wishin' to bother
 You in the radin' (with the help of the priest),
 I send you inclosed in this letter, at laist,
 Enuf to pay him, and to fetch you away
 To this 'land of the free and brave,' Amerika.
 Here you'll be happy, and never nade cryin',
 So long as you're mother of Shamts O'Brien.
 Give my love to swate Biddy, and tell her beware
 Of that spalpeen who calls himself 'Lord of Kildare';
 And just say to the judge, I don't now care a rap
 For him, or his wig, or his dirty black cap.
 And as for dragoons, them paid men of slaughter,
 Say I love them as the devil loves holy water.
 And now, my good mother, one word of advice:
 Fill your bag with potatoes, and whiskey, and rice;
 And when ye start from ould Ireland, take passage at Cork,
 And come strate over to the town of New York;
 And there ax the Mayor the best way to go
 To the state of Sinsnaty—in the town of Ohio;
 For 'tis dare you will find me, widout much tryin',
 At 'The Harp and the Eagle,' kept by Shamus O'Brien."

ANONYMOUS.

23. THE RHYMING APOTHECARY.

A MEMBER of the Æsculapian line
 Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne ;
 No man could better gild a pill,
 Or make a bill ;
 Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister ;
 Or draw a tooth out of your head ;
 Or chatter scandal by your bed ;
 Or spread a plaster.

His fame full six miles round the country ran ;
 In short, in reputation he was solus ;
 All the women called him " a fine man !"
 His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in trade
 (Which, oftentimes, will genius fetter),
 Read works of fancy, it is said ;
 And cultivated the belles-lettres.
 And why should this be thought so odd ?
 Can't men have taste, who cure a phthisic ?
 Of poetry though patron god,
 Apollo patronizes physic.
 Bolus loved verse, and took so much delight in't,
 That his prescriptions he resolved to write in't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass,
 Of writing the directions on his labels,
 In dapper couplets—like Gay's Fables ;
 Or, rather like the lines in Hudibras.

Apothecary's verse !—and where's the treason ?
 'Tis simple honest dealing—not a crime ;
 When patients swallow physic without reason,
 It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient, lying at death's door,
 Some three miles from the town,—it might be four,—
 To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article,
 In pharmacy, that's called cathartical,
 And on the label of the stuff
 He wrote verse ;

Which, one would think, was clear enough,
 And terse?
 "When taken,
 To be well shaken."

Early next morning, Bolus rose,
 And to his patient's house he goes,
 Upon his pad,
 Which a vile trick of stumbling had :
 It was, indeed, a very sorry hack ;—
 But, that's of course ;
 For, what's expected from a horse,
 With an apothecary on his back ?
 Bolus arrived, and gave a loudish tap,
 Between a single and a double rap.

Knocks of this kind,
 Are given by gentlemen, who teach to dance ;
 By fiddlers and by opera singers ;
 One loud, and then a little one behind,
 As if the knocker fell by chance
 Out of their fingers.

The servant lets him in with dismal face,
 Long as a courtier's out of place—
 Portending some disaster ;
 John's countenance as rueful looked and grim,
 As if th' apothecary had physicked him,
 And not his master.

"Well, how's the patient?" Bolus said :
 John shook his head.
 "Indeed!—hum!—ha!—that's very odd!
 He took the draught?" John gave a nod.
 "Well, how?—what then? Speak out, you dunce!"
 "Why, then," says John, "we shook him once."
 "Shook him! how?" Bolus stammered out.
 "We jolted him about."
 "Zounds! shake a patient, man!—a shake won't do."
 "No, sir, and so we gave him two."
 "Two shakes!—odds curse!
 'Twould make the patient worse."
 "It did so, sir, and so a third we tried."
 "Well, and what then?"—"Then, sir, my master died."

24. BROWN STOUT.

A BREWER, in a country town,
Had got a monstrous reputation !
No other beer than his went down,—
The Hosts of the surrounding station
Carving his name upon their mugs,
And painting it on every shutter ;
And though some envious folks would utter
Hints, that its flavor came from drugs,
Others maintained 'twas no such matter,
But, owing to his monstrous vat,—
As corpulent, at least, as that
At Heidelberg—and some, say fatter.

His foreman was a lusty black,
An honest fellow ;
But one that had an ugly knack
Of tasting samples, as he brewed,
Till he was stupefied and mellow.
One day, in this top-heavy mood,
Having to cross the vat aforesaid
(Just then with boiling beer supplied),
O'ercome with giddiness and qualms, he
Reeled—fell in—and nothing more said,
But in his favorite liquor died,
Like Clarence in his butt of Malmsey.

In all directions round about,
The negro absentee was sought,
But, as no human noddle thought
That our fat black was made brown stout,
They settled that the negro left
The place for debt, or crime, or theft.
Meanwhile, the beer was day by day
Drawn into casks and sent away,
Until the lees flowed thick and thicker,
When, lo ! outstretched upon the ground,
Once more their missing friend they found,
As they'd oft done before,—in liquor !
“ See,” cried his moralizing master,
“ I knew the fellow always drank hard,
And prophesied some sad disaster.

His fate should often tipplers strike.
Poor Mungo ! there he welters like
A toast at bottom of a tankard !”

Next morn, a Publican whose tap
Had helped to drain the vat so dry,
Not having heard of the mishap,
Came to demand a fresh supply ;
Protesting loudly that the last
All previous specimens surpassed—
Possessing a much richer gusto,
Than formerly it ever used to ;
And begging, as a special favor,
More of exactly the same flavor.

“ Zounds !” cried the brewer, “ that’s a task
More difficult to grant, than ask !
Most gladly would I give the smack
Of the last beer to the ensuing ;
But, where am I to find a black
To be boiled down at every brewing ?”

ANONYMOUS.

25. THE FARMER’S BLUNDER.

A FARMER once to London went,
To pay the worthy squire his rent.
He comes, he knocks, soon entrance gains,—
Who at the door such guests detains ?
Forth struts the squire, exceeding smart—
“ Farmer, you’re welcome to my heart ;
You’ve brought my rent then—to a hair !
The best of tenants, I declare !”
The steward’s called, the account’s made even,
The money paid, the receipt was given ;
“ Well,” said the squire, “ now, you shall stay,
And dine with me, old friend, to-day ;
I’ve here some ladies wondrous pretty,
And pleasant sparks, too, who will fit ye.”
Hob scratched his ears, and held his hat,
And said—“ No, zur, two words to that ;
For look, d’ye zee, when I’ze to dine
With gentlefolks zo cruel fine,

I'ze use to make,—and 'tis no wonder,—
In word or deed, some plaguy blunder;
Zo, if your honor will permit,
I'll with your zarvants pick a bit."
"Poh!" says the squire, "it shan't be done,"
And to the parlor pushed him on.
To all around he nods and scrapes,
Not waiting-maid or butler 'scapes;
With often bidding takes his seat,
But at a distance mighty great.
Though often asked to draw his chair,
He nods, nor comes an inch more near.
By madam served with body bended,
With knife and fork, and arms extended,
He reached as far as he was able,
To plate that overhung the table;
With little morsels cheats his chops,
And in the passage some he drops.
To show where most his heart inclined,
He talked and drank to John behind.
When drank to in a modish way,
"Your love's sufficient, zur," he'd say;
And to be thought a man of manners,
Still rose to make his awkward honors.
"Tush," says the squire, "pray keep your sitting,"
"No, no," he cries, "zur, 'tis not fitting;
Though I'm no scholar, versed in letters,
I knaws my duty to my betters."
Much mirth the farmer's ways afford,
And hearty laughs went round the board.
Thus, the first course was ended well,
But, at the next—Ah! what befell?
The dishes were now timely placed,
And table with fresh luxury graced.
When drank to by a neighboring charmer,
Up as usual starts the farmer.
A wag, to carry on the joke,
Thus to his servant softly spoke:—
"Come hither Dick, step gently there,
And pull away the farmer's chair."
'Tis done: his congée made, the clown
Draws back, and stoops to sit him down;
But, by posteriors overweighed,
And of his trusty seat betrayed,

As men, at twigs, in rivers sprawling,
 He caught the cloth to save his falling;
 In vain, sad fortune, down he wallowed,
 And rattling, all the dishes followed!
 The fops soon lost their little wits,
 The ladies squalled, some fell in fits;
 Here tumbled turkeys, tarts, and widgeons,
 And there, minced pies, and geese, and pigeons.
 Lord! what ado 'twixt belles and beaux,
 Some curse, some cry, and rub their clothés!
 This lady raves, and that looks down,
 And weeps and wails her spattered gown.
 One spark bemoans his greaséd waistcoat;
 One, "Rot him, he has spoiled my laced coat!"
 Amidst the rout, the farmer, long
 Some pudding sucked, and held his tongue;
 At length he gets him on his breech,
 And scrambles up to make his speech;
 First rubs his eyes, mouth, nostrils twangs,
 Then snaps his fingers, and harangues:
 "Plague tak't, Ize tell you how'd 'twould be;
 Look, here's a pickle, zurs, d'ye see —"
 "Peace, brute, begone!" the ladies cry:
 The beaux exclaim, "Fly, rascal, fly!"
 "I'll tear his eyes out!" squeaks Miss Dolly;
 "I'll pink his soul out!" roars a bully.
 At this, the farmer shrinks with fear,
 And thinking 'twas ill tarrying here,
 Runs off, and cries, "Ay, kill me then,
 Whene'er you catch me here again."

ANONYMOUS.

26. HASTY PUDDING.

YE Alps audacious, through the heavens that rise,
 To cramp the day and hide me from the skies;
 Ye Gallic flags, that, o'er their heights unfurled,
 Bear death to kings and freedom to the world,
 I sing not you. A softer theme I choose,
 A virgin theme, unconscious of the Muse,
 But fruitful, rich, well suited to inspire
 The purest phrensy of poetic fire.

Despise it not, ye bards to terror steeled,
Who hurl your thunders round the epic field ;
Nor ye who strain your midnight throats to sing
Joys that the vineyard and the still-house bring ;
Or on some distant fair your notes employ,
And speak of raptures that you ne'er enjoy.
I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel,
My morning incense, and my evening meal,
The sweets of Hasty Pudding. Come, dear bowl,
Glide o'er my palate, and inspire my soul.
The milk beside thee, smoking from the kine,
Its substance mingled, married in with thine,
Shall cool and temper thy superior heat,
And save the pains of blowing while I eat.

Thee, the soft nations round the warm Levant,
Polanta call ; the French, of course, Polante.
E'en in thy native regions, how I blush
To hear the Pennsylvanians call thee Mush !
On Hudson's banks, while men of Belgic spawn,
Insult and eat thee by the name Suppawn.
All spurious appellations, void of truth :
I've better known thee from my earliest youth :
Thy name is Hasty Pudding ! thus our sires
Were wont to greet thee fuming from the fires ;
And while they argued in thy just defence,
With logic clear, they thus explained the sense :
" In *haste* the boiling cauldron, o'er the blaze,
Receives and cooks the ready powdered maize ;
In *haste* 'tis served, and then in equal *haste*,
With cooling milk we eat the sweet repast.
No carving to be done, no knife to grate
The tender ear, and wound the stony plate ;
But the smooth spoon, just fitted to the lip,
And taught with art the yielding mass to dip,
By frequent journeys to the bowl well stored,
Performs the *hasty* honors of the board."
Such is thy name, significant and clear,
A name, a sound to every Yankee dear,
But most to me, whose heart and palate chaste,
Preserve my pure, hereditary taste.

JOEL BARLOW.

27. SONG OF THE SPEAKER.

WITH patience weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy as lead,
 The Speaker sat in his chair of state,
 Nodding his drowsy head ;
 And whilst the dull debate
 Maintained its sluggish reign,
 The dubious doze, which refuses repose,
 Suggested these thoughts to his brain.

“Talk—talk—talk !
 Whilst the cock is crowing aloof,
 And talk—talk—talk !
 Till the stars shine on the roof ;
 It's oh to be the slave,
 The ‘Infidel dog’ of the Turk,
 Rather than sit to superintend
 This sham senatorial work !

“Talk—talk—talk !
 The rattle never flags ;
 And what are its products ? Little, alas,
 But rhetoric's wretched rags !
 A shattered joke, or a naked lie,
 Of candor's cant a store,
 And a whole so blank, that sleep I thank,
 If it cast its shadow o'er.

“Talk—talk—talk !
 From weary chime to chime ;
 And talk—talk—talk !
 As if silence were a crime—
 ‘Oh,’ and ‘Order,’ and ‘Hear,’
 ‘Hear,’ and ‘Order,’ and ‘Oh’—
 Till every sense is as drowsy and dense
 As the eye that hath lost its glow.

“Talk—talk—talk !
 In the dull and heavy night,
 And talk—talk—talk !
 When the sun is warm and bright ;
 'Tis ever a winter to me,
 No change the seasons bring,

And Nature gay, in her bridal array,
But twits me with the spring.

“ Oh, but for one short hour,
A respite, however brief,
From these uttered nothings, that should fill
The statesman's mind with grief !
A little more work, a little less talk,
Might ease the common fate ;
But the country's smart never touches the heart
Of the Moloch of Debate.”

With patience weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy as lead,
The Speaker sat in his chair of state,
Nodding his drowsy head ;
And whilst the dull debate
Maintained its sluggish reign,
The dubious doze, which refuses repose—
Which deadens, oft only to deepen, our woes—
Suggested these thoughts to his brain.

LIVERPOOL NEWSPAPER

28. EDITORIAL MUSINGS.

AN editor sat on a lofty stool,
A very long pen was stuck in his ear :
Before him productions from rogue and fool,
In hieroglyphics not over clear.
He opened one, and he opened all,
More like a machine than a man
(How imperturbable editors are !)
And thus the medley ran :—

“ Are you for taking the duty off tea ?”
“ What's the age of the Pope ?”
“ When will the next Good Friday be ?”
“ Are you pretty well off for soap ?”
“ Oblige by stating the longest night.”
“ Did Shelley make a will ?”
“ Misther Heedetur, sur, who von the fight,
The Nobbler or Brummagem Bill ?”

“Is bone-dust really made into bread?”
 “Are the Jumpers increasing in Wales?”
 “Where is it that angels fear to tread?”
 “Have you tried the patent scales?”
 “What color was Polyphemus’s eye?”
 “Was the great Alexander a Spartan?”
 “When may an oyster be said to die?”
 “Who’s the oft-mentioned Betty Martin?”

Now entered the office an inky youth,
 A mass of most picturesque splashing,
 ’Twould have done him good, a dive after truth,
 If but for the sake of the washing.
 Awaiting the editor’s orders he stood!
 No emotion his tattooed face tinted;
 Comets and corns were the same to him—
 He did not care what was printed.

The editor handed the boy a list
 That would cover a drawing-room floor,
 And said, “Just insert these initials and say,
 We have answered these questions before.”
 Then he savagely fell to biting his pen
 (An unsatisfactory ration),
 And said to the boy, “You can state again
 The amount of our circulation.”

The editor sat on his lofty stool,
 Before him a sheet of foolscap lay;
 So many subjects claimed his pen,
 That he doubted what to say.
 On a sudden he thought of the starving world,
 And advised a plan to feed her:
 He dashed his pen in the pliant ink—
 Buy the paper, and study the “leader.”

GEORGETOWN ROYAL GAZETTE

29. THE ALARMED SKIPPER.

MANY a long, long year ago,
 Nantucket skippers had a plan
 Of finding out, though “lying low,”
 How near New York their schooners ran.

They greased the lead before it fell,
And then, by sounding through the night,
Knowing the soil that stuck, so well,
They always guessed their reckoning right.

A skipper gray, whose eyes were dim,
Could tell, by tasting, just the spot,
And so below he'd "dowse the glim"—
After, of course, his "something hot."

Snug in his berth, at eight o'clock,
This ancient skipper might be found;
No matter how his craft would rock,
He slept—for skippers' naps are sound!

The watch on deck would now and then
Run down and wake him, with the lead;
He'd up, and taste, and tell the men
How many miles they went ahead.

One night, 'twas Jotham Marden's watch,
A curious wag—the peddler's son;
And so he mused (the wanton wretch),
"To-night I'll have a grain of fun.

"We're all a set of stupid fools
To think the skipper knows by tasting
What ground he's on: Nantucket schools
Don't teach such stuff, with all their basting!"

And so he took the well-greased lead,
And rubbed it o'er a box of earth
That stood on deck—(a parsnip bed)—
And then he sought the skipper's berth.

"Where are we now, sir? Please to taste."
The skipper yawned, put out his tongue,
Then oped his eyes in wondrous haste,
And then upon the floor he sprung!

The skipper stormed, and tore his hair,
Thrust on his boots, and roared to Marden—
"Nantucket's sunk, and here we are
Right over old Marm Hackett's garden!"

J. T. FIELDER

30. A YANKEE LYRIC.

THERE is, in famous Yankee land,
 A class of men yclept tin-peddlers,
 A shrewd, sarcastic band
 Of busy meddlers :
 They scour the country through and through,
 Vending their wares, tin pots, tin pans,
 Tin ovens, dippers, wash-bowls, cans,
 Tin whistles, kettles, or to boil or stew,
 Tin cullenders, tin nutmeg-graters,
 Tin warming-platters for your fish and 'taters !

In short,
 If you will look within
 His cart,
 And gaze upon the tin
 Which glitters there,
 So bright and fair,
 There is no danger in defying
 You to go off without buying.

One of these cunning, keen-eyed gentry
 Stopped at a tavern in the country,
 Just before night,
 And called for bitters for himself, of course,
 And fodder for his horse :
 This done, our worthy wight
 Informed the landlord that his purse was low,
 Quite empty, I assure you, sir, and so
 I wish you'd take your pay
 In something in my way.

Now Boniface supposed himself a wag—
 And when he saw that he was sucked,
 Was not dispirited, but plucked
 Up courage and his trowsers too !
 Quoth he t' himself, I am not apt to brag,
 'Tis true,

But I can stick a feather in my cap
 By making fun of this same Yankee chap.
 " Well, my good friend,
 That we may end
 This troublesome affair,

I'll take my pay in ware,
 Provided that you've got what suits
 My inclination."

"No doubt of that," the peddler cried,
 Sans hesitation :

"Well, bring us in a pair of good tin boots!"

"Tin boots!" Our Jonathan espied

His landlord's spindle shanks,

And giving his good Genius thanks

For the suggestion,

Ran out, returned, and then—"By goles!

Yes, here's a pair of candle-moulds!

They'll fit you without question!"

HUGH PETERS.

31. VILLAGE GREATNESS.

IN every country village, where
 Ten chimney smokes perfume the air,
 Contiguous to a steeple,
 Great gentlefolks are found, a score,
 Who can't associate any more
 With common "country people."

Jack Fallow, born amongst the woods,
 From rolling logs, now rolls in goods,
 Enough a while to dash on;
 Tells negro stories—smokes cigars—
 Talks politics—decides on wars—
 And lives in stylish fashion.

Tim Oxgoad, lately from the plough,
 A polished gentleman is now,
 And talks about "country fellows;"
 But ask the fop what books he's read,
 You'll find the brain-pan of his head
 As empty as a bellows.

Miss Faddle, lately from the wheel,
 Begins quite lady-like to feel,
 And talks affectedly genteel,

And sings some tasty songs, too ;
 But, my veracity impeach,
 If she can tell what part of speech
 Gentility belongs to.

Without one spark of wit refined—
 Without one beauty of the mind—
 Genius or education,—
 Or family or fame to boast ;—
 To see such gentry rule the roast,
 Turns patience to vexation.

To clear such rubbish from the earth,—
 Though real genius, mental worth,
 And science do attend you,—
 You might as well the sty refine,
 Or cast your pearls before the swine ;
 They'd only turn and rend you. WILLIAM RAY

32. OLD GRIMES.

Old Grimes is dead ; that good old man
 We never shall see more ;
 He used to wear a long black coat,
 All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
 His feelings all were true ;
 His hair was some inclined to gray—
 He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
 His breast with pity burned ;
 The large round head upon his cane
 From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all ;
 He knew no base design :
 His eyes were dark and rather small,
 His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind ;
In friendship he was true ;
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes
He pass'd securely o'er ;
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown :
He wore a double-breasted vest—
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert ;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse—
Was sociable and gay :
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise, town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to Fortune's chances ;
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran,
And every body said he was
A fine old gentleman.

ALBERT G. GREENE.

33. THE POET.

(A parody on Marco Bozzaris.)

At midnight, in his cottage small,
The bard was dreaming of the times
When cheerily from camp and hall
Rang out the minstrel's rhymes !
In dreams through courtly scenes he roved,
In dreams a royal mistress loved,
In dreams he clasped her as his bride,
Then revelled at the board of kings,
Bedecked with ribbons, stars, and rings ;
And ever woke his harp's wild strings
To notes of joy and pride !

At midnight, in the court beneath,
The sheriff ranged a savage band,
Following their game up to the death
With murderous notes of hand !
There was the draper, trim and neat,
There was the burly man of meat,
Landlord, and tailors four,—
Bound on an errand all unblest,
Like envious cranes met to molest,
With their LONG BILLS, a skylark's nest,
They thronged the poet's door !

An hour passed on. The bard awoke,—
That poet-dream was past !
He wakened to a cry of fear—
Of " Hide, dear Tom, the sheriff's here !"
He woke to find himself safe hid
Beneath a meal chest's friendly lid !
To mutter SACRES fierce and fast,
On baffled foes that round him crowd,—
And hear, in accents sharp and loud,
The sheriff cheer his band !
Search ! till each closet is explored—
Search ! landlord, for thy bill of board !
Search for the wines against him scored—
And, tailors, lend a hand !

They sought like Shylocks, long and hard,
Around, beneath, and overhead ;
But vainly all—they left the bard
Snug in his mealy bed !

Then his indignant Susan saw
 Those shameless wreckers of the law
 Had nabbed his Sunday coat!
 She saw the fearful look he wore,
 As then and there he roundly swore
 To leave his thankless native shore,
 Upon that morning's boat!

SARA J. CLARKE.

34. THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

(Mrs. Partington's "Seven Ages.")

ALL the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely passengers;
 They have their axes and their entry ways,
 And one man keeps time and plays his part,
 And all the axes have seven edges. First the baby,
 Mewling, &c, in its nurse's arms;
 And then the winning school-boy with his scratchawl,
 And shiny mourning face, running like a snail
 Unwittingly to school; then the lover,
 Sighing like a foundry with an awful bandage
 Made for his mistress' eyebrows; then the soldier,
 Full of strangle oaths, and bearded like a pardner,
 Zealous in horror, scrubbing a stick in quarrel,
 Seeking the blubber refutation
 Into the cannon mouth; then a justice of the peace
 In fair round belly, with good apron lined;
 His eyes so sore and beard of normal cut,
 Full of old handsaws and modern mischances;
 And so he brays his part; the sixth edge shimmies
 Into the lean and slippery pair of pantaloons
 With youthful hoes, well shaved, a world too wide
 For his crook shank; and his big homely voice,
 Turning a grain toward hardish pebble, pipes
 And mizzles in his sound; and last of all
 That ends this strained repentful history,
 Is second childishness and mere pavilion,
 Sands' teeth, Sands' eyes, Sands' tasting, Sands' Sarsaparilla!

ANONYMOUS.

35. IMPROVEMENT.

MY DEAR FRIENDS, I mean to speak of the spirit of improvement in general terms, as relating to enlightenment, the advancement of knowledge and progress in the arts and sciences. In this respect, it is like the rolling avalanche, that leaves detached portions of its bulk by the way, and yet keeps augmenting in its circumvolutionary course. Hardy Enterprise first goes forward as a pioneer in the untracked wilderness, and commences fight with the mighty trees of the forest, cutting them off, some in the prime of life, and others in a green old age, and compelling them to spill their sap upon their country's soil. Then walks Agriculture into them 'ere diggins, with spade, harrow, and hoe, and scatters the seed of promise hither and thither, assuring the hopeful settler that his children's children shall sop their hard-earned crumbs in the real gravy of the land. The handmaid Art then comes forward, erects edifices of splendor, and leaves her ornaments of skill on every side—builds studios for the scholars of science, and throws facilities in their way for increasing their wisdom, or for making egregious fools of themselves.

Such, my hearers, is the spirit of improvement. Like the overflowing of a stream that covers and enriches the valley, it betters the natural and social condition of man, opens wide the avenues to the temple of reason, and expands the young buds of prosperity. Brush away the fog of a couple of centuries, and take a look at this, our native land, as it then appeared. Here, upon the Atlantic shore, the scream of the panther arose on the midnight air with the savage war-whoop, and the pale-faced pilgrim trembled for the safety of his defenceless home. He planted his beans in fear and gathered them in trouble; his chickens and his children were plundered by the foe, and life itself was in danger of leaking out from between the logs of his hut, even if it were fortified with three muskets, a spunky wife, and a jug of whiskey. Yes, my friends, this was then a wild, gloomy, and desolate place. Where the Indian squaw hung her young pappoose upon the bough and left it to squall at the hush-a-by of the blast, the Anglo-Saxon mother now rocks the cradle of her delicate babe on the carpet of peace, and in the gay parlor of fashion. The wild has been changed with the blooming garden, and its limits are expanding with the mighty genius of Liberty. On Erie's banks the flocks are now straying o'er thy my pastures, and a few Dutchmen (but no shepherds) are already

piping there. The yells of fierce savages now faintly echo from beyond the waters of the Mississippi, and the time is not far off when the last Indian will leave his bones to bleach on the rock-bound coast of the Pacific.

Dow, Jr.

36. DESPAIR.

THE whitest foam dances upon the darkest billow, and the stars shine the brightest when surrounded by the blackest of thunder-clouds; even as a diamond pin glistens with the greatest effulgence when fastened upon the ebony bosom of an Ethiopian wench. So hope mirrors its most brilliant rays in the dark wave of despair, and happiness is never so complete as when visited occasionally by the ministers of misery. These ups and downs in the pathway of man's existence are all for the best, and yet he allows them to vex and torment his peace till he bursts the boiler of his rage, and scalds his own toes. I have no doubt but the common run of people would like to have a railroad built from here to the grave, and go through by steam; but if they all worked as easy in life's galling collar as I do, they would have things just as they are; some ups and some downs—some sweet and some bitter—some sunshine and some storm; because they constitute a variety. I wouldn't give a shinplaster penny to have the road of existence perfectly level; for I should soon become tired of a dull sameness of prospect, and make myself miserable in the idea that I must experience no material change, either for better or for worse. Plum-pudding is most excellent stuff to wind off a dinner with; but all plum-pudding would be worse than none at all. So you see, my friends, the trouble and trials of life are absolutely necessary to enable us to judge rightly of genuine happiness, whenever it happens to enliven the saturnine region of the heart with its presence.

If we never were to have our jackets and shirts wet with the cold rain of misfortune, we should never know how good it feels to stand out and dry in the warm rays of comfort. You needn't hesitate ever to travel through swamps of trouble, for fear of sinking over head in the mud of despondency; for despair is never quite despair. No, my friends, it never comes quite up to the mark in the most desperate cases. I know the prospects of man are sometimes most tormentingly conglomerous; but

the clouds eventually clear away, and his sky again becomes clear and quiescent as a basin of potato starch. His sun of ambition may be darkened—his moon of memory turned to blood—and the star of his peace blotted from the firmament of his, I don't know what; but he is not entirely a gone goose even in this situation. Those semi-celestial angels of light and loveliness, Hope and Fancy, will twine the sweetest of roses round his care-wrinkled brow; and while one whispers in his ear, "Don't give up the ship," the other dresses up for him a bower of future happiness, and festoons it with the choicest of elysian flowers. The very darkest cell of despair always has a gimlet-hole to let the glory of hope shine in, and dry up the tears of the poor prisoner of woe

Dow, Jr.

37. NATURE.

MY DEAR FRIENDS, it matters not upon whichsoever side we turn our eyes, we behold such beauty in its primitive nakedness as cannot fail to captivate the heart of every true worshipper of the God of nature, and make him feel as though ten thousand caterpillars were crawling up and down the ossified railway of his back. Look at yonder myriads of stars that glitter and sparkle from the dome of heaven's high concave! Say, is there not beauty in these? Ay, there is beauty magnificent in these little celestial trinkets that stud the ebon brow of night—shining, as they do, like a multitude of beacon-lights of glory in the blue-black of eternity, or like so many cats' eyes in a windowless garret. Observe the silvery moon, pale-faced Cynthia, wandering Luna, or whatever you choose to call her: see how gracefully she promenades the self-same path which was laid out for her at the beginning of the world. Look at the resplendent sun: see how it has maintained its unsullied brightness through the rust-gathering ages of time. Not a single thread has been lost from its golden fringe, and not even a fly-speck has marred its splendor; but it is to-day the same beautiful, lovely object that it was when it first burst upon Paradise, and rolled back the darkness of chaos into the unknown regions of nowhere. There is beauty at sunset. Who can look at all the glories of an autumnal twilight, and not have the furze upon his hands rise up in rapture! Oh, it is, by all odds, the grandest and sub-

limest picture in the great academy of nature ! At the festooned gates of the West, angels of peace and loveliness have furled their purple wings, and are sweetly sleeping with their heads upon pillows of amber, over-canopied with curtains of damask and crimson, tempting poor mortals like us to climb up the ladder of imagination, and steal kisses by the bushel ! When the morning, too, as my friend Hudibras observes, like a boiled lobster, begins to turn from brown to red, there is beauty of the tallest order. Yes, when Aurora hangs out her red under-garment from her chamber window, prepares her perfumed toilet, and sweeps out the last speck of darkness from the Oriental parlor, there is such blushing beauty resting upon the eastern hill-tops, as cannot fail to be appreciated by any one whose heart-strings are not composed of catgut and horse-hair.

Dow, Jr.

38. SLUMBER.

VARIOUS philosophers and naturalists have attempted to define man. I never was satisfied with their labors: absurd to pronounce him a two-legged, unfeathered animal, when it is obvious he is a sleepy one. In this world there is business enough for every individual: a sparkling sky over his head to admire, a soil under his feet to till, and innumerable objects, useful and pleasant, to choose. But such in general is the provoking indolence of our species, that the lives of many, if impartially journalized, might be truly said to have consisted of a series of slumbers. Some men are invested with day-dreams, as well as by visions of the night: they travel a certain insipid round, like the blind horse of the mill, and, as Bolingbroke observes, perhaps beget others to do the like after them. They may sometimes open their eyes a little, but they are soon dimmed by some lazy fog; they may sometimes stretch a limb, but its efforts are soon palsied by procrastination. Yawning, amid tobacco fumes, they seem to have no hopes, except that their bed will soon be made, and no fears, except that their slumbers will be broken by business clamoring at the door.

How tender and affectionate is the reproachful question of Solomon, "When wilt thou arise out of sleep?" Yet, at the present time, few Solomons exist to preach against pillows, and never was there more occasion for a sermon. Our country be-

ing at peace, not a drum is heard to rouse the slothful. But, though we are exempted from the tumults and vicissitudes of war, we should remember that there are many posts of duty, if not of danger, and at these we should vigilantly stand. If we will stretch the hand of exertion, means to acquire competent wealth, and honest fame, abound; and when such ends are in view, how shameful to close our eyes! He who surveys the paths of active life, will find them so numerous and long, that he will feel the necessity of early rising, and late taking rest, to accomplish so much travel. He who pants for the shade of speculation, will find that literature cannot flourish in the bowers of indolence and monkish gloom. Much midnight oil must be consumed, and innumerable pages examined, by him whose object is to be really wise. Few hours has that man to sleep, and not one to loiter, who has many coffers of wealth to fill, or many cells in his memory to store.

DENNIE.

39. THE SAME.—PART SECOND.

AMONG the various men whom I see in the course of my pilgrimage through this world, I cannot frequently find those who are broad awake. Sloth, a powerful magician, mutters a witching spell, and deluded mortals tamely suffer this drowsy being to bind a fillet over their eyes. All their activity is employed in turning themselves like a door on a rusty hinge, and all the noise they make in the world is a snore. When I see one, designed by nature for noble purposes, indolently declining the privilege, and, heedless, like Esau, bartering the birthright for what is of less worth than his red pottage of lentils, for liberty to sit still and lie quietly,—I think I see, not a man, but an oyster. The drone in society, like that fish on our shores, might as well be sunken in the mud, and inclosed in a shell, as stretched on a couch, or seated in a chimney-corner.

The season is now approaching fast, when some of the most plausible excuses for a little more sleep must fail. Enervated by indulgence, the slothful are of all men most impatient of cold, and they deem it never more intense than in the morning. But the last bitter month has rolled away, and now, could I persuade to the experiment, the sluggard may discover that he may toss off the bedquilt, and try the air of early day without being congealed! He may be assured that sleep is a very stupid em-

ployment, and differs very little from death, except in duration. He may receive it implicitly, upon the faith both of the physician and the preacher, that morning is friendly to the health and the heart; and if the idler is so manacled by the chains of habit, that he can, at first, do no more, he will do wisely and well to inhale pure air, to watch the rising sun, and mark the magnificence of nature.

DENNIE.

SELECTIONS IN POETRY.

1. THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

UPON the hill he turned
 To take a last fond look,
 Of the valley and the village church
 And the cottage by the brook ;
 He listened to the sounds,
 So familiar to his ear,
 And the soldier leant upon his sword
 And wiped away a tear.

Beside that cottage porch
 A girl was on her knees,
 She held aloft a snowy scarf,
 Which fluttered in the breeze ;
 She breathed a prayer for him,
 A prayer he could not hear,
 But he paused to bless her, as she knelt,
 And wiped away a tear.

He turned and left the spot,
 Oh, do not deem him weak ;
 For dauntless was the soldier's heart,
 Though tears were on his cheek :
 Go watch the foremost rank
 In danger's dark career,
 Be sure the hand most daring there
 Has wiped away a tear.

T. H. BAILEY

2. THE VETERAN.

It was a Sabbath morn,
The bell had chimed for church,
And the young and gay were gathering
Around the rustic porch ;
There came an aged man,
In a soldier's garb was he,
And gazing round the group, he cried,
" Do none remember me ?"

The veteran forgot
His friends were changed or gone ;
The manly forms around him there,
As children he had known :
He pointed to the spot
Where his dwelling used to be,
Then told his name, and smiling said,
" You now remember me !"

Alas ! none knew him there !
He pointed to a stone,
On which the name he breathed was traced,
A name to them unknown ;
And then the old man wept,
" I am friendless, now," cried he ;
" Where I had many friends in youth,
Not one remembers me !"

T. H. BAILEY

3. THE DESERTER.

'Tis the dismal beat of a muffled drum,
A crowd on the rampart gathers ;
What means that dirge amid prancing steeds,
Bright armor and flaunting feathers ! -
In the martial throng one warrior kneels,
With no warrior's garb upon him,
And he hides his face with his folded hands,
For his old companions shun him.

The deserter shrinks from the thought of death,
 But it is not a coward's terror,
 No, fain would he die in well-fought field,
 To blot out one fatal error !
 Again ! 'tis the beat of the muffled drum,
 And the fatal arms are ready,
 And the prisoner waits for the signal word,
 With an aspect calm and steady.

They have bound his eyes with a silken fold,
 But his hands again displace it :
 For he who deserves so vile a doom,
 Hath at least the nerve to face it ;
 Shall the brand of dishonor gall the heart,
 That hath sighed for the wreath of glory ?
 Shall his children blush for their father's shame,
 When they hear the mournful story ?

T. H. BAILEY

4. THE PILOT.

OH, pilot ! 'tis a fearful night,
 There's danger on the deep,
 I'll come and pace the deck with thee,
 I do not dare to sleep.
 Go down ! the sailor cried, go down,
 This is no place for thee :
 Fear not ; but trust in Providence,
 Wherever thou mayst be.

Ah ! pilot, dangers often met,
 We all are apt to slight,
 And thou hast known these raging waves
 But to subdue their might.
 It is not apathy, he cried,
 That gives this strength to me :
 Fear not, but trust in Providence,
 Wherever thou mayst be.

On such a night the sea engulfed
 My father's lifeless form ;
 My only brother's boat went down
 In just so wild a storm .

And such, perhaps, may be my fate,
But still I say to thee
Fear not ; but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou mayst be.

T. H. BAILEY.

5. THE OLD MAN'S REVERY.

OF what is the old man thinking,
As he leans on his oaken staff?
From the May-day pastime shrinking,
He shares not the merry laugh.
But the tears of the old man flow,
As he looks on the young and gay ;
And his gray head, moving slow,
Keeps time to the air they play.
The elders around are drinking,
But not one cup will he quaff :
Oh, of what is the old man thinking,
As he leans on his oaken staff?

'Tis not with a vain repining
That the old man sheds a tear,
'Tis not for his strength declining—
He sighs not to linger here.
There's a spell in the air they play,
And the old man's eyes are dim,
For it calls up a past May-day,
And the dear friends lost to him.
From the scene before him shrinking,
From the dance and the merry laugh,
Of their calm repose he is thinking,
As he leans on his oaken staff.

T. H. BAILEY

6. OFT IN RELIGION'S NAME.

Too oft in pure Religion's name
Hath human blood been spilt,
And Pride hath claimed a patriot's fame,
To crown the deed of guilt.

Oh ! look not on the field of blood—

Religion is not there :

Her battle-field is solitude—

Her only watchword, Prayer !

The sable cowl ambition wears

To hide its laurel wreath ;

The spotless sword that virtue bears,

Will slumber in its sheath.

The truly brave fight not for fame,

Though fearless they go forth ;

They war not in religion's name—

They pray for peace on earth.

By them, that fear is never felt

Which weakly clings to life,

If shrines by which their fathers knelt

Be perilled in the strife.

Not theirs the heart that, spiritless,

From threatened wrong withdraws ;

Not theirs the vaunted holiness

That veils an earthly cause.

T. H. BAILEY

7. THE UNBELIEVER.

Is there an unbeliever ?

One man who walks the earth,

And madly doubts that Providence

Watched o'er him at his birth ?

He robs mankind forever

Of hopes beyond the tomb :

What gives he as a recompense ?

The brute's unhallowed doom.

In manhood's loftiest hour,

In health, and strength, and pride,

Oh ! lead his steps through valleys green,

Where rills 'mid cowslips glide :

Climb nature's granite tower,

Where man hath rarely trod ;

And will he then, in such a scene,

Deny there is a God ?

Yes—the proud heart will ever
 Prompt the false tongue's reply ;
 An omnipresent Providence
 Still madly he'll deny.
 But see the unbeliever
 Sinking in death's decay ;
 And hear the cry of penitence !—
 He never learnt to pray.

T. H. BAILEY

8. THE DREAM OF DARKNESS.

I HAD a dream ; and yet, methought,
 It was not all a dream :
 'Mid darkness brooding wide, I sought,
 But found no cheering beam.

At first there was one flickering ray,
 Which shot athwart the gloom,
 Like ghastly smile on rotting clay,
 Within the cold, damp tomb.

Long hours I strove, with painful gasp,
 To catch one breath of light ;
 But at my throat a demon's grasp
 Seemed laid with deadly might.

That glimmer fled, I cursed my birth ;
 I cursed the sun that gave ;
 For darkness pressed, like trodden earth,
 Upon a live man's grave.

Cold on my limbs, as on the dead,
 A clammy mold there came ;
 Foul slimy worms crawled there and fed—
 They gnawed my wasting frame.

A fire-fly once came flitting by ;
 A moment—it was gone :
 I saw (and prayed that I might die)
 A sister's skeleton.

That was the last ! Like guilty men,
 To black perdition hurled,
 No ray of hope was left me then—
 For darkness was the world.

RICHARD BACON, JR.

9. I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
 The house where I was born ;
 The little window where the sun
 Came peeping in at morn :
 He never came a wink too soon,
 Nor brought too long a day ;
 But now, I often wish the night
 Had borne my breath away !

I remember, I remember,
 The roses—red and white ;
 The violets and the lily-cups,
 Those flowers made of light !
 The lilacs where the robin built,
 And where my brother set
 The laburnum on his birth-day,—
 The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember,
 Where I was used to swing ;
 And thought the air must rush as fresh
 To swallows on the wing.
 My spirit flew in feathers then,
 That is so heavy now,
 And summer pools could hardly cool
 The fever on my brow !

I remember, I remember,
 The fir-trees dark and high ;
 I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky :
 It was a childish ignorance,
 But now 'tis little joy
 To know I'm further off from heaven
 Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.

10. GOLD.

GOLD! gold! gold! gold!
 Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
 Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;
 Heavy to get and light to hold;
 Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,
 Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled:
 Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old,
 To the very verge of the church-yard mold;
 Price of many a crime untold!
 Gold! gold! gold! gold!
 Good or bad a thousand-fold!
 How widely its agencies vary,—
 To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
 As even its minted coins express;
 Now stamped with the image of Good Queen Bess,
 And now of a Bloody Mary!

THOMAS HOOD

11. AVENGED HONOR.

HONOR, thou blood-stained god! at whose red altar
 Sit war and homicide, oh, to what madness
 Will insult drive thy votaries! By heaven! •
 In the world's range there does not breathe a man
 Whose brutal nature I more strove to soothe,
 With long forbearance, kindness, courtesy,
 Than his who fell by me. But he disgraced me,
 Stained me: oh, death and shame! the world looked on,
 And saw this sinewy savage strike me down;
 Rain blows upon me, drag me to and fro,
 On the base earth, like carrion. Desperation,
 In every fibre of my frame, cried vengeance!
 I left the room, which he had quitted: chance—
 Curse on the chance!—while boiling with my wrongs,
 Thrust me against him, darkling, in the street:
 I stabbed him to the heart; and my oppressor
 Rolled lifeless at my foot.
 E'en at the moment when I gave the blow,
 Butchered a fellow-creature in the dark,

I had all good men's love. But my disgrace,
 And my opponent's death, thus linked with it,
 Demanded notice of the magistracy.
 They summoned me, as friend would summon friend,
 To acts of import and communication.
 We met; and 'twas resolved, to stifle rumor,
 To put me on my trial. No accuser,
 No evidence appeared to urge it on:
 'Twas meant to clear my fame. How clear it then?
 How cover it? you say. Why, by a lie;
 Guilt's offspring and its guard. I taught this breast,
 Which truth once made her throne, to forge a lie;
 This tongue to utter it; rounded a tale,
 Smooth as a seraph's song from Satan's mouth;
 So well-compacted, that the o'erthronged court
 Disturbed cool justice in her judgment-seat,
 By shouting "innocence!" ere I had finished.
 The court enlarged me; and the giddy rabble
 Bore me in triumph home. Ay! look upon me.
 I know thy sight aches at me.
 I ask no consolation.
 Hurt honor, in an evil, curséd hour,
 Drove me to murder—lying: 'twould again.
 My honesty, sweet peace of mind, all, all
 Are bartered for a name. I will maintain it.
 Should slander whisper o'er my sepulchre,
 And my soul's agency survive in death,
 I could embody it with heaven's lightning,
 And the hot shaft of my insulted spirit
 Should strike the blaster of my memory
 Dead, in the church-yard.

COLMAN.

12. POSTHUMOUS FAME.

THIS honest soul
 Would fain look cheery in my house's gloom;
 And, like a gay and sturdy evergreen,
 Smiles in the midst of blast and desolation,
 Where all around him withers. Well, well, wither!
 Perish this frail and fickle frame,—this clay,
 That, in its dross-like compound, doth contain

The mind's pure ore and essence! Oh! that mind—
 That mind of man! that god-like spring of action!
 That source whence learning, virtue, honor, flow!
 Which lifts us to the stars; which carries us
 O'er the swoln waters of the angry deep,
 As swallows skim the air!—Thou fame's sole fountain,
 That doth transmit a fair and spotless name,
 When the vile trunk is rotten. Give me this—
 Oh, give me but to live in after age,
 Remember'd and unsullied!—Heaven and earth!
 Let my pure flame of honor shine in story,
 When I am cold in death, and the slow fire,
 That wears my vitals now, will no more move me,
 Than 'twould a corse within a monument!

COLMAN.

13. MONTEREY.

WE were not many—we who stood
 Before the iron sleet that day—
 Yet many a gallant spirit would
 Give half-his years if he but could
 Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot, it hailed
 In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
 Yet not a single soldier quailed
 When wounded comrades round them wailed
 Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on—still on our column kept
 Through walls of flame its withering way;
 Where fell the dead, the living slept,
 Still charging on the guns that swept
 The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
 When, striking where he strongest lay,
 We swooped his flanking batteries past,
 And braving full their murderous blast,
 Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
 And there our evening bugles play;

Where orange boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many—we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest,
Than not have been at Monterey?

C. F. HOFFMAN

14. BUENA VISTA.

FROM the Rio Grande's waters to the icy lakes of Maine,
Let all exult! for we have met the enemy again—
Beneath their stern old mountains, we have met them in their
pride,
And rolled from Buena Vista back the battle's bloody tide:
Where the enemy came surging, like the Mississippi's flood;
And the reaper, Death, was busy, with his sickle red with blood.

Santa Anna boasted loudly, that before two hours were past,
His lancers through Saltillo should pursue us thick and fast:
On came his solid regiments, line marching after line;
Lo! their great standards in the sun like sheets of silver shine!
With thousands upon thousands, yea, with more than four to one,
A forest of bright bayonets gleams fiercely in the sun!

Upon them with your squadrons, May!—Out leaps the flam-
ing steel!
Before his serried column, how the frightened lancers reel!
They flee amain.—Now to the left, to stay their triumph there,
Or else the day is surely lost in horror and despair:
For their hosts are pouring swiftly on, like a river in the spring—
Our flank is turned, and on our left their cannon thundering.

Now, brave artillery! Bold dragoons!—Steady, my men, and
calm!
Through rain, cold, hail, and thunder; now nerve each gallant arm!
What though their shot falls round us here, still thicker than
the hail!
We'll stand against them, as the rock stands firm against the gale.

Lo!—their battery is silenced now : our iron hail still showers :
They falter, halt, retreat!—Hurra! the glorious day is ours!

Now charge again, Santa Anna! or the day is surely lost;
For back, like broken waves, along our left your hordes are tossed.
Still louder roar two batteries—his strong reserve moves on;—
More work is there before you, men, ere the good fight is won;
Now for your wives and children stand! steady, my braves,
once more!

Now for your lives, your honor, fight! as you never fought
before.

Ho! Hardin breasts it bravely!—McKee and Bissell there
Stand firm before the storm of balls that fills the astonished air.
The lancers are upon them, too!—the foe swarms ten to one—
Hardin is slain—McKee and Clay the last time see the sun;
And many another gallant heart, in that last desperate fray,
Grew cold, its last thoughts turning to its loved ones far away.

Still sullenly the cannon roared—but died away at last;
And o'er the dead and dying came the evening shadows fast,
And then above the mountains rose the cold moon's silver
shield,

And patiently and pityingly looked down upon the field;—
And careless of his wounded, and neglectful of his dead,
Desparingly and sullen, in the night, Santa Anna fled.

ALBERT PIKE.

15. DARKNESS.

I HAD a dream, which was not *all* a dream.
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wander, darkling, in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind, and blackening, in the moonless air;
Morn came, and went—and came, and brought no day;
And men forgot their passions, in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light.

Some lay down,
And hid their eyes, and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;

And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up,
With mad disquietude, on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world ; and then again,
With curses, cast them down upon the dust,
And gnashed their teeth, and howled. The wild birds shrieked,
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings : the wildest brutes
Came tame, and tremulous ; and vipers crawled
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food.
The meager by the meager were devoured ;
Even dogs assailed their masters—all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds, and beasts, and famished men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws ; himself sought out no food,
But, with a piteous and perpetual moan,
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answered not with a caress—he died.

The crowd was famished by degrees ; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies ; they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place,
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things,
For an unholy usage : they raked up,
And, shivering, scraped, with their cold skeleton hands,
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame,
Which was a mockery : then they lifted
Their eyes, as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects : saw, and shrieked ; and died.
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written *fiend*. The world was void ;
The populous and the powerful was a lump—
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless ;
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths :
Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal ; as they dropped,
They slept, on the abyss, without a surge :
The waves were dead ; the tides were in their grave ;

The moon, their mistress, had expired before ;
 The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
 And the clouds perished : darkness had no need
 Of aid from them ; *she* was the *universe*.

BYRON

16. SOLITUDE.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
 To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
 Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
 And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely been ;
 To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
 With the wild flock, that never needs a fold ;
 Alone, o'er steeps and foaming folds to lean ;—
 This is not solitude ; 'tis but to hold
 Converse with nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled
 But, midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
 To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
 And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
 With none who bless us, none whom we can bless ;
 Minions of splendor, shrinking from distress !
 None, that, with kindred consciousness endued,
 If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
 Of all that flattered, followed, sought, and sued ;—
 This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude !

BYRON.

17. MAZEPPA.

"BRING forth the horse!"—the horse was brought ;
 In truth, he was a noble steed,
 A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
 Who looked as though the speed of thought
 Were in his limbs ; but he was wild,
 Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
 With spur and bridle undefiled—
 'Twas but a day he had been caught ;
 And snorting with erected mane,
 And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
 In the full foam of wrath and dread,

To me the desert-born was led :
 They bound me on, that menial throng,
 Upon his back with many a thong ;
 They loosed him with a sudden lash :
 Away ! away !—and on we dash !—
 Torrents less rapid and less rash.

Away, away, my steed and I,
 Upon the pinions of the wind,
 All human dwellings left behind ;
 We sped like meteors through the sky,
 When with its crackling sound, the night
 Is checkered with the northern light ;
 Town,—village,—none were on our track,
 But a wild plain of far extent,
 And bounded by a forest black ;
 The sky was dull, and dim, and gray,
 And a low breeze crept moaning by :
 I could have answered with a sigh ;
 But fast we fled, away, away,
 And I could neither sigh nor pray ;
 And my cold sweat-drops fell, like rain,
 Upon the courser's bristling mane.

We neared the wild-wood—'twas so wide,
 I saw no bounds on either side ;—
 The boughs gave way, and did not tear
 My limbs, and I found strength to bear
 My wounds, already scarred with cold—
 My bonds forbade to loose my hold.
 We rustled through the leaves like wind,
 Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind.
 By night I heard them on my track :
 Their troop came hard upon our back,
 With their long gallop, which can tire
 The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire :
 Where'er we flew they followed on,
 Nor left us with the morning sun.
 Oh ! how I wished for spear or sword,
 At least to die amidst the horde,
 And perish, if it must be so,
 At bay, destroying many a foe.
 My heart turned sick, my brain grew sore,
 And throbbed a while, then beat no more.

The skies spun like a mighty wheel :
 I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
 And a slight flash sprung o'er my eyes,
 Which saw no further : he who dies
 Can die no more than then I died,
 O'ertortured by that ghastly ride.

A trampling troop ; I see them come !
 In one vast squadron they advance !
 The sight renerved my courser's feet,
 A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
 A moment with a faint low neigh,
 He answered, and then fell ;
 With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,
 And reeking limbs immovable :

His first and last career is done !
 On came the troop—they saw him stoop,
 They saw me strangely bound along
 His back with many a bloody thong ;
 They snort—they foam—neigh—swerve aside,
 And backward to the forest fly,
 By instinct, from a human eye.

They left me there to my despair,
 Linked to the dead and stiffening wretch,
 Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,—
 Relieved from that unwonted weight,
 From which I could not extricate
 Nor him nor me ; and there we lay,
 The dying on the dead.

BYRON.

18. THE OCEAN.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 THERE is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 THERE is society where none intrudes,
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar :
 I love not man the less, but nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.
 Man marks the earth with ruin : his control
 Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own ;
 When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths, with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,—
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war,—
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee :
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
 Thy waters wasted them, while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since : their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage : their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts :—Not so thou :
 Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkles on *thine* azure brow :
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
 (Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving,)—boundless, endless, and sublime—
 The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
 Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

BYRON.

19. BELSHAZZAR'S VISION.

THE king was on his throne,
The satraps thronged the hall!
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deemed divine—
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless Heathen's wine.
In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand;
The fingers of a man;—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.
The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless waxed his look,
And tremulous his voice.
“Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear
Which mar our royal mirth.”
Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage:
They saw—but knew no more.
A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth.
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view;
He read it on that night—
The morrow proved it true.

“Belshazzar’s grave is made,
His kingdom passed away,
He, in the balance weighed,
Is light and worthless clay—
The shroud, his robe of state,
His canopy the stone :
The Mede is at his gate !
The Persian on his throne !”

BYRON.

20. THE SHIPWRECK.

As day advanced the weather seemed to abate,
And then the leak they reckoned to reduce,
And keep the ship afloat, though three feet yet
Kept two hand and one chain pump still in use.
The wind blew fresh again : as it grew late
A squall came on, and while some guns broke loose,
A gust—which all descriptive power transcends—
Laid with one blast the ship on her beam-ends.

Immediately the masts were cut away,
Both main and mizen ; first the mizen went,
The mainmast followed : but the ship still lay
Like a mere log, and baffled our intent.
Foremast and bowsprit were cut down, and they
Eased her at last (although we never meant
To part with all ’till every hope was blighted),
And then with violence the old ship righted.

’Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters ; like a veil,
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
Of one whose fate is masked but to assail.
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
And grimly darkled o’er the faces pale,
And the dim desolate deep : twelve days had Fear
Been their familiar, and now Death was here

At half-past eight o’clock, booms, hencoops, spars,
And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose,
That still could keep afloat the struggling tars ;
For yet they strove, although of no great use.

There was no light in heaven but a few stars ;—

The boats put off o'ercrowded with their crews :

She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,

And, going down head-foremost—sunk, in short.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—

Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave ;—

Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,

As eager to anticipate their grave ;

And the sea yawned around her like a hell,

And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,

Like one who grapples with his enemy,

And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rushed,

Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash

Of echoing thunder ; and then all was hushed,

Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash

Of billows ; but at intervals there gushed,

Accompanied with a convulsive splash,

A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry

Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

BYRON

21. THE BATTLE OF ALBUERA.

HARK ! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note ?

Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath ?

Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote,—

Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath

Tyrants and tyrants' slaves ? The fires of death,

The bale-fires, flash on high ;—from rock to rock,

Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe.

Death rides upon the sulphury siroc ;

Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

Lo ! where the Giant on the mountain stands !

His blood-red tresses deepening in the sun ;

With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,

And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon !

Restless it rolls ; now fixed, and now anon

Flashing afar ;—and at his iron feet,

Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done ;

For on this morn three potent nations meet,

To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet !

By heaven ! it is a splendid sight to see,—
For one who hath no friend nor brother there,—
Their rival scarfs of mixed embroidery—
Their various arms that glitter in the air !
What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their lair,
And gnash their fangs, loud-yelling for the prey !
All join the chase, but few the triumph share :
The grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,
And Havoc, scarce for joy, can number their array.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice ;
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high ;
Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies :
The shouts are, " France," " Spain," " Albion," " Victory !"
The foe, the victim, and the fond ally,
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,
Are met—as if at home they could not die—
To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,
And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain.

There shall they rot.—Ambition's honored fools !
Yes, Honor decks the turf that wraps their clay !
Vain sophistry ! in these behold the tools,—
The broken tools,—that tyrants cast away
By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
With human hearts—to what ?—a dream alone.
Can despots combat aught that hails their sway ?
Or call, with truth, one span of earth their own,
Save that wherein, at last, they crumble bone by bone ?

BYRON.

22. BRUTUS REPROACHING CASSIUS.

You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats :
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;
For I can raise no money by vile means :
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,

By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me :—was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,—
Dash him to pieces !

SHAKESPEARE

23. CARDINAL WOLSEY'S SOLILOQUY.

(This and the following selection may be spoken together or separately.)

FAREWELL, a long farewell to all my greatness !
This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope ;—to-morrow, blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him :
The third day comes a frost—a killing frost ;
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely,
His greatness is a ripening—nips his root ;
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory—
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride,
At length, broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye !
I feel my heart new opened. Oh ! how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors !
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,—
That sweet aspect of princes,—and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

SHAKESPEARE

24. CARDINAL WOLSEY'S ADDRESS TO CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear,
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.

Let's dry our eyes, and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
 And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of; say I taught thee—
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
 A sure and safe one—though thy master missed it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition!
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
 Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee:
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still, in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's: then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
 And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in——
 There take an inventory of all I have;
 To the last penny,—'tis the king's. My robe,
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all
 I dare now call my own. O Cromwell! Cromwell!
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my king, he would not, in mine age,
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

SHAKSPEARE.

 25. SOLILOQUY OF HENRY IV.

O SLEEP, gentle sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?
 O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile,

In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,
 A watch-case to a common 'larum bell?
 Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
 And, in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deafening clamors in the slippery shrouds,
 That, with the hurly, Death itself awakes?—
 Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy, in an hour so rude,
 And in the calmest and the stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy, lowly clown!
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

SHAKESPEARE.

 26. SOLILOQUY OF RICHARD III.

GIVE me another horse:—bind up my wounds:—
 Have mercy, Jesu:—soft; I did but dream!—
 O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
 The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.—
 What do I fear? Myself? There's none else by:
 Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
 Is there a murderer here? No: yes; I am.
 Then fly. What! From myself? Great reason; why?
 Lest I revenge. What! Myself on myself?
 I love myself? Wherefore? For any good
 That I myself have done unto myself?
 Oh, no, alas! I rather hate myself,
 For hateful deeds committed by myself.
 I am a villain: yet I lie; I am not.
 Fool, of thyself speak well:—fool, do not flatter:—
 My conscience hath a thousand several tongues;
 And every tongue brings in a several tale;
 And every tale condemns me for a villain.
 Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree,
 Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree,
 Throng to the bar, crying all, Guilty! guilty!
 I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me,

And, if I die, no soul will pity me :
Nay ; wherefore should they ; since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself ?—
Methought the souls of all that I had murdered
Came to my tent, and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

SHAKSPEARE.

27. THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms ;
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school : And then, the lover ;
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow : Then, a soldier ;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth : And then, the justice ;
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part : The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon ;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound : Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

SHAKSPEARE.

28. DESPAIR.

If thou be'st Death, I'll give thee England's treasures,
 Enough to purchase such another island,
 So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
 Bring me to my trial when you will;
 Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
 Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
 Oh! torture me no more: I will confess.
 Alive again? then show me where he is:
 I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him.
 He hath no eyes,—the dust hath blinded them.
 Comb down his hair: look! look! it stands upright,
 Like lime-twigs—to catch my winged soul.
 Give me some drink, and bid the apothecary
 Bring in the strong poison, that I bought of him.
 Henceforth let no man trust the first false step
 To guilt. It hangs upon a precipice,
 Whose deep descent in fast perdition ends.
 How far am I plunged down beyond all thought
 Which I this evening framed!
 Consummate horror! guilt beyond a name!
 Dare not my soul repent. In thee, repentance
 Were second guilt, and 'twere blaspheming heaven
 To hope for mercy. My pain can only cease
 When gods want power to punish. Ha! the dawn!
 Rise, never more, O sun! let night prevail—
 Eternal darkness close the world's wide scene,
 And hide me from myself.

SHAKESPEARE.

29. THE ADVICE OF POLONIUS TO HIS SON.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
 Be thou familiar; but by no means vulgar.
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of ev'ry new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
 Of entrance into quarrel! but, being in,

Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy : rich, not gaudy ;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be ;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This, above all—to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not, then, be false to any man.

SHAKSPEARE.

30. MERCY.

THE quality of mercy is not strained ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed ;
It blesteth him that gives, and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown :
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the fear and dread of kings :
But mercy is above the sceptered sway ;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice : therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy : I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea.

SHAKSPEARE.

31. MARK ANTONY'S ORATION.

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears :
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones :
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :
If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest
(For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men),
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
But Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause ;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle : I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent ;
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :

See, what a rent the envious Casca made :
Through this, the well-belovéd Brutus stabbed ;
And, as he plucked his curséd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it ;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no ;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !
This was the most unkindest cut of all :
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquished him : then burst his mighty heart ;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.

SHAKSPEARE.

32. ADDRESS OF MARULLUS TO THE MOB.

WHEREFORE rejoice ? that Cæsar comes in triumph !
What conquest brings he home ?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels ?
You blocks ! you stones ! you worse than senseless things !
Oh, you hard hearts ! you cruel men of Rome !
Knew you not Pompey ? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops—
Your infants in your arms—and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome :
And, when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made a universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath his banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in his concave shores ?
And do you now put on your best attire ?
And do you now cull out a holiday ?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,

That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
 Begone!———
 Run to your houses! fall upon your knees!
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague,
 That needs must light on this ingratitude!

SHAKESPEARE.

33. RICHMOND'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS.

FELLOWS in arms, and my most loving friends,
 Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,
 Thus far into the bowels of the land
 Have we marched on without impediment!
 Richard, the bloody and devouring boar,
 Whose ravenous appetite has spoiled your fields,
 Laid this rich country waste, and rudely cropped
 Its ripened hopes of fair prosperity,
 Is, now, even in the centre of the isle.
 God, and our good cause, fight upon our side:
 The prayers of holy saints, and wrongéd souls,
 Like high-reared bulwarks, stand before our faces.
 Thrice is he armed that has his quarrel just;
 And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted:
 The very weight of Richard's guilt shall crush him.
 Then let us on, my friends, and boldly face him!
 Advance your standards, draw your willing swords:
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
 Shall be this body on the earth's cold face;
 But if we thrive, the glory of the action
 The meanest soldier here shall share his part of.
 Advance your standards! Draw your willing swords!
 Sound drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully!
 The words, "St. George! Richmond! and victory!"

SHAKESPEARE.

34. SOLILOQUY OF HAMLET'S UNCLE.

OH! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
 It hath the primal, eldest curse upon it,

A brother's murder !—Pray I cannot,
 Though inclination be as sharp as 'twill,
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent.
 And like a man to double business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. What if this 'curséd hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood ;
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
 To wash it white as snow ? Whereto serves mercy,
 But to confront the visage of offence ?
 And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,
 To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
 Or pardoned being down ?—Then I'll look up ;
 My fault is past. But oh, what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn ? “ Forgive me my foul murder ! ”
 That cannot be ; since I am still possessed
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
 May one be pardoned, and retain the offence ?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law : but 'tis not so above ;
 There, is no shuffling ; there, the action lies
 In his true nature ; and we ourselves compelled,
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then ?—what rests ?
 Try what repentance can : what can it not ?
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?
 Oh wretched state ! oh bosom, black as death !
 Oh liméd soul ; that struggling to be free,
 Art more engaged ! Help, angels ! make assay !
 Bow, stubborn knees ; and heart, with strings of steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe !
 All may be well.

SHAKSPEARE.

35. CHEERFULNESS.

LET me play the fool ;
 With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come ;
 Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
 Sit like like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?

Sleep when he wakes ? and creep into the jaundice
 By being peevish ? I tell thee what, Antonio,
 I love thee, and it is my love that speaks :
 There are a sort of men, whose visages
 Do cream and mantle like a standing pond ;
 And do a wilful stillness entertain,
 With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
 As who should say, *I am Sir Oracle,*
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark !
 Oh, my Antonio, I do know of these,
 That therefore only are reputed wise,
 For saying nothing ; who, I am very sure,
 If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
 Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
 I'll tell thee more of this another time ;
 But fish not with this melancholy bait,
 For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.

SHAKESPEARE

 36. HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

To be, or not to be, that is the question ;—
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them ? To die,—to sleep,—
 No more ;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to : 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep ;—
 To sleep ! perchance to dream ;—ay, there's the rub :
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause. There's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life ;
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make

With a bare bodkin ? Who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,—
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of ?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

SHAKSPEARE

37. ROYAL CEREMONY.

O, HARD condition ! twin-born with greatness ;
 Subjected to the breath of every fool,
 Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing.
 What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,
 That private men enjoy !
 And what have kings that privates have not too,
 Save ceremony—save general ceremony ?
 And what art thou, thou idol ceremony ?
 What kind of god art thou, that sufferest more
 Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers ?
 What are thy rents ? what are thy comings in ?
 O ceremony, show me but thy worth !
 What is thy soul of adoration ?
 Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
 Creating awe and fear in other men ?
 Wherein thou art less happy, being feared,
 Than they in fearing.
 What drinkest thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
 But poisoned flattery ? Oh, be sick, great greatness,
 And bid thy ceremony give thee cure !
 Thinkest thou, the fiery fever will go out
 With titles blown from adulation ?
 Will it give place to flexure and low bending ?
 Canst thou, when thou commandest the beggar's knee,
 Command the health of it ? No, thou proud dream,

That playest so subtly with a king's repose :
 I am a king that find thee ; and I know,
 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
 The farcéd title running 'fore the king,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
 That beats upon the high shore of this world,—
 No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony—
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
 Who, with a body filled, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread ;
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell ;
 But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium ; next day, after dawn,
 Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse ;
 And follows so the ever-running year
 With profitable labor, to his grave :
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.

SHAKESPEARE

38. SOLILOQUY OF KING HENRY VI.

O God ! methinks it were a happy life,
 To be no better than a homely swain ;
 To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
 Thereby to see the minutes how they run :
 How many make the hour full complete,
 How many hours bring about the day,
 How many days will finish up the year,
 How many years a mortal man may live.
 When this is known, then to divide the times :
 So many hours must I tend my flock ;
 So many hours must I take my rest ;
 So many hours must I contemplate ;
 So many hours must I sport myself ;
 So many days my ewes have been with young ,

So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
 So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
 So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
 Passed over to the end they were created,
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
 Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
 Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
 To kings, that fear their subjects treachery?
 Oh, yes it doth; a thousand-fold it doth!
 And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,—
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couched in a curious bed,
 When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

SHAKSPEARE.

 39. CLARENCE'S DREAM.

OH, I have passed a miserable night,
 So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
 That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
 I would not spend another such a night,
 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
 So full of dismal terror was the time.
 Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
 And was embarked to cross to Burgundy,
 And, in my company, my brother Gloster;
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
 Upon the hatches: thence we looked towards England,
 And cited up a thousand heavy times,
 During the wars of York and Lancaster,
 That had befallen us. As we paced along
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 Methought that Gloster stumbled; and in falling,
 Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.
 O Lord! methought what pain it was to drown:

What dreadful noise of water in my ears :
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;
A thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon ;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea :
Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.
Oh, then began the tempest to my soul !
I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cried aloud,—What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ?
And so he vanished : Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood, and he shrieked out aloud,—
Clarence is come—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury ;
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments !
With that, methought a legion of foul fiends
Environed me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell :
Such terrible impression made my dream.

SHAKESPEARE

40. MARMION AND THE DOUGLAS.

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride ;
He had safe conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide.

The train from out the castle drew ;
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu :—

“Though something I might plain,” he said,
“Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king’s behest,

While in Tantallon’s towers I staid ;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble earl, receive my hand.”
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke :—

“My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
Be open at my sovereign’s will,
To each one whom he lists, howe’er
Unmeet to be the owner’s peer :
My castles are my king’s alone,
From turret to foundation-stone,—
The hand of Douglas is his own ;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp.”
Burned Marmion’s swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,

And—“This to me!” he said :

“An ’twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion’s had not spared

To cleave the Douglas’ head !

And first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He who does England’s message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate :
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,

Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword),

I tell thee, thou’rt defied !

And if thou saidst, I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,

Lord Angus, thou hast lied !”

On the Earl’s cheek the flush of rage
O’ercame the ashen hue of age ;
Fierce he broke forth :—“And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall ?

And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go ?
 No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no !
 Up drawbridge, grooms—what, warder, ho !

Let the portcullis fall."

Lord Marmion turned—well was his need,
 And dashed the rowels in his steed,
 Like arrow through the archway sprung,
 The ponderous grate behind him rung :
 To pass there was such scanty room,
 The bars, descending, razed his plume.

WALTER SCOTT.

41. THE DEATH OF MARMION.

WITH that, straight up the hill there rode
 Two horsemen drenched with gore,
 And in their arms, a helpless load,
 A wounded knight they bore.
 His hand still strained the broken brand ;
 His arms were smeared with blood and sand ;
 Dragged from among the horses' feet,
 With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
 The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
 Can that be haughty Marmion ?
 When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
 Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare :
 "Where's Harry Blount ? Fitz-Eustace where ?
 Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare !
 Redeem my pennon—charge again !
 Cry—' Marmion to the rescue !'—Vain !
 Last of my race, on battle-plain
 That shout shall ne'er be heard again !—
 Yet my last thought is England's—fly !
 Must I bid twice ?—hence, varlets ! fly !
 Leave Marmion here alone—to die."
 They parted, and alone he lay :
 With fruitless labor Clara bound,
 And strove to stanch the gushing wound :
 The Monk, with unavailing cares,
 Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
 Ever, he said, that, close and near,
 A lady's voice was in his ear,

And that the priest he could not hear ;
 For that she ever sung,
 " In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying !"
 So the notes rung :—
 " Avoid thee, Fiend !—with cruel hand,
 Shake not the dying sinner's sand !
 Oh look, my son, upon yon sign
 Of the Redeemer's grace divine ;
 Oh think on faith and bliss !
 By many a death-bed I have been,
 And many a sinner's parting seen,
 But never aught like this."
 The war, that for a space did fail,
 Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
 And—Stanley ! was the cry.
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,
 And fired his glazing eye :
 With dying hand, above his head,
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted " Victory !—
 Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley, on !"
 Were the last words of Marmion.

WALTER SCOTT.

 42. THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 " This is my own, my native land ?"
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand ?
 If such there breathe, go mark him well :
 For him, no minstrel raptures swell ;
 High though his titles, power, or pelf,
 The wretch, concentred all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

WALTER SCOTT.

43. RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.

FRIENDS,

I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thralldom. We are slaves !
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves !—He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave. Not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame ;
But base ignoble slaves—slaves to a horde
Of petty despots, feudal tyrants ; lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages ;
Strong in some hundred spearmen, only great
In that strange spell, a name. Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cry out against them. But this very day,
An honest man—my neighbor ;—there he stands ;—
Was struck—struck like a dog—by one who wore
The badge of Ursini ; because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian. Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor ?—men, and wash not
The stain away in blood ? Such shames are common :
I have known deeper wrongs,—I that speak to ye.
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy. Oh, how I loved
That gracious boy ! Younger by fifteen years :
Brother at once and son ! He left my side ;
A summer-bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
The pretty harmless boy was slain ! I saw
His corse, his mangled corse ; and then I cried
For vengeance— Rouse ye, Romans ! rouse ye, slaves !
Have ye brave sons ? Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die. Have ye fair daughters ? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms—distained,
Dishonored ; and if ye dare to call for justice,
Be answered with the lash ! Yet this is Rome
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world ! And we are Romans !

Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
 Was greater than a king ! And once again,—
 Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
 Of either Brutus !—Once again, I swear,
 The Eternal City shall be free !

MARY R. MITFORD.

44. SPEECH OF SEMPRONIUS FOR WAR.

My voice is still for war.
 Gods ! can a Roman senate long debate,
 Which of the two to choose—slavery or death ?
 No ; let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
 And, at the head of our remaining troops,
 Attack the foe ; break through the thick array
 Of his thronged legions, and charge home upon him.
 Perhaps some arm more lucky than the rest
 May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
 Rise, fathers, rise ! 'tis Rome demands your help ;
 Rise, and revenge her slaughtered citizens,
 Or share their fate ! The corpse of half her senate
 Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
 Sit here, deliberating in cold debates,
 If we should sacrifice our lives to honor,
 Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
 Rouse up, for shame ! our brothers of Pharsalia
 Point at their wounds, and cry aloud, "To battle !
 Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
 And Scipio's ghost walks unrevenged amongst us !

ADDISON

45. SPEECH OF LUCIUS FOR PEACE.

My thoughts, I must confess, are turned on peace.
 Already have our quarrels filled the world
 With widows and with orphans. Scythia mourns
 Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
 Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome.
 'Tis time to sheathe the sword and spare mankind.
 It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers :

The gods declare against us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle
(Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair),
Were to refuse the awards of Providence,
And not to rest in heaven's determination.
Already have we shown our love to Rome :
Now let us show submission to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the commonwealth : when this end fails,
Arms have no further use ;—our country's cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests them from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood
Unprofitably shed. What men could do
Is done already : heaven and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

ADDISON.

46. SPEECH OF CATO.

LET us appear nor rash nor diffident :
Immoderate valor swells into a fault ;
And fear, admitted into public councils,
Betrays, like treason. Let us shun them both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
Are grown thus desperate : we have bulwarks round us ;
Within our walls are troops, inured to toil
In Afric's heats, and seasoned to the sun :
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise, at its young prince's call.
While there is hope, do not distrust the gods ;
But wait, at least, till Cæsar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time ?
No, let us draw her term of freedom out,
In its full length, and spin it to the last.
So shall we gain still one day's liberty ;
And let me perish ; but, in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

ADDISON

47. THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

O'ER a low couch the setting sun had thrown its latest ray,
Where, in his last strong agony, a dying warrior lay—
The stern old Baron Rudiger, whose frame had ne'er been bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength had spent.

"They come around me here, and say my days of life are o'er,
That I shall mount my noble steed, and lead my band no more;
They come, and, to my beard, they dare to tell me now that I,
Their own liege lord and master born, that I—ha! ha!—must
die.

"And what is death? I've dared him oft, before the Paynim
spear;—

Think ye he's entered at my gate—has come to seek me here?
I've met him, faced him, scorned him, when the fight was raging
hot;—

I'll try his might—I'll brave his power; defy, and fear him not.

"Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower, and fire the culverin;
Bid each retainer arm with speed: call every vassal in.
Up with my banner on the wall,—the banquet-board prepare,—
Throw wide the portal of my hall, and bring my armor there!"

An hundred hands were busy then: the banquet forth was
spread,
And rung the heavy oaken floor with many a martial tread;
While from the rich, dark tracery, along the vaulted wall,
Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear, o'er the proud
old Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate, the mailed retainers
poured,

On through the portal's frowning arch, and thronged around the
board;

While at its head, within his dark, carved, oaken chair of state,
Armed cap-à-pie, stern Rudiger, with girded falchion, sate.

"Fill every beaker up, my men,—pour forth the cheering wine!
There's life and strength in every drop—thanksgiving to the
vine!

Are ye all there, my vassals true?—mine eyes are waxing dim:
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each goblet to the brim!

"Ye're there; but yet I see ye not. Draw forth each trusty sword,

And let me hear your faithful steel clash once around my board
I hear it faintly. Louder yet!—What clogs my heavy breath?
Up all, and shout for Rudiger, 'Defiance unto Death!'"

Bowl rang to bowl, steel clanged to steel, and rose a deafening cry,

That made the torches flare around, and shook the flags on high.
"Ho! cravens, do ye fear him?—Slaves, traitors, have ye flown?
Ho! cowards, have ye left me to meet him here alone?"

"But I defy him:—let him come!" Down rang the massy cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade came flashing half-way up;
And, with the black and heavy plumes, scarce trembling on his head,

There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair, old Rudiger sat dead.

ALBERT G. GREENE.

48. BERNARDO AND KING ALPHONSO.

With some good ten of his chosen men,
Bernardo hath appeared,

Before them all in the palace hall,
The lying king to beard;

With cap in hand and eye on ground,
He came in reverend guise,

But ever and anon he frowned,
And flame broke from his eyes.

"A curse upon thee," cries the king,

"Who com'st unbid to me!

But what from traitor's blood should spring,
Save traitor like to thee?

His sire, lords, had a traitor's heart,—
Perchance our champion brave

May think it were a pious part
To share Don Sancho's grave."

"Whoever told this tale,

The king hath rashness to repeat,"

Cries Bernard, "here my gage I fling
Before the liar's feet.

No treason was in Sancho's blood,—
No stain in mine doth lie :
Below the throne, what knight will own
The coward calumny ?

"Ye swore upon your kingly faith,
To set Don Sancho free ;
But, curse upon your paltering breath !
The light he ne'er did see :
He died in dungeon cold and dim,
By Alphonso's base decree ;
And visage blind, and mangled limb,
Were all they gave to me.

"The king that swerveth from his word,
Hath stained his purple black :
No Spanish lord shall draw his sword
Behind a liar's back.
But noble vengeance shall be mine ;
And open hate I'll show ;—
The king hath injured Carpio's line,
And Bernard is his foe !"

"Seize—seize him !" loud the king doth scream :
"There are a thousand here ;
Let his foul blood this instant stream ;—
What ! caitiffs, do ye fear ?
Seize—seize the traitor !" But not one
To move a finger dareth :
Bernardo standeth by the throne,
And calm his sword he bareth.

He drew the falchion from its sheath,
And held it up on high ;
And all the hall was still as death :—
Cries Bernard, "Here am I ;
And here's the sword that owns no lord,
Excepting heaven and me :
Fain would I know who dares its point,—
King, condé, or grandee."

Then to his mouth his horn he drew,—
It hung below his cloak ;
His ten true men the signal knew,
And through the ring they broke.

With helm on head, and blade in hand,
 The knights the circle break,
 And back the lordlings 'gan to stand,
 And the false king to quake.

"Ha! Bernard!" quoth Alphonso,
 "What means this warlike guise?
 Ye know full well I jested;—
 Ye know your worth I prize!"
 But Bernard turned upon his heel,
 And, smiling, passed away.
 Long rued Alphonso and Castile
 The *jesting* of that day!

J. G. LOCKHART

49. THE TAKING OF WARSAW.

WHEN leagued Oppression poured to northern wars
 Her whiskered pandoors and her fierce hussars,
 Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
 Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn;
 Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
 Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion, from her height surveyed
 Wide o'er the fields; a waste of ruin laid,—
 Oh! Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save:
 Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
 Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
 Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
 By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
 And swear for her to live!—with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed
 His trusty warriors few, but undismayed!
 Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
 Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
 Low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
 Revenge or death,—the watchword and reply;
 Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
 And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!—

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few,
 From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew:—

Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
 Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
 Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
 Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
 Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
 Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career:—
 Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
 And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell.

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there:
 Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
 On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
 His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below:
 The storm prevails, the ramparts yield away,
 Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay;
 Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
 A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
 Earth shook—red meteors flashed along the sky,
 And conscious nature shuddered at the cry!

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
 Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
 Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
 Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
 Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
 And make her arm puissant as your own!
 Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
 The patriot Tell—the Bruce of Bannockburn!

CAMPBELL.

50. THE SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

OUR band is few, but true and tried,—
 Our leader frank and bold;
 The British soldier trembles
 When Marion's name is told.
 Our fortress is the good green wood,
 Our tent the cypress-tree;
 We know the forest round us,
 As seamen know the sea.
 We know its walls of thorny vines,
 Its glades of reedy grass,

Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light, at midnight,
A strange and sudden fear:
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlight plain;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away,
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band,
With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more,
Till we have driven the Briton
Forever from our shore.

BRYANT.

51. THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree,
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long ;
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat ;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week out, week in, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the old kirk chimes,
When the evening sun is low.

And children, coming home from school,
Look in at the open door :
They love to see a flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks, that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes, on Sunday, to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
A tear from out his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes :
 Each morning sees some task begin,
 Each evening sees it close ;
 Something attempted, something done,
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
 For the lesson thou hast taught !
 Thus, at the flaming forge of Life,
 Our fortunes must be wrought ;
 Thus, on its sounding anvil shaped,
 Each burning deed, and thought.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

52. ALARIC THE VISIGOTH.

Alaric stormed and spoiled the city of Rome, and was afterwards buried in the channel of the river Busentius, the water of which had been diverted from its course that the body might be interred.

WHEN I am dead, no pageant train
 Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,
 Nor worthless pomp of homage vain
 Stain it with hypocritic tear ;
 For I will die as I did live,
 Nor take the boon I cannot give.

Ye shall not pile, with servile toil,
 Your monuments upon my breast,
 Nor yet within the common soil
 Lay down the wreck of power to rest ;
 Where man can boast that he has trod
 On him that was "the scourge of God."

But ye the mountain stream shall turn,
 And lay its secret channel bare,
 And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,
 A resting-place forever there :
 Then bid its everlasting springs
 Flow back upon the king of kings ;
 And never be the secret said,
 Until the deep give up his dead.

My gold and silver ye shall fling
Back to the clods, that gave them birth ;
The captured crowns of many a king,
The ransom of a conquered earth :
For, e'en though dead, will I control
The trophies of the capitol.

My course was like a river deep,
And from the northern hills I burst
Across the world, in wrath to sweep ;
And where I went the spot was cursed,
Nor blade of grass again was seen
Where Alaric and his hosts had been.

Not for myself did I ascend
In judgment my triumphal car ;
'Twas God alone on high did send
The avenging Scythian to the war,
To shake abroad, with iron hand,
The appointed scourge of his command.
With iron hand that scourge I reared
O'er guilty king and guilty realm ;
Destruction was the ship I steered,
And vengeance sat upon the helm,
When, launched in fury on the flood,
I ploughed my way through seas of blood,
And, in the stream their hearts had spilt,
Washed out the long arrears of guilt.

Across the everlasting Alp
I poured the torrent of my powers,
And feeble Cæsars shrieked for help,
In vain, within their seven-hilled towers :
I quenched in blood the brightest gem
That glittered in their diadem,
And struck a darker, deeper dye
In the purple of their majesty,
And bade my northern banners shine
Upon the conquered Palatine.

My course is run, my errand done ;
I go to Him from whom I came ;
But never yet shall set the sun
Of glory that adorns my name ;

And Roman hearts shall long be sick,
When men shall think of Alaric.

My course is run, my errand done ;
But darker ministers of fate,
Impatient, round the eternal throne,
And in the caves of vengeance, wait ;
And soon mankind shall blench away
Before the name of Attila.

EDWARD EVERETT.

53. WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree !
Touch not a single bough !
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot ;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not !
That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down ?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke !
Cut not its earth-bound ties ;
Oh, spare that agéd oak,
Now towering to the skies !

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade ;
In all their gushing joy
Here too my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here ;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand !

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend !
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.

Old tree ! the storm still brave !
And, woodman, leave the spot ;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not !

GEORGE P. MORRIS

54. THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

UPON the barren sand
A single captive stood,
Around him came, with bow and brand,
The red men of the wood.
Like him of old, his doom he hears,
Rock-bound on ocean's rim ;
The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,
And breathed a prayer for him.

Above his head in air,
The savage war-club swung,
The frantic girl, in wild despair,
Her arms about him flung.
Then shook the warriors of the shade,
Like leaves on aspen limb,
Subdued by that heroic maid
Who breathed a prayer for him.

"Unbind him !" gasped the chief,
"Obey your king's decree !"
He kissed away her tears of grief,
And set the captive free.
'Tis ever thus, when in life's storm,
Hope's star to man grows dim,
An angel kneels in woman's form,
And breathes a prayer for him.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

55. THE MOTHERS OF THE WEST.

THE mothers of our forest-land !
Stout-hearted dames were they ;
With nerve to wield the battle-brand,
And join the border fray.

Our rough land had no braver,
In its days of blood and strife—
Aye ready for severest toil,
Aye free to peril life.

The mothers of our forest-land !
On old Kentucky's soil
How shared they, with each dauntless band,
War's tempest and life's toil !
They shrank not from the foeman—
They quailed not in the fight—
But cheered their husbands through the day,
And soothed them through the night.

The mothers of our forest-land !
Their bosoms pillowed men !
And proud were they by such to stand,
In hammock, fort, or glen,
To load the sure old rifle—
To run the leaden ball—
To watch a battling husband's place,
And fill it, should he fall !

The mothers of our forest-land !
Such were their daily deeds :
Their monument !—where does it stand ?
Their epitaph !—who reads ?
No braver dames had Sparta,
No nobler matrons Rome—
Yet who or lauds or honors them,
E'en in their own green home ?

The mothers of our forest-land !
They sleep in unknown graves :
And had they borne and nursed a band
Of ingrates, or of slaves,
They had not been more neglected !
But their graves shall yet be found,
And their monuments dot here and there
"The Dark and Bloody Ground."

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

56. THE INDIAN COUNCIL.

THE trunks of oaken monarchs, huge and tall,
 Were the rough columns of the Council Hall ;
 Thick boughs were interwoven overhead,
 And winds made music with their leafy pall :
 Below, a tangled sea of brushwood spread,
 Through which, to far-off wild, the beaten war-path led.

Few were the whites in number, and about
 The council-fire were gathered dusky throngs
 From whose dark bosoms time had not washed out
 The bitter memory of recent wrongs.
 Some longed to wake their ancient battle-songs,
 And on the reeking spoils of conflict gaze—
 Bind the pale captive to the stake with thongs,
 And hellish yells of exultation raise,
 While shrivelled up his form, and blackened in the blaze.

The compact for a cession of their land
 Was nearly ended, when a far-famed chief
 Rose with the lofty bearing of command,
 Though lip and brow denoted inward grief :
 Naught broke the silence save the rustling leaf
 And the low murmur of the lulling wave ;
 He drew his blanket round him, and a brief
 But proud description of his fathers gave,
 Then spoke of perished tribes and glory in the grave.

" And who be ye ?" he said in scornful tones,
 And glance of kindling hate—" who offer gold
 For hunting-grounds made holy by the bones
 Of our great seers and sagamores of old ?
 Men who would have our hearths and altars cold—
 Unstring the bow, and break the hunting-spear—
 Our pleasant huts with sheeted flame enfold,
 Then drive our starving, wailing race in fear
 Beyond the western hills, like broken herds of deer !

" Wake, On-gue-hon-we ! strike the painted post,
 And gather quickly for the conflict dire ;
 Yon Long-Knives are forerunners of a host
 Thick as the sparks when prairies are on fire :
 Let childhood grasp the weapon of his sire—

Arm, arm for deadly struggle, one and all,
 While wives and babes to secret haunts retire ;
 The ghosts of buried fathers on ye call
 To guard their ancient tombs from sacrilege, or fall !”

Dark forms rose up, and brows began to lower,
 While many a savage eye destruction glared ;
 But one came forth in that portentous hour,
 Ere shaft was aimed, or dagger fully bared,
 And hushed the storm. Old Honneyawus dared
 His voice upraise ; and by his friendly aid
 The knife was sheathed, the pioneer was spared.
 Above that humane warrior of the shade
 Let marble tell the tale in lines that cannot fade.

W. H. C. HOMER.

57. THE PIONEERS OF AMERICA.

Our hardy pioneers, the men who—nursed
 Amid the blooming fields of cultured lands—
 Forsook the scenes of infancy, and first
 With hearts of lofty daring and strong hands
 Pierced old primeval groves—by hunter bands,
 And beasts of carnage tenanted alone—
 And lit their camp-fires on the lonely strands
 Of lakes and seas, to geographer unknown,
 Deserve the bard’s high lay, the sculptor’s proudest stone.

Noblest of human conquerors were they !
 For, mighty though the bonds that bound the heart
 To home and its endearments, far away
 From mourning kindred and the crowded mart,
 And earth for funeral uses set apart,
 Where lay their honored dead in solemn rest,
 They bore the precious seed of useful art
 To wild, benighted regions of the West ;
 Since the creation-day in unpruned beauty dressed.

Let ruin lift his arm, and crush in dust
 The glittering sarcophagus of kings,
 And, changing crown and sceptre into rust
 Doom them to sleep among forgotten things ;
 Let Time o’ershadow with his dusky wings

Warriors who guilty eminence have gained,
And drank renown at red, polluted springs—
Sacked peaceful towns—the holy shrine profaned—
And to their chariot wheels the groaning captive chained :

But the self-exiled Britons who behind
Left transatlantic luxuries, and gave
Their parting salutations to the wind,
And, scorning the vile languor of the slave,
Rocked with the little May Flower on the wave,
To immortality have prouder claim.
Let the bright Muse of History engrave
Their names in fadeless characters of flame,
And give their wondrous tales an everlasting fame.

No empty vision of unbounded power—
No dream of wild romance—no thirst for gold
Lured them from merry England's hall and bower,
Her Sabbath chime of bells, her hamlet old :
At home religious bigotry controlled
The struggling wing of thought ; a gloomy cloud,
Charged with despotic wrath, above them rolled ;
And haunts they sought where man might walk unbowed,
And sacred truth might raise her warning voice aloud.

W. H. C. HOSMER

58. THE INDIAN TRIBES.

TRIBES of the Indian League ! from ancient seats
Swept by the whites like Autumn leaves away
Faint are your records of heroic feats,
And few the traces of your former sway ;
Loved woodland haunts, deep, shadowy, and gray,
No longer wave defiance to the roar
And rush of whirlwinds 'mid their cool retreats ;
The wild beast harbors in their depths no more,
And ploughmen turn the glebe they darkly clothed of yore.

Tribes of the Mighty ! dwindled to a few,
Dejected, trampled children of despair ;
And only like your ancestors in hue,
And the wild beauty of their flowing hair ;

With laughter rude inquisitors lay bare
The ghastly secrets of your green old graves,
To molder, piecemeal, in dissolving air;
Forgetful of past glory, when your braves
Surrounding nations made poor, weak, dependent slaves.

Where are your hoary Magi—wrinkled seers—
Clad in their dread apparelling, who made
Rude, rocky altars, stained and mossed with years,
And held terrific orgies in the shade?
Where is the pliant oar of slender blade
That urged the birchen vessel on the stream?
Long council halls with cedar bark o'erlaid?
Gone, like the shapes that populate a dream,
Or twinkling dew, drunk up by morn's effulgent beam:

And where those whooping legions, fierce and free,
Who back the tide of French invasion bore,
Defeating warriors trained beyond the sea,
And bathing guarded Montreal in gore?
Their day of power is ended, and no more
Ring out their pæans louder than the sound
Of booming waters on an iron shore,
While captive hundreds, bleeding, faint, and bound,
Expire in flame, or fall transpierced by many a wound.

Where are your thrilling orators, who caught
Their eloquence from nature, and allied
Wild powers of fancy to the glow of thought,
And grace of gesture to ancestral pride?
Their sylvan voices on the wind have died:
And your last master of the honeyed tone,
Commanding port and gesture dignified,
No longer wails an empire overthrown,
And near his couch of dust, Niagara makes moan.

W. H. C. HOSMER.

59. DEATH'S MISSION.

Go, Death, to thy mission! The mandate was given,
And the echo rolled back through the chambers of heaven,
Then faint in the distance its mutterings grew,
And a being of horror came forth to my view!
He seemed one commissioned for terrible deeds,

For dark was his chariot, and pale were his steeds ;
One hand grasped a sceptre, the other a dart,
And the glow of his eye told the pride of his heart ;
The Sun, at his glance, shed a sicklier ray,
And Nature, astonished, in fear shrunk away ;
The heavens grew black at his pestilent breath,
And owned him the monarch invincible—Death !
He cast a proud glance over Earth's happy throng,
And breathed to the Nations his horrible song :

“ I am lord of the Earth ; I am lord of the Main ;
All Nature I hold in my withering chain :
From my shadowy realm, in the chambers of night,
I will come on my pathway of mildew and blight :
The surest destruction 'tis mine to impart ;
My arrow shall pierce to the manliest heart ;
I will shroud man's proud hopes in the darkness of gloom,
And bear him from all that he loves, to the tomb !

“ I will visit the couch of the mother's first-born,
And the mother, despairing, shall sorrow forlorn ;
I will tear the fond wife from her little-ones' clasp,
She must come at my call, she must shrink from their grasp ;
The father, though dear to the group of his heart,
From his wife and his infants forever must part :
In the hall of affection my banner shall wave—
I am lord of the Earth, I am lord of the Grave !

“ I will visit the sage, when, through night's lonely hours,
O'er the lore of past ages devoutly he pores ;
He shall cease his pursuits, he must molder to dust—
No learning can save—I am true to my trust !
I will come to the dungeon, an angel of peace,
And grant to the captives a joyful release ;
Their chains cannot bind, they will come at my call,
And sorrow no longer shall hold them in thrall !

“ I will curb mad Ambition, when wading through blood,
And mounting the throne o'er the hearts of the good ;
I will call upon avarice, toiling for dust ;
His treasures, forsaken, neglected shall rust :
The scoffer shall start at my coming, and quail,
And the stoutest transgressor turn suddenly pale :

“ Mortal ! proud mortal ! prepare for my call :
Thou shalt sleep, at the last, 'neath my curtaining pall !

I will come—the dread herald of woe to the gay,
 When the giddy and careless will think me away!
 I will come—and the hall shall be shrouded with gloom,
 And arrayed with the emblems of Death and the tomb!
 Be prepared! that my summons shall cause no affright—
 For my arrow is noiseless—my footstep is light!"

C. W. EVEREST

60. DEATH'S TRIUMPHS.

I WILL spare neither innocence nor truth;
 The aged, the manly, nor childhood, nor youth;
 The monarch will find that no sceptre can save;
 The beggar must go down with me to the grave;
 The sad and forlorn, with the happy and gay,
 Must leave all behind them, and hasten away:
 Man alike is my prey, nor shall favor be shown—
 I will give each an arrow, a pall, and a stone!

I will visit the proud one, exulting in state,
 Who shall spurn the poor beggar that kneels at his gate:
 I will humble his might; I will sadden his hall;
 And his couch shall be spread with my funeral pall!
 I will come to the orphan, despised and rejected;
 I will visit the widow, by false friends neglected;
 And the lordlings who left them in sorrow to sigh,
 By conscience affrighted, despairing shall die!

I will go where is echoed the bacchanal's song,
 And enter, unseen, with the revelling throng:
 Woe! woe! when the red wine by me shall be poured,
 The lights shall go out round the festival board!
 I will visit the gamester's low hall of despair,
 And alas for the lip that shall welcome me there:
 The wild curse of horror no more shall be said,
 But the blood-gushing bosom be crushed 'neath my tread!

I will visit the good man, to sickness a prey,
 And bid him prepare for a happier day!
 He will not be affrighted, but welcome me on;
 He is tired of the world, and he longs to be gone;
 He knows I will calm all the woes of his breast,
 And bear him away to a mansion of rest;

He will not plead to linger where pleasure is sad,
But will smile at my presence, look up, and be glad !

Thus boasted the Monarch, and onward he rode,
To bear his destruction in terror abroad !
His shafts, all unerring, sped fatal and wide,
And the dead and the dying fell thick by his side ;
No pity could move him, no terror could stay,
But to Death's silent valley he bore them away.

I looked o'er creation : where, where was her throng,
So giddy in pleasure, so happy in song ?
Ah ! their glad hearts were stifled, and hushed was their breath,
For Earth's countless millions were sleeping in death ;
There were "heaps upon heaps" of the mangled and slain—
The Tyrant had boasted, nor boasted in vain !
'Twas a horrible scene ; not a breath—not a groan—
And Death, the proud victor, was stalking alone !

C. W. EVEREST.

61. THE AGED PRISONER.

Look on him !—through his dungeon grate,
Feebly and cold, the morning light
Comes stealing round him dim and late,
As though it loathed the sight.
Reclining on his strawy bed,
His hand upholds his drooping head—
His bloodless cheek is seamed and hard,
Unshorn his gray, neglected beard ;
And o'er his bony fingers flow
His long, dishevelled locks of snow.

No grateful fire before him glows,
And yet the winter's breath is chill ;
And o'er his half-clad person goes
The frequent ague thrill !
Silent, save ever and anon,
A sound, half murmur and half groan,
Forces apart the painful grip
Of the old sufferer's bearded lip ;
Oh, sad and crushing is the fate
Of old age, chained and desolate !

Just God ! why lies that old man there ?

A murderer shares his prison bed,
Whose eyeballs, through his horrid hair,
Gleam on him fierce and red ;
And the rude oath and heartless jeer
Fall ever on his loathing ear.
And, or in wakefulness or sleep,
Nerve, flesh, and pulses thrill and creep
Whene'er that ruffian's tossing limb,
Crimson with murder, touches him ?

What has the gray-haired prisoner done ?

Has murder stained his hands with gore ?
God made the old man poor !

For this he shares a felon's cell—
The fittest earthly type of hell !
For this boon, for which he poured
His young blood on the invader's sword,
And counted light the fearful cost—
His blood-gained liberty is lost !

And so, for such a place of rest,
Old prisoner, dropped thy blood as rain
On Concord's field, and Bunker's crest,
And Saratoga's plain ?

Look forth, thou man of many scars,
Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars ;
It must be joy, in sooth, to see
Yon monument upreared to thee—
Piled granite and a prison cell—
The land repays thy service well !

Go, ring the bells, and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banner out ;
Shout " Freedom ! " till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle shout ;

Let boasting eloquence declaim
Of honor, liberty, and fame ;
Still let the poet's strain be heard,
With glory for each second word,
And every thing with breath agree
To praise " our glorious liberty."

But when the patriot cannon jars
That prison's cold and gloomy wall,

And through its grates the stripes and stars
 Rise on the wind and fall—
 Think ye that prisoner's aged ear
 Rejoices in the general cheer?
 Think ye his dim and failing eye
 Is kindled at your pageantry?
 Sorrowing of soul, and chained of limb,
 What is your carnival to him?

Down with the law that binds him thus!
 Unworthy freemen, let it find
 No refuge from the withering curse
 Of God and human kind!
 Open the prison's living tomb,
 And usher from its brooding gloom
 The victims of your savage code,
 To the free sun and air of God:
 No longer dare as crime to brand
 The chastening of the Almighty's hand.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

62. THE SEMINOLE'S REPLY.

BLAZE, with your serried columns!
 I will not bend the knee!
 The shackles ne'er again shall bind
 The arm which now is free.
 I've mailed it with the thunder,
 When the tempest muttered low,
 And where it falls, ye well may dread
 The lightning of its blow!
 I've scared ye in the city,
 I've scalped ye on the plain;
 Go, count your chosen, where they fell
 Beneath my leaden rain!
 I scorn your proffered treaty!
 The pale-face I defy!
 Revenge is stamped upon my spear,
 And blood my battle cry!
 Some strike for hope of booty,
 Some to defend their all,—

I battle for the joy I have
 To see the white man fall :
 I love, among the wounded,
 To hear his dying moan,
 And catch, while chanting at his side,
 The music of his groan.

Ye've trailed me through the forest,
 Ye've tracked me o'er the stream ;
 And struggling through the everglade,
 Your bristling bayonets gleam ;
 But I stand as should the warrior,
 With his rifle and his spear ;
 The scalp of vengeance still is red,
 And warns ye—Come not here !

I loathe ye in my bosom,
 I scorn ye with mine eye,
 And I'll taunt ye with my latest breath,
 And fight ye till I die !
 I ne'er will ask ye quarter,
 And I ne'er will be your slave ;
 But I'll swim the sea of slaughter,
 Till I sink beneath its wave !

G. W. PATTER.

63. BEAUTY EVERYWHERE.

ADORING souls some beauty find
 In every humble nook,
 In every line some glowing thought
 Through all of Nature's book ;
 Enrapt, they hear the Eternal's voice
 In thunders of the storm,
 They see his Spirit hovering o'er
 The mountain's misty form ;
 They fancy heavenly symphonies
 Inspire the nightingale,
 They see angelic footprints on
 The violets of the vale.

Each moment fleeting past, gives some
 New beauty joyous birth.

Some glories of the azure dome
 Or iris hues of earth ;
 The music of the purling rill,
 The sweetly slumbering lake,
 The wild swan, round whose downy breast
 The dashing ripples break,
 The skylark's lonely path on high,
 Each leaflet's tiny scroll,
 Have all its deepest raptures waked
 Within the loving soul.

'Tis sweetest solace thus to hear,
 Through Nature's canopy,
 Unceasing swell the choral strains
 In melting harmony
 Sent forth from all created things,
 In holy stillness breathing
 A rapture on the attuned ear,
 A story ever wreathing,
 Or in the grandeur of the storm,
 Or when the dew-drop glistens,
 Of teachings fraught with truth divine
 To every one that listens.

EDWARD C. MARSHALL.

64. OUR COUNTRY.

OUR country ! lovely are her hills,
 And peaceful are her vales,
 Wealth flows where'er her yeoman tills,
 Health freights her balmy gales.

Her gallant tars sail o'er the seas
 And visit every strand,
 Her banner floats on every breeze,
 Her praise o'er every land.

Where famine reigns, or kings oppress,
 She sends her kind relief,
 She soothes the orphan's sore distress,
 And stills the widow's grief.

Our country ! hallowed be the name—
 Courageous were our sires,—

To noble deeds their glorious fame
The patriot's bosom fires.

They braved the tempest and the flood,
They met the battle's fray,
They pledged their honor and their blood
On freedom's natal day.

Our country summons every son
To join the choral throng,
For freedom's battles fought and won
To raise the lofty song.

Loud swell the anthem's joyful sound
Within the sacred dome,—
And tell each nation far around
Here Freedom has her home.

EDWARD C. MARSHALL.

65. WORK.

Work is the sweet of earth's sad life;
Work is a hymn of praise,
That wings its flight o'er sounds of strife,
To the Ancient One of days.

Work yields thee peace from every foe,
A balm for every sorrow;
It soothes with joy thy thoughts of woe,
And cheers with hope thy morrow.

The Father's work, rejoicing came
The Saviour to perform;
To heal the sick, restore the lame,
And bless the souls who mourn.

Wouldst learn of faith, or joy or love?
By steadfast work thou'lt know
The mysteries of heaven above,
Or of the earth below.

Work on! work on! ye sons of toil;
Your guerdon this shall be,—
While here ye sweat, and toil, and moil,
Ye win eternity!

EDWARD C. MARSHALL.

66. THE DRAM-DRINKER.

PRAY, Mr. Dram-drinker, how do you do ?
What in perdition's the matter with you ?
How did you come by that bruise on the head ?
Why are your eyes so infernally red ?
Why do you mutter that infidel hymn ?
Why do you tremble in every limb ?
Who has done this ?—let the reason be shown,
And let the offender be pelted with stone.
And the Dram-drinker said, " If you listen to me,
You shall hear what you hear, and see what you see.
" I had a father ;—the grave is his bed :
I had a mother ;—she sleeps with the dead.
Truly I wept when they left me alone ;
But I shed all my tears on their grave and their stone.
I planted a willow, I planted a yew,
And left them to sleep till the last trumpet blew.
Fortune was mine ; I mounted her car—
Pleasure from virtue had beckoned me far.
Onward I went, like an avalanche, down,
And the sunshine of fortune was changed to a frown.
" Fortune was gone, and I took to my side
A young, and a lovely, and beautiful bride !
Her I entreated with coldness and scorn—
Tarrying back till the break of the morn ;
Slighting her kindness, and mocking her fears—
Casting a blight on her tenderest years !
Sad, and neglected, and weary I left her :
Sorrow and care of her reason bereft her ;
Till, like a star, when it falls from its pride,
She sunk on the bosom of misery, and died.
" I had a child, and it grew like a vine ;—
Fair as the rose of Damascus was mine :
Fair—and I watched over her innocent youth,
As an angel of heaven would watch over truth.
She grew like her mother, in feature and form ;
Her blue eye was languid, her cheek was too warm.
Seventeen summers had shone on her brow—
The seventeenth winter beheld her laid low !
Yonder they sleep in their graves, side by side—
A father, a mother, a daughter, a bride."

Go to your children, and tell them the tale :
Tell them his cheek, too, was vividly pale ;
Tell them his eye was bloodshot and cold ;
Tell them his purse was a stranger to gold ;
Tell them he passed through the world they are in
The victim of sorrow, and misery, and sin ;
Tell them, when life's shameful conflicts were past,
In horror and anguish he perished at last.

J. OTIS ROCKWELL.

67. THE DEATH-FIRE.

BENEATH the ever dense and leafy gloom
Of the hushed wilderness, a lurid flame
Crept, like a serpent, gorged with kindling blood,
Around the knotted trunk of an old forest oak ;
Then upward and abroad it fiercely spread
Through the dusk pine-tops and the clinging vines,
Till the dark forest crimsoned with the glare.
Strong winds swept through the hot and crackling boughs,
While scintillating sparks—a fiery rain—
Fell from the arrowy flames that darted through
The black and smoky air.
In double ranks, around that flaming tree,
Sat fierce-browed warriors, like a crowd of fiends,
Sent forth to hold their orgies on the earth.
Their shafted arrows, and the sinewy bow,
The tomahawk, and club, and keen-edged knife,
Flashed back the fire, and there all hotly gleamed
In the tall grass, that, coiled all crisply back,
Grew stiff and died on the scorched earth.
The sparkling river, flowing with sweet chime,
So cool and tranquil in its verdant banks,
In gentle contrast with the flaming trees,
And the red demons crouching underneath,
Mocked the devoted victims.
One was a girl, so gently fair,
She seemed a being of upper air,
Lured by the sound of the waters' swell,
To the haunt of demons dark and fell !
Shackled by many a galling thong,
But in Christian courage firm and strong,

Stood a brave man, with his eye on fire,
 As he bent its glance on the funeral pyre ;—
 Yet his bosom heaved and his heart beat quick ;
 His labored breath came fast and thick ;
 His cheek grew pale, and drops of pain
 Sprang to his brow, like beaded rain,
 As he felt the clasp of his pallid bride,
 Where she clung in fear to his prisoned side.
 A savage shout—a fierce, deep yell—
 Rings up through the forest, cove, and dell :
 The wood is alive on either hand
 With the rushing feet of that murderous band.
 One start from the earth—one feeble cry,
 Like the moan of a fawn when the hounds are nigh—
 And she sinks to the ground with a shuddering thrill,
 And lies at his feet all cold and still.
 With the mighty strength of his stern despair,
 Like a lion roused in his guarded lair,
 The youth has rended his bonds apart—
 The bride is snatched to his throbbing heart !
 With a bound he clears the savage crew,
 And plunges on toward the bark canoe.
 He nears the bank—a fiendish scream
 From the baffled foes rings o'er the stream :
 He springs to the bark ;—away, away !—
 It is lost from sight in the flashing spray !

ANN S. STEPHENS.

68. THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

OH ! how our hearts were beating,
 When at the dawn of day,
 We saw the army of the League
 Drawn out in long array ;
 With all its priest-led citizens,
 And all its rebel peers,
 And Appenzel's stout infantry,
 And Egmont's Flemish spears.
 There rode the brood of false Lorraine,
 The curses of our land !
 And dark Mayenne was in the midst,
 A truncheon in his hand ;

And, as we looked on them, we thought
Of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair
All dabbled with his blood ;
And we cried unto the living God,
Who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name,
And Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us,
In all his armor drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume
Upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people,
And a tear was in his eye ;
He looked upon the traitors,
And his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us,
As rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line in deafening shout,
" God save our lord, the king."
" And if my standard-bearer fall,
As fall full well he may—
For never saw I promise yet
Of such a bloody fray—
Press where ye see my white plume shine,
Amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day
The helmet of Navarre !"

Hurrah ! the foes are moving !
Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum,
And roaring culverin !
The fiery duke is pricking fast
Across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry
Of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love,
Fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now,
Upon them with the lance !
A thousand spurs are striking deep,
A thousand spears in rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close
 Behind the snow-white crest ;
 And in they burst, and on they rushed,
 While, like a guiding star,
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed
 The helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours !
 Mayenne hath turned his rein ;
 D'Aumale hath cried for quarter—
 The Flemish count is slain.
 Their ranks are breaking, like thin clouds
 Before a Biscay gale ;
 The field is heaped with bleeding steeds,
 And flags, and cloven mail ;
 And then we thought on vengeance,
 And all along our van,
 "Remember St. Bartholomew,"
 Was passed from man to man ;
 But out spake gentle Harry,
 "No Frenchman is my foe :
 Down, down with every foreigner ;
 But let your brethren go."
 Oh ! was there ever such a knight,
 In friendship or in war,
 As our sovereign lord, King Henry,
 The soldier of Navarre !

T. B. MACAULAY

69. THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

'Twas night : over earth like a pall was thrown
 Thickest darkness. Blent with the thunder's tone
 Were the torrent's rush, and the wind's wild moan,
 And the wail of the ocean wave.
 'Twas then that grim death, clad in terror and gloom,
 Left his cheerless home in the dreary tomb,
 To summon the old and the young to their doom,
 In the land of the dreamless grave.

He lifted the latch of a cottage door,
 Where a widowed mother is bending o'er—

With looks that the fulness of sorrow wore—
The child of her early love.
And meekly she bowed in the dying hour—
'Twas her Father's will that the fragile flower
Remove from the blight of an early bower
To the garden of God above.

Then away he flew with fiendish glee!
"I will visit the house of mirth," said he:
" 'Tis seldom they meet with a guest like me
In the blaze of the festive hall."

The spectre brandished his blood-stained lance,
The revellers shrank from his withering glance,
And a blackened corse in the mazy dance,
Struck down was the "belle of the ball!"

In the banqueting hall of a castle old
Sat a stalwart warrior, grim and bold,
As rugged and gray as his own stronghold,
And the last of an ancient line.
The falcon eye of the stern old knight
Lit up with a wild unearthly light,
As he lifted on high the goblet bright
Brim-full of the purple wine.

He had scoffed at death on the blood-red plain,
'Mid the bristling steel and the leaden rain;
He had laughed to scorn, on the land and main,
The shell and the booming shot:
With the wine-cup now in his nervous grasp,
He is seized in the spectre's icy clasp;
One groan of horror—a shudder—a gasp—
And the warrior chief is not.

Thus, the Angel of Death remorseless flings
The blighting shade of his leaden wings
O'er the cottage low and the domes of kings:
Over all he asserts his power.
Learn wisdom then: let your life attest
That death will not come an unwelcome guest:
Seek now the love that will make you blest
In the gloom of thy dying hour.

When the pulses of life beat faint and slow,
And the spirit is struggling, and pants to go,
The richest baubles that tempt below

But deepen the gathering gloom ;
 But light divine, with heavenly ray,
 Will guide the soul on the radiant way
 To the clime of the blest, forever and aye
 To live in Eternity's bloom.

PHILIP J. BAILEY : (Festus.)

70. THE MADMAN.

MANY a year hath passed away,
 Many a dark and dismal year,
 Since last I roamed in the light of day,
 Or mingled my own with another's tear :
 Woe to the daughters and sons of men—
 Woe to them all, when I roam again !

Here have I watched in this dungeon cell,
 Longer than Memory's tongue can tell :
 Here have I shrieked in my wild despair,
 When the damnéd fiends from their prison came,
 Sported and gambolled, and mocked me here,
 With their eyes of fire, and their tongues of flame ;
 Shouting forever and aye my name !
 And I strove in vain to burst my chain,
 And longed to be free as the winds again,
 That I might spring in the wizard ring,
 And scatter them back to their hellish den !
 Woe to the daughters and sons of men—
 Woe to them all, when I roam again !

How long I have been in this dungeon here,
 Little I know, and nothing I care :
 What to me is the day or night,
 Summer's heat or autumn sere,
 Spring-tide flowers or winter's blight,
 Pleasure's smile or sorrow's tear ?
 Time ! what care I for thy flight ?
 Joy ! I spurn thee with disdain :
 Nothing love I but this clanking chain.
 Once I broke from its iron hold :
 Nothing I said, but silent and bold,
 Like the shepherd that watches his gentle fold,
 Like the tiger that crouches in mountain lair,

Hours upon hours, so watched I here ;
Till one of the fiends that had come to bring
Herbs from the valley, and drink from the spring,
Stalked through my dungeon entrance in !
Ha ! how he shrieked to see me free !
Ho ! how he trembled and knelt to me,
He who had mocked me many a day,
And barred me out from its cheerful ray !
Gods ! how I shouted to see him pray !
I wreathed my hand in the demon's hair,
And choked his breath in its muttered prayer,
And danced I then in wild delight,
To see the trembling wretch's fright.

Gods ! how I crushed his hated bones
'Gainst the jagged wall, and the dungeon-stones ;
And plunged my arm adown his throat,

And dragged to life his beating heart,
And held it up, that I might gloat

To see its quivering fibres start !

Ho ! how I drank of the purple flood,
Quaffed and quaffed again of blood,
Till my brain grew dark, and I knew no more,
Till I found myself on this dungeon floor,
Fettered and held by this iron chain !

Ho ! when I break its links again,

Ha ! when I break its links again,

Woe to the daughters and sons of men !

My frame is shrunk, and my soul is sad,
And devils mock and call me mad.

Many a dark and fearful sight

Haunts me here in the gloom of night :

Mortal smile or human tear

Never cheers or soothes me here :

The spider shrinks from my grasp away,

Though he's known my form for many a day ;

The slimy toad, with his diamond eye,

Watches afar, but comes not nigh :

The craven rat with her filthy brood,

Pilfers and gnaws my scanty food ;

But when I strive to make her play,

Snaps at my hands, and flees away :

Light of day or ray of sun,

Friend or hope, I've none—I've none !

They called me mad : they left me here,
 To my burning thoughts, and the fiend's despair,
 Never, ah ! never to see again
 Earth, or sky, or sea, or plain ;
 Never to hear soft Pity's sigh—
 Never to gaze on mortal eye ;
 Doomed through life, if life it be,
 To helpless, hopeless misery.
 Oh, if a single ray of light
 Had pierced the gloom of this endless night ;
 If the cheerful tones of a single voice
 Had made the depths of my heart rejoice ;
 If a single thing had loved me here,
 I ne'er had crouched to these fiends' despair !

They come again ! They tear my brain !
 They tumble and dart through my every vein !
 Ho ! could I burst this clanking chain,
 Then might I spring in the hellish ring,
 And scatter them back to their den again !
 Ho ! when I break its links again,
 Ha ! when I break its links again,
 Woe to the daughters and sons of men !

R. M. C.

71. A FEVER DREAM.

A FEVER scorched my body, fired my brain !
 Like lava, in Vesuvius, boiled my blood
 Within the glowing caverns of my heart.
 I raged with thirst, and begged a cold clear draught
 Of fountain water. 'Twas with tears denied.
 I drank a nauseous febrifuge, and slept ;
 But rested not—harassed with horrid dreams
 Of burning deserts, and of dusty plains—
 Mountains disgorging flames—forests on fire,
 Steam, sunshine, smoke, and boiling lakes—
 Hills of hot sand, and glowing stones that seemed
 Embers and ashes of a burnt up world !
 • Thirst raged within me. I sought the deepest vale,
 And called on all the rocks and caves for water ;—
 I climbed a mountain, and from cliff to cliff

Pursued a flying cloud, howling for water :—
I crushed the withered herbs, and gnawed dry roots,
Still crying, Water! water!—while the cliffs and caves,
In horrid mockery, re-echoed “Water!”

The baked plain gaped for moisture,
And from its arid breast heaved smoke, that seemed
The breath of furnace—fierce, volcanic fire,
Or hot monsoon, that raises Syrian sands
To clouds. Amid the forests we espied
A faint and bleating herd. Sudden, a shrill
And horrid shout arose of—“Blood! blood! blood!”
We fell upon them with the tiger’s thirst,
And drank up all the blood that was not human!
We were dyed in blood! Despair returned;
The cry of blood was hushed, and dumb confusion reigned.
Even then, when hope was dead!—past hope—
I heard a laugh! and saw a wretched man
Rip his own veins, and bleeding, drink
With eager joy. The example seized on all :—
Each fell upon himself, tearing his veins,
Fiercely in search of blood! And some there were,
Who, having emptied their own veins, did seize
Upon their neighbors’ arms, and slew them for their blood! -
“Rend, O ye lightnings! the sealed firmament,
And flood a burning world. Rain! rain! pour! pour!
Open ye windows of high heaven! and pour
The mighty deluge. Let us drown and drink
Luxurious death! Ye earthquakes, split the globe,
The solid rock-ribbed globe!—and lay all bare
Its subterranean rivers and fresh seas!”

Thus raged the multitude. And many fell
In fierce convulsion ;—many slew themselves.
And now, I saw the city all in flames—
The forest burning—and the very earth on fire!
I saw the mountains open with a roar
Loud as the seven apocalyptic thunders,
And seas of lava rolling headlong down,
Through crackling forests fierce, and hot as hell,
Down to the plain ;—I turned to fly—and waked!

JOHN M. HARNEY

72. THOUGHTS IN A LIBRARY.

The first stanza, which is original, is prefixed to the beautiful ones that follow, as their meaning is not at the outset sufficiently apparent, without an introduction, for oratorical purposes.

Oh ! ye, who love sweet hours of thought,
Here seek these lofty domes,
Where some old fond librarian guards,
As treasures, ancient tomes.

Speak low—tread softly through these halls !
Here genius lives enshrined,
Here reign in silent majesty
The monarchs of the mind.

A mighty spirit-host they come
From every age and clime—
Above the buried wrecks of years
They breast the tide of time.

And in their presence-chamber here,
They hold their regal state,
And round them throng a noble train,
The gifted and the great.

Oh ! child of toil ! when round thy path
The storms of life arise ;
And when thy brothers pass thee by
With stern, unloving eyes ;

Here shall the Poets chant for thee
Their sweetest, loftiest lays,
And Prophets wait to guide thy steps
In wisdom's pleasant ways.

Come, with these God-anointed kings,
Be thou companion here ;
And in the mighty realms of mind
Thou shalt go forth a Peer.

ANNE C. LYNCH.

73. THE OLD MAN IN DECEMBER.

THEY call me old : they do not know
The thrill my heart receives,
When I hear the children's bounding feet
Go through the rustling leaves.

The sounds of happy laughter fall
In music on my ear ;
And my spirit keeps the cadence while
The gray head turns to hear.

They mark, at times, a trembling tear,
And say I'm worn and old :
They do not know the healthful cheer
That keeps me blithe and bold.

These tottering limbs may faint and fail—
These scattering hairs be gray ;
But I feel my mother's parting kiss
On my lips grow warm to-day !

I hear her breathe a burning prayer
For the boy that climbs her knee ;
While the almond spreads its snowy star
O'er the halls of memory.

'Tis a star of hope !—it leads me on,
And Faith her radiance gives,
To light me through the narrow way
To where my mother lives.

What though her grave be wide and deep,
O'er lands and seas away ;
I know she's bending down from heaven
To cheer my heart to-day.

Oh ! I'm not sad, though old and gray,
And worn with many a care :
My soul is warm in Christian love,
And strong in answered prayer.

In every bright and glorious thing
That God has made, I joy ;
I love the earth and heaven above,
As I did when a little boy.

EMILY HERBMAN.

74. ROME.

ROME ! oh, Rome, eternal city !
Who can gaze unmoved on thee ?
Even Nature looks in pity
On thy fallen majesty.

Yet, not faithless to her duty,
Shedding o'er thee purple light,
Still she grants a dower of beauty
To thy ruins, day and night.

Still thy day is fair—but fairer,
Fairer far thy evening hour,
When the moon, night's queenly bearer,
Floats above yon mold'ring tower.

Is not this the hour to ponder ?
Those dim vistas that we see,
Do they not wake thoughts that wander
On throughout eternity ?

Pace the stern old Coliseum,
Slumbering 'neath that peaceful ray ;
Listen to the far " Te Deum,"
Issuing from those cloisters gray ;

Gaze upon yon lonely column,
Rising, spirit-like, on high,
Keeping there its vigil solemn,
By thy grave, past Italy !

Temple, shrine, and queenly bower,
Mantling ivy shrouds in gloom ;
Wrapping, pall-like, haughty tower,
Regal pile, and sullen tomb.

More to tell were vain—were needless :
Who can choose but love this land ?
Who can, of its beauties heedless,
Seek unmoved another strand ?

There men dream of fallen splendor,
Ruins old and cloudless skies :
Fancy there her dreams may tender—
Here we have realities !

Oh ! what noble feats of glory,
 World-subduer, thou hast seen !
 Gaze upon these ruins hoary—
 Gaze, and think what Rome has been !

ANONYMOUS.

75. THE POOR-HOUSE.

THERE is yon house that holds the parish poor,
 Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door :
 There, where the putrid vapors flagging play,
 And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day,—
 There children dwell, who know no parents' care—
 Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there ;
 Heart-broken matrons, on their joyless bed ;
 Forsaken wives—and mothers never wed ;
 Dejected widows, with unheeded tears,
 And crippled age, with more than childhood's fears :
 The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest, they,
 The moping idiot and the madman gay.

Here, too, the sick their final doom receive—
 Here brought amid the scenes of grief to grieve ;
 Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
 Mixed with the clamor of the crowd below :
 Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
 And the cold charities of man to man ;
 Whose laws, indeed, for ruined age provide,
 And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride ;
 But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
 And pride embitters what it can't deny !

Say, ye,—oppressed by some fantastic woes,
 Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose,
 Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance,
 With timid eye, to read the distant glance ;
 Who, with sad prayers, the weary doctor tease,
 To name the nameless, ever new disease ;
 Who, with mock patience, dire complaint endure,
 Which real pain, and that alone, can cure,—
 How would ye bear, in real pain to lie,
 Despised, neglected, left alone to die ?
 How would ye bear to draw your latest breath
 Where all that's wretched paves the way for death ?

CRABBE.

76. THE HERMIT.

BENEATH a mountain's brow, the most remote
 And inaccessible by shepherds trod,
 In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
 A hermit lived ; a melancholy man,
 Who was the wonder of our wandering swains.
 Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
 Did they report him ; the cold earth his bed,
 Water his drink. his food the shepherd's alms.
 I went to see him, and my heart was touched
 With reverence and with pity. Mild he spake,
 And, entering on discourse, such stories told,
 As made me oft revisit his sad cell ;
 For he had been a soldier in his youth,
 And fought in famous battles, when the peers
 Of Europe, by the old Godfredo led
 Against the usurping infidel, displayed
 The blessed cross, and won the Holy Land.
 Pleased with my admiration and the fire
 His speech struck from me, the old man would shake
 His years away, and act his young encounters.
 Then, having showed his wounds, he'd sit him down,
 And all the live-long day discourse of war.
 To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
 He cut the figures of the marshalled hosts ;
 Described the motions and explained the use
 Of the deep column and the lengthened line,
 The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm ;
 For all that Saracen or Christian knew
 Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

Why this brave soldier in a desert hid
 Those qualities that should have graced a camp,
 At last I also learned. Unhappy man !
 Returning homewards by Messina's port,
 Loaded with wealth and honors, bravely won,
 A rude and boisterous captain of the sea
 Fastened a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought :
 The stranger fell ; and, with his dying breath,
 Declared his name and lineage. "Mighty heaven !"
 The soldier cried—"My brother ! oh, my brother !"
 They exchanged forgiveness.

And happy, in my mind, was he that died ;
 For many deaths has the survivor suffered.
 In the wild desert, on a rock, he sits,
 Or on some nameless stream's untrodden banks,
 And ruminates all day his dreadful fate :
 At times, alas ! not in his perfect mind,
 Holds dialogues with his loved brother's ghost ;
 And oft, each night, forsakes his sullen couch,
 To make sad orisons for him he slew.

HOME

77. SPEECH OF CAIUS GRACCHUS.

O ROME, my country ! O my mother Rome !
 Is it to shed thy blood I draw my sword ?
 To fill thy matrons' and thy daughters' eyes
 With tears, and drain the spirits of thy sons ?
 Should I not rather turn it 'gainst myself,
 And by the timely sacrifice of one,
 Preserve the many ? They will not let me do it ;
 They take from me the rule of mine own acts,
 And make me freedom's slave ! What ! Is it so ?
 Come, then, the only virtue that is left me,—
 The fatal virtue of necessity.
 Upon them !—
 Give them stout hearts, ye gods ! to enable them
 To stand the flashing of their tyrants' swords ;
 Deaf to the din of battle let them be ;
 Senseless to wounds, and without eyes for blood ;—
 That for this once they may belie themselves,—
 Make tyranny to cower, and from her yoke
 Lift prostrate liberty, to fall no more !

J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

78. BELSHAZZAR'S WARNING.

Hour of an empire's overthrow !
 The princes from the feast were gone ;
 The idol flame was burning low ;
 'Twas midnight upon Babylon.
 That night the feast was wild and high ;
 That night was Sion's gold profaned ;

The seal was set to blasphemy ;
The last deep cup of wrath was drained.

Mid jewelled roof and silken pall,
Belshazzar on his couch was flung ;
A burst of thunder filled the hall ;
He heard—but 'twas no mortal tongue :

“ King of the East ! the trumpet calls,
That calls thee to a tyrant's grave :
A curse is on thy palace walls—
A curse is on thy guardian wave :

“ A surge is in Euphrates' bed,
That never filled its bed before ;
A surge that, ere the morn be red,
Shall load with death its haughty shore.

“ Behold a tide of Persian steel !
A torrent of the Median car ;
Like flame their gory banners wheel :
Rise, king, and arm thee for the war !”

Belshazzar gazed : the voice was past—
The lofty chamber filled with gloom ;
But echoed on the sudden blast
The rushing of a mighty plume.

He listened : all again was still ;
He heard no chariot's iron clang ;
He heard the fountain's gushing rill,
The breeze that through the roses sang.

He slept : in sleep wild murmurs came ;
A visioned splendor fired the sky ;
He heard Belshazzar's taunted name ;
He heard again the Prophet cry :

“ Sleep, Sultan ! 'tis thy final sleep ;
Or, wake or sleep, the guilty dies.
The wrongs of those who watch and weep,
Around thee and thy nation rise.”

He started : mid the battle's yell,
He saw the Persian rushing on ;
He saw the flames around him swell :
Thou'rt ashes, King of Babylon !

79. THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

WILD was the night ; yet a wilder night
Hung round the soldier's pillow ;
In his bosom there waged a fiercer fight
Than the fight on the watchful billow.

A few fond mourners were kneeling by,
The few that his stern heart cherished ;
They knew by his glazed and unearthly eye,
That life had nearly perished.

They knew by his awful and kingly look,
By the order hastily spoken,
That he dreamed of days when the nations shook,
And the nations' hosts were broken.

He dreamed that the Frenchman's sword still slew,
And triumphed the Frenchman's 'eagle' ;
And the struggling Austrian still fled anew,
Like the hare before the beagle.

The bearded Russian he scourged again,
The Prussian's camp was routed,
And again, on the hills of haughty Spain,
His mighty armies shouted.

Over Egypt's sands, over Alpine snows,
At the pyramids, at the mountain,
Where the wave of the lordly Danube flows,
And by the Italian fountain.

On the snowy cliffs, where mountain streams
Dash by the Switzer's dwelling,
He led again, in his dying dreams,
His hosts, the broad earth quelling.

Again Marengo's field was won,
And Jena's bloody battle ;
Again the world was overrun,
Made pale at the cannon's rattle.

He died at the close of that darksome day,
A day that shall live in story ;
In the rocky land they placed his clay,
"And left him alone with his glory."

I. McLELLAN, JR.

80. THE ROMAN SOLDIER.

The Last Days of Herculaneum.

THERE was a man,
A Roman soldier, for some daring deed
That trespassed on the laws, in dungeon low
Chained down. His was a noble spirit, rough,
But generous, and brave, and kind.
He had a son: it was a rosy boy,
A little faithful copy of his sire
In face and gesture. From infancy the child
Had been his father's solace and his care.

With earliest morn,
Of that first day of darkness and amaze,
He came. The iron door was closed,—for them
Never to open more! The day, the night,
Dragged slowly by; nor did they know the fate
Impending o'er the city. Well they heard
The pent-up thunders in the earth beneath,
And felt its giddy rocking; and the air
Grew hot at length, and thick; but in his straw
The boy was sleeping: and the father hoped
The earthquake might pass by; nor would he wake
From his sound rest the unfearing child, nor tell
The dangers of their state. On his low couch
The fettered soldier sunk, and with deep awe
Listened the fearful sounds:—with upturned eye
To the great gods he breathed a prayer;—then strove
To calm himself, and lose in sleep awhile
His useless terrors. But he could not sleep:—
His body burned with feverish heat;—his chains
Clanked loud, although he moved not: deep in earth
Groaned unimaginable thunders:—sounds,
Fearful and ominous, arose and died,
Like the sad moanings of November's wind,
In the blank midnight. Deepest horror chilled
His blood that burned before; cold clammy sweats
Came o'er him:—then anon a fiery thrill
Shot through his veins. Now on his couch he shrunk,
And shivered as in fear:—now upright leaped,
As though he heard the battle trumpet sound,
And longed to cope with death.

He slept at last,
 A troubled, dreamy sleep. Well,—had he slept
 Never to waken more! His hours are few
 But terrible his agony.

ATHERSTONE

81. THE SAME.—PART SECOND.

LOUDLY the father called upon his child :—
 No voice replied. Trembling and anxiously
 He searched their couch of straw :—with headlong haste
 Trod round his stunted limits, and, low bent,
 Groped darkling on the earth :—no child was there.
 Again he called :—again, at farthest stretch
 Of his accursed fetters, till the blood
 Seemed bursting from his ears, and from his eyes
 Fire flashed: he strained with arm extended far,
 And fingers widely spread, greedy to touch
 Though but his idol's garment. Useless toil!
 Yet still renewed :—still round and round he goes,
 And strains, and snatches,—and with dreadful cries
 Calls on his boy. Mad phrensy fires him now :
 He plants against the wall his feet ;—his chain
 Grasps ;—tugs with giant strength to force away
 The deep-driven staple :—yells and shrieks with rage,
 And, like a desert lion in the snare
 Raging to break his toils, to and fro bounds.
 But see! the ground is opening :—a blue light
 Mounts, gently waving,—noiseless :—thin and cold
 It seems, and like a rainbow tint, not flame ;
 But by its lustre, on the earth outstretched,
 Behold the lifeless child !—his dress is singed,
 And o'er his face serene a darkened line
 Points out the lightning's track.

Silent and pale
 The father stands :—no tear is in his eye :—
 The thunders bellow, but he hears them not :—
 The ground lifts like a sea,—he knows it not :—
 The strong walls grind and gape :—the vaulted roof
 Takes shapes like bubble tossing in the wind :—
 See! he looks up and smiles ;—for death to him

Is happiness. Yet could one last embrace
Be given, 'twere still a sweeter thing to die.

It will be given. Look! how the rolling ground,
At every swell, nearer and still more near
Moves towards the father's outstretched arm his boy:—
Once he has touched his garment;—how his eye
Lightens with love, and hope, and anxious fears!
Ha! see! he has him now!—he clasps him round,
Kisses his face;—puts back the curling locks,
That shaded his fine brow:—looks in his eyes,
Grasps in his own those little dimpled hands,
Then folds him to his breast, as he was wont
To lie when sleeping, and resigned awaits
Undreaded death.

And death came soon, and swift,
And pangless.

The huge pile sunk down at once
Into the opening earth. Walls, arches, roof,
And deep foundation-stones, all mingling fell!

ATHERSTONE.

82. THOUGHT WITHOUT UTTERANCE.

COME, I will show thee an affliction, unnumbered among this
world's sorrows,

Yet real and wearisome and constant, embittering the cup of life.
There be, who can think within themselves, and the fire burneth
at their heart,

And eloquence waiteth at their lips, yet they speak not with
their tongue;

There be, whom zeal quickeneth, or slander stirreth to reply,
Or need constraineth to ask, or pity sendeth as her messengers,
But nervous dread and sensitive shame freeze the current of
their speech;

The mouth is sealed as with lead, a cold weight presseth on the
heart,

The mocking promise of power is once more broken in per-
formance,

And they stand impotent of words, travailing with unborn
thoughts;

Courage is cowed at the portal: wisdom is widowed of utter-
ance;

He that went to comfort is pitied ; he that should rebuke, is silent.

And fools who might listen and learn, stand by to look and laugh ;
While friends, with kinder eyes, wound deeper by compassion,
And thought, finding not a vent, smouldereth, gnawing at the heart,

And the man sinketh in his sphere, for lack of empty sounds.
There be many cares and sorrows thou hast not yet considered,
And well may thy soul rejoice in the fair privilege of speech ;
For at every turn to want a word,—thou canst not guess that want ;

It is as lack of breath or bread : life hath no grief more galling.

M. F. TUPPER.

83. THE POWER OF ELOQUENCE.

COME, I will tell thee of a joy, which the parasites of pleasure
have not known,

Though earth and air and sea have gorged all the appetites of sense.

Behold, what fire is in his eye, what fervor on his cheek !
That glorious burst of winged words !—how bound they from his tongue !

The full expression of the mighty thought, the strong triumphant argument,

The rush of native eloquence, resistless as Niagara,
The keen demand, the clear reply, the fine poetic image,
The nice analogy, the clenching fact, the metaphor bold and free,
The grasp of concentrated intellect wielding the omnipotence of truth,

The grandeur of his speech, in his majesty of mind !
Champion of the right,—patriot, or priest, or pleader of the innocent cause,

Upon whose lips the mystic bee hath dropped the honey of persuasion,

Whose heart and tongue have been touched, as of old, by the live coal from the altar,

How wide the spreading of thy peace, how deep the draught of thy pleasures !

To hold the multitude as one, breathing in measured cadence,
A thousand men with flashing eyes, waiting upon thy will ;
A thousand hearts kindled by thee with consecrated fire,

Ten flaming spiritual hecatombs offered on the mount of God :
And now a pause, a thrilling pause,—they live but in thy
words,—

Thou hast broken the bounds of self, as the Nile at its rising.
Thou art expanded into them, one faith, one hope, one spirit,
They breathe but in thy breath, their minds are passive unto
thine,

Thou turnest the key of their love, bending their affections to
thy purpose,

And all, in sympathy with thee, tremble with tumultuous emo-
tions.

Verily, O man, with truth for thy theme, eloquence shall throne
thee with archangels.

M. F. TUPPER.

84. TRIFLES.

YET once more, saith the fool, yet once, and is it not a little one ?
Spare me this folly yet an hour, for what is one among so
many ?

And he blindeth his conscience with lies, and stupifieth his
heart with doubts ;—

Whom shall I harm in this matter ? and a little ill breedeth much
good ;

My thoughts, are they not mine own ? and they leave no mark
behind them ;

And if God so pardoneth crime, how should these petty sins
affect him ?—

So he transgresseth yet again, and falleth by little and little,
Till the ground crumble beneath him, and he sinketh in the
gulf despairing.

For there is nothing in the earth so small that it may not pro-
duce great things,

And no swerving from a right line, that may not lead eternally
astray.

A landmark tree was once a seed ; and the dust in the balance
maketh a difference ;

And the cairn is heaped high by each one flinging a pebble ;

The dangerous bar in the harbor's mouth is only grains of sand ;

And the shoal that hath wrecked a navy is the work of a colony
of worms :

Yea, and a despicable gnat may madden the mighty elephant ;

And the living rock is worn by the diligent flow of the brook.
 Little art thou, O man, and in trifles thou contendest with thine
 equals,

For atoms must crowd upon atoms, ere crime groweth to be a
 giant.

What, is thy servant a dog?—not yet wilt thou grasp the dagger,
 Not yet wilt thou laugh with the scoffers, not yet betray the
 innocent;

But if thou nourish in thy heart the reveries of injury or passion
 And travel in mental heat the mazy labyrinths of guilt,
 And then conceive it possible, and then reflect on it as done,
 And use, by little and little, thyself to regard thyself a villain,
 Not long will crime be absent from the voice that doth invoke
 him to thy heart,

And bitterly wilt thou grieve, that the buds have ripened into
 poison.

M. F. TUPPER.

85. THE GOOD MAN.

ANGELS are round the good man, to catch the incense of his
 prayers,

And they fly to minister kindness to those for whom he pleadeth;
 For the altar of his heart is lighted, and burneth before God
 continually,

And he breatheth, conscious of his joy, the native atmosphere
 of heaven,

Yea, though poor, and contemned, and ignorant of this world's
 wisdom,

Ill can his fellows spare him though they know not of his value.
 Thousands bewail a hero, and a nation mourneth for its king,
 But the whole universe lamenteth the loss of a man of prayer.
 Verily, were it not for One, who sitteth on his rightful throne,
 Crowned with a rainbow of emerald, the green memorial of
 earth,—

For one, a meditating man, that hath clad his Godhead with
 mortality,

And offereth prayer without ceasing, the royal priest of Nature,
 Matter and life and mind had sunk into dark annihilation,
 And the lightning frown of Justice withered the world into
 nothing.

M. F. TUPPER.

86. EQUALITY.

WHENCE cometh the doctrine, that all should be equal and free?—

It is the lie that crowded hell, when Seraphs flung away subjection.

No man is his neighbor's equal, for no two minds are similar,
And accidents, alike with qualities, have every shade but sameness :

The lightest atom of difference shall destroy the nice balance of equality,

And all things, from without and from within, make one man to differ from another.

We are equal and free! was the watchword that spirited the legions of Satan,

We are equal and free! is the double lie that entrappeth to him conscripts from earth :

The messengers of that dark despot will pander to thy license and thy pride,

And draw thee from the crowd where thou art safe, to seize thee in the solitary desert.

Woe unto him whose heart the syren song of Liberty hath charmed ;

Woe unto him whose mind is bewitched by her treacherous beauty ;

In mad zeal flingeth he away the fetters of duty and restraint,
And yieldeth up the holocaust of self to that fair idol of the damned.

No man hath freedom in aught save in that from which the wicked would be hindered,

He is free towards God and good ; but to all else a bondman.

M. F. TUPPER.

87. BOOKS.

O BOOKS, ye monuments of mind, concrete wisdom of the wisest ;
Sweet solaces of daily life ; proofs and results of immortality ;
Trees yielding all fruits, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations ;

Groves of knowledge, where all may eat, nor fear a flaming sword ;

Gentle comrades, kind advisers ; friends, comforts, treasures :
 Helps, governments, diversities of tongues ; who can weigh your
 worth ?—

To walk no longer with the just ; to be driven from the porch
 of science ;

To bid a long adieu to those intimate ones, poets, philosophers,
 and teachers ;

To see no record of the sympathies which bind thee in com-
 munion with the good ;

To be thrust from the feet of Him, who spake as never man
 spake ;

To have no avenue to heaven but the dim aisle of superstition ;

To live as an Esquimaux, in lethargy ; to die as the Mohawk,
 in ignorance :

Oh, what were life, but a blank ? what were death but a terror ?

What were man, but a burden to himself ? what were mind,
 but misery ?

Yea, let another Omar burn the full library of knowledge,
 And the broad world may perish in the flames, offered on the
 ashes of its wisdom !

M. F. TUPPER.

88. BEAUTY.

THERE is a beauty for the body ; the superficial polish of a
 statue,

The symmetry of form and feature, delicately carved and
 painted.

There is a beauty of the reason : grandly independent of ex-
 ternals,

It looketh from the windows of the house, shining in the man
 triumphant.

I have seen the broad blank face of some misshapen dwarf

Lit on a sudden as with glory—the brilliant light of mind :

Who then imagined him deformed ? Intelligence is blazing on
 his forehead—

There is empire in his eye, and sweetness on his lip, and his
 brown cheek glittereth with beauty.

And I have known some Nireus of the camp a varnished
 paragon of chamberers—

Fine, elegant, and shapely, molded as the master-piece of
 Phidias :

Such an one, with intellects abased, have I noted crouching to
the dwarf,

Whilst his lovers scorn the fool whose beauty hath departed !
And there is a beauty for the spirit ; mind in its perfect
flowering,

Fragrant, expanded into soul, full of love and blessed.

Go to some squalid couch—some famishing deathbed of the
poor :

He is shrunken, cadaverous, diseased ;—there is here no beauty
of the body.

Never hath he fed on knowledge, nor drank at the streams of
science ;

He is of the common herd—illiterate. There is here no
beauty of the reason.

But, lo ! his filming eye is bright with love from heaven ;

In every look it beameth praise, as worshipping with seraphs.

What honeycomb is hived upon his lips, eloquent of gratitude
and prayer !

What triumph shrined serene upon that clammy brow !

What glory flickering transparent under those thin cheeks !

What beauty in his face ! Is it not the face of an angel ?

M. F. TUPPER.

89. CRUELTY.

WILL none befriend that poor dumb brute—

Will no man rescue him ?

With weaker effort, gasping, mute,

He strains in every limb.

Spare him, O spare ! He feels—he feels !

Big tears roll from his eyes :

Another crushing blow !—he reels,

Staggers, and falls, and dies.

Poor jaded horse, the blood runs cold

Thy guiltless wrongs to see ;

To heaven, O starved one, lame and old,

Thy dim eye pleads for thee !

Thou too, O dog, whose faithful zeal

Fawns on some ruffian grim ;

He stripes thy skin with many a weal—

And yet thou lovest him !

Shame! that of all the living chain
 That links creation's plan,
 There is but one delights in pain—
 The savage monarch, man!

O cruelty! who could rehearse
 Thy million dismal deeds;
 Or track the workings of the curse
 By which all nature bleeds?

The merciless is doubly curst,
 As mercy is "twice blest:"
 Vengeance, though slow, shall come,—but first
 The vengeance of the breast.

Why add another woe to life?
 Man, are there not enough?
 Why lay thy weapon to the strife?
 Why make the road more rough?

M. F. TUPPER.

90. THE CHAMOIS HUNTER.

NIGHT gloomed apace, and dark on high
 The thousand banners of the sky
 Their awful width unfurled,
 Veiling Mont Blanc's majestic brow,
 That seemed, among its cloud-wrapt snow,
 The ghost of some dead world;

When Pierre the hunter cheerly went
 To scale the Catton's battlement
 Before the peep of day:
 He took his rifle, pole, and rope—
 His heart and eyes alight with hope,
 He hasted on his way.

He crossed the vale—he hurried on—
 He forded the cold Arveron—
 The first rough terrace gained;
 Threaded the fir wood's gloomy belt,
 And trod the snows that never melt,
 And to the summit strained.

And now he nears the chasmed ice ;
He stoops to leap, and in a trice,
 His foot hath slipped !—O heaven !
He hath leapt in, and down he falls
Between those blue tremendous walls,
 Standing asunder riven !

But quick his clutching nervous grasp
Contrives a jutting crag to clasp,
 And thus he hangs in air ;—
O moment of exulting bliss !
Yet hope so nearly hopeless, is
 Twin-brother to despair.

He looked beneath,—a horrible doom !
Some thousand yards of deepening gloom
 Where he must drop to die !
He looked above, and many a rood
Upright the frozen ramparts stood,
 Around a speck of sky.

Fifteen long dreadful hours he hung,
And often by strong breezes swung,
 His fainting body twists ;
Scarce can he cling one moment more—
His half-dead hands are ice, and sore
 His burning, bursting wrists.

His head grows dizzy—he must drop :
He half resolves ;—but stop, O stop !
 Hold on to the last spasm !
Never in life give up your hope :
Behold ! behold ! a friendly rope
 Is dropping down the chasm !

They call thee, Pierre ! See, see them here ;
Thy gathered neighbors far and near :
 Be cool, man—hold on fast !
And so from out that terrible place,
With death's pale paint upon his face,
 They drew him up at last.

And he came home an altered man,
For many harrowing terrors ran
 Through his poor heart that day :

He thought how all through life, though young,
Upon a thread, a hair, he hung,
Over a gulf midway :

He thought what fear it were to fall
Into the pit that swallows all,
Unwinged with hope and love :
And when the succor came at last,
Oh, then he learnt how firm and fast
Was his best Friend above.

M. F. TUPPER.

91. DREAMS.

A DREAM—mysterious word, a dream !
What joys and sorrows are enshrined
In those still hours we fondly deem
A playtime for the truant mind !

It is a happy thing to dream,
When rosy thoughts and visions bright
Pour on the soul a golden stream
Of rich luxurious delight.

It is a weary thing to dream,
When from the hot and aching brain,
As from a boiling cauldron, steam
The myriad forms in fancy's train.

It is a curious thing to dream,
When shapes grotesque of all quaint things,
Like laughing water-witches, seem
To sport in reason's turbid springs.

It is a glorious thing to dream,
When full of wings and full of eyes,—
Borne on the whirlwind or sun-beam,—
We race along the startled skies.

It is a wondrous thing to dream
Of tumbling, with a fearful shock,
From some tall cliff where eagles scream,
To light upon a feather rock.

It is a terrible thing to dream
Of strangled throats and heart-blood spilt,
And ghosts that in the darkness gleam,
And horrid eyes of midnight guilt.

I love a dream—I dread a dream,
Sometimes all bright and full of gladness,
But other times my brain will teem
With sights that urge the mind to madness.

M. F. TUPPER.

92. ARMINIUS.

BACK, back ;—he fears not foaming flood
Who fears not steel-clad line :—
No warrior thou of German blood,
No brother thou of mine.
Go, earn Rome's chain to load thy neck,
Her gems to deck thy hilt ;
And blazon honor's hapless wreck
With all the gauds of guilt.

But wouldst thou have me share the prey ?
By all that I have done,
The Varian bones that day by day
Lie whitening in the sun ;
The legion's trampled panoply,
The eagle's shattered wing,
I would not be for earth or sky
So scorned and mean a thing.

Ho ! call me here the wizard, boy,
Of dark and subtle skill,
To agonize, but not destroy—
To torture, not to kill.
When swords are out, and shriek and shout
Leave little room for prayer,
No fetter on man's arm or heart
Hangs half so heavy there.

I curse him by the gifts the land
Hath won from him and Rome—
The riving axe, the wasting brand,
Rent forest, blazing home.

I curse him by our country's gods,
 The terrible, the dark—
 The breakers of the Roman rods,
 The smiters of the bark.

Oh, misery that such a ban
 On such a brow should be !
 Why comes he not in battle's van,
 His country's chief to be ?
 To stand a comrade by my side,
 The sharer of my fame,
 And worthy of a brother's pride,
 And of a brother's name ?

But it is past !—where heroes press
 And cowards bend the knee,
 Arminius is not brotherless—
 His brethren are the free.
 They come around :—one hour, and light
 Will fade from turf and tide ;
 Then onward—onward to the fight,
 With darkness for our guide !

To-night—to-night, when we shall meet
 In combat face to face,
 Then only would Arminius greet
 The renegade's embrace.
 The canker of Rome's guilt shall be
 Upon his dying name ;
 And as he lived in slavery,
 So shall he fall in shame.

W. M. PRAED.

93. ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES.

Diogenes Alexandro roganti ut diceret, Si quid opus esset, "nunc quidem paullulum," inquit, "a sole."—*Cicero Tusc. Disp.*

KING ALEXANDER turned aside ;
 But when his glance of youthful pride
 Rested upon the warriors gray
 Who bore his lance and shield that day,
 And the long line of spears, that came
 Through the far grove like waves of flame,

His forehead burned, his pulse beat high,
More darkly flashed his shifting eye,
And visions of the battle-plain
Came bursting on his soul again.

The old man drew his gaze away
Right gladly from that long array,
As if their presence were a blight
Of pain and sickness to his sight;
And slowly folding o'er his breast
The fragments of his tattered vest,
As was his wont, unasked, unsought,
Gave to the winds his muttered thought,
Naming no name of friend or foe,
And reckless if they heard or no.

"Ay, go thy way, thou painted thing,
Puppet, which mortals call a king,
Adorning thee with idle gems,
With drapery and diadems,
And scarcely guessing, that beneath
The purple robe and laurel wreath,
There's nothing but the common slime
Of human clay and human crime!—
My rags are not so rich,—but they
Will serve as well to cloak decay.

"And ever round thy jewelled brow
False slaves and falser friends will bow;
And Flattery,—as varnish flings
A baseness on the brightest things,—
Will make the monarch's deeds appear
All worthless to the monarch's ear,
Till thou wilt turn and think that Fame,
So vilely dressed, is worse than shame!—
The gods be thanked for all their mercies,
Diogenes hears naught but curses!

"And thou wilt banquet!—air and sea
Will render up their hoards for thee;
And golden cups for thee will hold
Rich nectar, richer than the gold.
The cunning caterer still must share
The dainties which his toils prepare;

The page's lip must taste the wine
 Before he fills the cup for thine!—
 Wilt feast with me on Hecate's cheer?
 I dread no royal hemlock here!

“And night will come; and thou wilt lie
 Beneath a purple canopy,
 With lutes to lull thee, flowers to shed
 Their feverish fragrance round thy bed,
 A princess to unclasp thy crest,
 A Spartan spear to guard thy rest.—
 Dream, happy one!—thy dreams will be
 Of danger and of perfidy;—
 The Persian lance,—the Carian club!—
 I shall sleep sounder in my tub!

“And thou wilt pass away, and have
 A marble mountain o'er thy grave,
 With pillars tall, and chambers vast,
 Fit palace for the worm's repast!—
 I too shall perish!—let them call
 The vulture to my funeral;
 The Cynic's staff, the Cynic's den,
 Are all he leaves his fellow-men,—
 Heedless how this corruption fares,—
 Yea, heedless though it mix with theirs!”

W. M. PRATER.

94. WHAT MAKES A HERO?

WHAT makes a hero?—not success, not fame,
 Inebriate merchants, and the loud acclaim
 Of gluttoned avarice—caps tossed up in air,
 Or pen of journalist, with flourish fair,
 Bells pealed, stars, ribbons, and a titular name—
 These, though his rightful tribute, he can spare;
 His rightful tribute, not his end or aim,
 Or true reward; for never yet did these
 Refresh the soul, or set the heart at ease.
 What makes a hero?—An heroic mind,
 Expressed in action, in endurance proved:
 And if there be pre-eminence of right,

Derived through pain well suffered, to the height
Of rank heroic, 'tis to bear unmoved,
Not toil, not risk, not rage of sea or wind,
Not the brute fury of barbarians blind,
But worse—ingratitude and poisonous darts,
Launched by the country he had served and loved ;
This, with a free, unclouded spirit pure,
This in the strength of silence to endure,
A dignity to noble deeds imparts,
Beyond the gauds and trappings of renown ;
This is the hero's complement and crown ;
This missed, one struggle had been wanting still—
One glorious triumph of the heroic will,
One self-approval in his heart of hearts.

HENRY TAYLOR.

95. THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed ;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They the true-hearted came,
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence, and in fear ;
They shook the depth of the desert's gloom,
With their hymns of lofty cheer

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea ;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean-eagle soared
 From his nest by the white wave's foam,
 And the rocking pines of the forest roared;
 This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair,
 Amidst that pilgrim band;
 Why had they come to wither there,
 Away from their childhood's land!

There was woman's fearless eye,
 Lit by her deep love's truth;
 There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
 And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
 Bright jewels of the mine?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
 They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod!
 They have left unstained what there they found—
 Freedom to worship God!

MRS. HEMANS.

96. DRONES.

THOSE gilded flies
 That, basking in the sunshine of a court,
 Fatten on its corruption, what are they?
 The drones of the community. They feed
 On the mechanic's labor; the starved hind
 For them compels the stubborn glebe to yield
 Its unshared harvests; and yon squallid form,
 Leaner than fleshless misery that wastes
 A sunless life in the unwholesome mine,
 Drags out in labor a protracted death,
 To glut their grandeur; many faint with toil,
 That few may know the cares and woes of sloth.

Whence think'st thou kings and parasites arose?
 Whence that unnatural hive of drones, who heap
 Toil and unvanquishable penury
 On those who build their palaces and bring

Their daily bread ? From vice, black, loathsome vice ;
 From rapine, madness, treachery, and wrong ;
 From all that genders misery, and makes
 Of earth this thorny wilderness ; from lust,
 Revenge, and murder.

And when reason's voice,
 Loud as the voice of Nature, shall have waked
 The nations, and mankind perceive that vice
 Is discord, war, and misery—that virtue
 Is peace, and happiness, and harmony—
 When man's maturer nature shall disdain
 The playthings of its childhood—kingly glare
 Will lose its power to dazzle ; its authority
 Will silently pass away ; the gorgeous throne
 Shall stand unnoticed in their regal hall,
 Fast falling to decay ; whilst falsehood's trade
 Shall be as hateful and unprofitable
 As that of truth is now.

SHELLEY.

97. THANATOPSIS.

(These parts can be spoken together, or separately.)

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language. For his gayer hours
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
 And eloquence of beauty ; and she glides
 Into his darker musings with a mild
 And gentle sympathy, that steals away
 Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
 Over thy spirit, and sad images
 Of the stern agony, and shroud and pall,
 And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
 Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart—
 Go forth unto the open sky, and list
 To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
 Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
 Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
 The all-beholding sun shall see no more
 In all his course. Nor yet in the cold ground,

Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again ;
And lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone ; nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun ; the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
The venerable woods ; rivers that move
In majesty ; and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadow green ; and poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man.

W. C. BRYANT.

98. THE SAME.—PART SECOND.

THE golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce ;
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings ; yet—the dead are there ;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down

In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest ; and what if thou fall
Unnoticed by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom ! yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant, in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side,
By those, who, in their turn, shall follow them.
So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon ; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

W. C. BRYANT

99. THE MURDERED TRAVELLER.

WHEN spring, to woods and wastes around,
Brought bloom and joy again,
The murdered traveller's bones were found,
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch, above him, hung
Her tassels in the sky ;
And many a vernal blossom sprung,
And nodded careless by.

The red-bird warbled, as he wrought
His hanging nest o'erhead ;

And fearless, near the fatal spot,
Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away ;
And gentle eyes, for him,
With watching many an anxious day,
Grew sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,
The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert snow,
Unarmed, and hard beset ;—

Nor how, when round the frosty pole
The northern dawn was red,
The mountain wolf and wild-cat stole
To banquet on the dead ;—

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,
They dressed the hasty bier,
And marked his grave with nameless stones,
Unmoistened by a tear.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,
Within his distant home ;
And dreamed, and started as they slept,
For joy that he was come.

So long they looked—but never spied
His welcome step again,
Nor knew the fearful death he died
Far down that narrow glen.

W. C. BRYANT

100. THE HEROES OF SEVENTY-SIX.

WHAT heroes from the woodland sprung,
When, through the fresh-awakened land,
The thrilling cry of freedom rung,
And to the work of warfare strung
The yeoman's iron hand !

Hills ~~flung~~ the cry to hills around ;
And ocean-mart replied to mart ;
And streams, whose springs were yet unfound,

Pealed far away the startling sound
Into the forest's heart.

Then marched the brave from rocky steep,
From mountain river swift and cold ;
The borders of the stormy deep,
The vales where gathered waters sleep,
Sent up the strong and bold.

As if the very earth again
Grew quick with God's creating breath,
And, from the sods of grove and glen,
Rose ranks of iron-hearted men,
To battle to the death.

The wife, whose babe first smiled that day,
The fair fond bride of yester-eve,
And aged sire and matron gray,
Saw the loved warriors haste away,
And deemed it sin to grieve.

Already had the strife begun ;
Already blood on Concord's plain
Along the springing grass had run,
And blood had flowed at Lexington,
Like brook of April rain.

That death-stain on the vernal sward
Hallowed to freedom all the shore ;
In fragments fell the yoke abhorred—
The footstep of a foreign lord
Profaned the soil no more.

W C. BRYANT

101. THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

CHAINED in the market-place he stood,
A man of giant frame,
Amid the gathering multitude
That shrunk to hear his name,—
All stern of look and strong of limb,
His dark eye on the ground ;—
And silently they gazed on him,
As on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought,—
He was a captive now ;
Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,
Was written on his brow.
The scars his dark broad bosom wore,
Showed warrior true and brave ;
A prince among his tribe before,
He could not be a slave.

Then to his conqueror he spake—
“ My brother is a king ;
Undo this necklace from my neck,
And take this bracelet ring,
And send me where my brother reigns,
And I will fill thy hands
With store of ivory from the plains,
And gold-dust from the sands.”

“ Not for thy ivory nor thy gold
Will I unbind thy chain ;
That bloody hand shall never hold
The battle-spear again.
A price thy nation never gave,
Shall yet be paid for thee ;
For thou shalt be the Christian's slave,
In lands beyond the sea.”

Then wept the warrior chief, and bade
To shred his locks away ;
And, one by one, each heavy braid
Before the victor lay.
Thick were the plaited locks, and long,
And, deftly hidden there,
Shone many a wedge of gold, among
The dark and crispéd hair.

“ Look, feast thy greedy eye with gold
Long kept for sorest need ;
Take it—thou askest sums untold,
And say that I am freed.
Take it—my wife, the long, long day,
Weeps by the cocoa-tree,
And my young children leave their play,
And ask in vain for me.”

"I take thy gold, but I have made
 Thy fetters fast and strong,
 And ween that by the cocoa shade
 Thy wife will wait thee long."
 Strong was the agony that shook
 The captive's frame to hear,
 And the proud meaning of his look
 Was changed to mortal fear

His heart was broken—crazed his brain :
 At once his eye grew wild ;
 He struggled fiercely with his chain,
 Whispered, and wept, and smiled ;
 Yet wore not long those fatal bands,
 And once, at shut of day,
 They drew him forth upon the sands,
 The foul hyena's prey.

W. C. BRYANT.

102. THE HURRICANE.

THE golden blaze
 Of the sun is quenched in the lurid haze,
 And he sends through the shade a funeral ray—
 A glare that is neither night nor day,
 A beam that touches, with hues of death,
 The clouds above and the earth beneath.
 To its covert glides the silent bird,
 While the hurricane's distant voice is heard,
 Uplifted among the mountains round,
 And the forests hear and answer the sound.
 He is come ! he is come ! do ye not behold
 His ample robes on the wind unrolled ?
 Giant of air ! we bid thee hail !
 How his gray skirts toss in the whirling gale !
 How his huge and writhing arms are bent,
 To clasp the zone of the firmament,
 And fold at length in the dark embrace,
 From mountain to mountain the visible space !
 Darker—still darker ! the whirlwinds bear
 The dust of the plains to the middle air :
 And hark to the crashing, long and loud,
 Of the chariot of God in the thunder-cloud !

You may trace its path by the flashes that start
 From the rapid wheels where'er they dart.
 As the fire-bolts leap to the world below,
 And flood the sky with a lurid glow.

What roar is that ?—'tis the rain that breaks,
 In torrents away from the airy lakes,
 Heavily poured on the shuddering ground,
 And shedding a nameless horror round.
 Ah ! well-known woods, and mountains, and skies,
 With the very clouds !—ye are lost to my eyes.
 I seek ye vainly, and see in your place
 The shadowy tempest that sweeps through space,
 A whirling ocean that fills the wall
 Of the crystal heaven, and buries all ;
 And I, cut off from the world, remain
 Alone with the terrible hurricane.

W. C. BRYANT.

103. THE TWENTY-SECOND OF DECEMBER.

Wild was the day ; the wintry sea
 Moaned sadly on New England's strand,
 When first, the thoughtful and the free,
 Our fathers, trod the desert land.

They little thought how pure a light,
 With years, should gather round that day,
 How love should keep their memories bright,
 How wide a realm their sons should sway.

Green are their bays ; but greener still
 Shall round their spreading fame be wreathed,
 And regions, now untrod, shall thrill
 With reverence, when their names are breathed.

Till where the sun, with softer fires,
 Looks on the vast Pacific's sleep,
 The children of the Pilgrim sires
 This hallowed day like us shall keep.

W. C. BRYANT.

104. A PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real !—life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal :
Dust thou art—to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,—
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead past bury its dead !
Act—act in the living present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait !

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

105. THE LEPER.

"Room for the leper ! room !" And, as he came,
The cry passed on—"Room for the leper ! room !"

And aside they stood—
Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood—all
Who met him on his way, and let him pass.
And onward through the open gate he came,
A leper, with the ashes on his brow,
Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
A covering,—stepping painfully and slow,
And with a difficult utterance, like one
Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
Crying, "Unclean ! unclean !"

'Twas now the first
Of the Judean autumn, and the leaves,
Whose shadows lay so still upon his path,
Had put their beauty forth beneath the eye
Of Judah's loftiest noble. He was young,
And eminently beautiful, and life
Mantled in eloquent fulness on his lip,
And sparkled in his glance ; and in his mien
There was a gracious pride that every eye
Followed with benisons—and this was he !
With the soft airs of summer, there had come
A torpor on his frame, which not the speed
Of his best barb, nor music, nor the blast
Of the bold huntsman's horn, nor aught that stirs
The spirit to its bent, might drive away.
The blood beat not as wont within his veins ;
Dimness crept o'er his eye ; a drowsy sloth
Fettered his limbs like palsy, and his mien,
With all its loftiness, seemed struck with eld.
Even his voice was changed—a languid moan
Taking the place of the clear silver key ;
And brain and sense grew faint, as if the light
And very air were steeped in sluggishness.
He strove with it a while, as manhood will,
Ever too proud for weakness, till the rein
Slackened within his grasp, and in its poise
The arrowy jereed, like an aspen, shook.
Day after day, he lay as if asleep :

His skin grew dry and bloodless, and white scales,
Circled with livid purple, covered him,
—And Helon was a leper !

It was noon,
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
The loathsome water to his fevered lips,
Praying that he might be so blest—to die !
Footsteps approached, and, with no strength to flee,
He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying, “Unclean ! unclean !” and in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
Nearer the Stranger came, and, bending o’er
The leper’s prostrate form, pronounced his name—
“Helon !” The voice was like the master-tone
Of a rich instrument—most strangely sweet ;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
“Helon ! arise !” and he forgot his curse,
And rose and stood before Him.
He looked on Helon earnestly a while,
As if his heart were moved, and stooping down,
He took a little water in his hand,
And laid it on his brow, and said, “Be clean !”
And lo ! the scales fell from him, and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
The dewy softness of an infant’s stole.
His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus’ feet and worshipped him.

N. P. WILLIS.

106. NATURE.

NATURE is man’s best teacher. She unfolds
Her treasures to his search, unseals his eye,
Illumes his mind, and purifies his heart.
Her influence breathes in all the sights and sounds
Of her existence ; she is Wisdom’s self.

Rest yields she to the weary of the earth ;
 Its heavy-laden she endows with strength.
 When sorrow presses on us, when the stings
 Of bitter disappointment pierce our soul,
 When our eye sickens at the sight of man,
 Our ear turns loathing from his jarring voice,—
 The shadowy forest and the quiet field
 Are then our comforters. A medicine
 Breathes in the wind that fans our fevered brow,
 The blessed sunshine yields a sweet delight,
 The bird's low warble thrills within our breast,
 The flower is eloquent with peace and joy,
 And better thoughts come o'er us. Lighter heart
 And purer feelings cheer our homeward way.
 We prize more deep the blessings that are ours,
 And rest a higher, holier trust in God.

And when the splendid summer moonlight bathes,
 Blinding the stars, night's purple sky, in rich,
 Transparent splendor, brightening all below,
 As though, at God's command, earth's angel-guard
 Had dropped his silver mantle from his form
 Upon her, to protect her helpless sleep,
 Nature speaks soothing music, stealing through
 Each avenue to the heart, till all is peace.

She teaches us of God,
 Her Architect—her Master. At his feet
 She crouches, and in offering him her praise
 From myriad altars, and in myriad tones,
 She bids man praise him also. In the broad
 Magnificent ocean, surging in wild foam,
 Yet bounded in its madness ; in the fierce,
 Shrieking, and howling tempest, crashing on
 In desolating wrath, yet curbed with reins,—
 She shows his awful power, yet tender care :
 In the wide sunlight, in the murmuring rains,
 And changes of the seasons, she proclaims
 His wide beneficence, exhaustless love.

A. R. STREET

107. THE POOR INDIAN.

Fast the white race spread,
And fast they scattered here rude clearings through.
The leafy desert. The tall blockhouse rose,
Surrounded by its stooping cabin-roofs,
And belted with its pointed palisades.
The axe rung always, and the echoes woke
To the down-crashing woods. Green meadows sprung
From the wood-moss, and cattle lowed where rose
The bleating of the deer, and where the wolf
Howled to the moon. The rifle brought quick death,
In hard, strong hands, to the majestic moose
And bounding deer. The eagle stooped to it.
The darting salmon felt the barbed point
Of the torch-lighted spear; the spotted trout
Leapt at the butterfly, and found quick death.
The beaver, paddling round his ancient stream,
Felt the sharp talons of some hidden trap,
And meekly died. The otter rose to breathe,
And saw the red shot glancing from the bush—
And gasped in blood. The winter snows fell deep;
And the pale, starving Indian, lingering near
The pale-face village, sought in vain the deer,
For paths, broad-stamped around with snow-shoes, told
The white man's rifle had been there before him.
In vain he sought the drifts that choked so deep
The laurels, for the partridge or the quail;
In vain he searched the hollow tree, made mad
With hunger, for the torpid bear, to wrestle
E'en with that shaggy foeman for his flesh.
Skill and strange knowledge also had been there,
And, on the village green, with forehead bored
With the swift bullet, stood the black square frame
Of the dead monster, frozen stiff with cold.
What wonder that he clutched his tomahawk
And drew his knife, and swore, on bended knee,
By Hah-wen-né-yo, he would be revenged!
What wonder that the midnight sky blushed red!
What wonder that the settler sank in death
Beside his plough, or tinged the golden wheat
With his own blood! What wonder that the child
Saw the fierce eyeball gleaming from the thicket,

And fell ere he could reach his shrieking mother ;
 Who felt in turn her reeking scalp clutched off
 Her burning head ! What wonder black revenge
 Looked from the heavens : the forests echoed it
 In the wild storm ! The winter snows were piled
 High with its curses, and e'en green-garbed spring,
 That brought her birds, her flowers, and grass and light
 To the cursed white men, howled revenge to them.

But naught could daunt the white man's energy :
 The valleys smiled with culture ; mountain-sides
 Grew green with pastures, and their soaring tops
 E'en bore rough clearings : by the trapper's streams,
 Rose roofs ; and rivers, like the winter woods,
 Were flaked with sails. Life, active, prosperous life,
 Ran through the woods and mantled o'er the land.
 As the tree fell, the log-hut sprang in place ;
 The log-hut, like the tent in fairy tale,
 Expanded to the village—like the wand
 Of the enchanter, budding, sprouting forth ;
 Or like the gourd mysterious of the prophet,
 The village spread, in turn, into a city.

A. B. STREET.

108. THE SIX NATIONS, OR IROQUOIS.

PROUD and majestic was that native race,
 The Iroquois ! once masters of our State.
 Leagued into one great union, five wild tribes
 Towered o'er the boundless forest of their home,
 Conquerors of all the tawny races dwelling
 Where dwell the swarming thousands of our Union :
 Thus lifting their plumed foreheads to the clouds,
 And stretching their keen tomahawk and knife
 From where St. Lawrence its tremendous floods
 Rolls through his half year snow-blocked, ice-clad woods,
 To where the rich magnolia swings its breath
 In radiant Florida's eternal summer.
 Wise were their laws and noble were their lives,
 Hearing their forests thundering in the storm,
 And seeing them put on their changing garb
 To every changing season. For them rose

The wood-swathed mountain, cloud-capped ; for them smiled
The green and leafy valley ; silver waters
Rose to their lips, and food of earth and air
Fell to their arrows. The stern and awful roar
Of great Niagara filled the western end
Of their Long House, and by its eastern door
The peaceful Hudson flowed in whispers low.
Within that Long House every bird that flies,
From the strong eagle soaring to the sun
To the rich humming-bird that murmurs sweet
Around its flowers, was theirs ; and every shape
That only claimed the ground whereon to dwell,
From the tall moose that trampled underneath
His broad splay-hoofs strong saplings branched with leaves
That made the wren's and robin's nested home
A sylvan pillar, tore with craunching teeth
The moose-wood's mottled bark, and from whose front
The hungry panther turned his blazing eyes,
To the striped squirrel rolling to his grot
The oak's brown acorn, all, alone were theirs.
Where are they now, the noble Iroquois !
Where are they now ! The hollow echo gives
No answer, for the forests where they lived
Have vanished utterly. Where are they now !
Answer, ye scattered spectres, wearing aye
Your sunken heads upon your tawny breasts,
And staggering in the white man's midst, a shame
To human nature ; or, perchance, aloof
Wandering around the sparkling streams that once
Flashed to your paddle—through the woods that rang
Once to your war-whoop,—scathed and blighted men,
Answer, and from your pale and trembling lips
Would come, “ Go, ask the white man in his pride
What, what hath bowed the red man to the dust ;
His power, his strength, his might, that made his law
And trampled us as Autumn in his fury,
Rends the sear leaves, and tramples them to earth,
The sad memorials of relentless power.”

A. B. STREET.

109. A FOREST NOOK.

A NOOK within the forest ; overhead
The branches arch, and shape a pleasant bower,
Breaking white cloud, blue sky, and sunshine bright
Into pure ivory and sapphire spots
And flecks of gold ; a soft, cool emerald tint
Colors the air, as though the delicate leaves
Emitted self-born light. What splendid walls,
And what a gorgeous roof, carved by the hand
Of glorious Nature ! Here the spruce thrusts in
Its bristling plume, tipped with its pale-green points,
The hemlock shows its borders freshly fringed,
The smoothly scalloped beech-leaf, and the birch,
Cut into ragged edges, interlace.
While here and there, through clefts, the laurel hangs
Its gorgeous chalices half-brimmed with dew,
As though to hoard it for the haunting elves
The moonlight calls to this their festal hall.
A thick, rich grassy carpet clothes the earth
Sprinkled with autumn leaves. The fern displays
Its fluted wreath beaded beneath with drops
Of richest brown ; the wild-rose spreads its breast
Of delicate pink, and the o'erhanging fir
Has dropped its dark, long cone.
Such nooks as this are common in the woods :
And all these sights and sounds the commonest
In Nature when she wears her summer prime.
Yet by them pass not lightly : to the wise
They tell the beauty and the harmony
Of e'en the lowliest things that God hath made.
That this familiar earth and sky are full
Of his ineffable power and majesty.
That in the humble objects, seen too oft
To be regarded, is such wondrous grace,
The art of man is vain to imitate.
That the low flower our careless foot treads down
Is a rich shrine of incense delicate,
And radiant beauty, and that God hath formed
All, from the mountain wreathing round its brow
The black cars of the thunder, to the grain
Of silver sand the bubbling spring casts up,
With deepest forethought and severest care.

And thus these noteless, lowly things are types
Of his perfection and divinity.

A. B. STREET

110. THE POOR AND THE RICH.

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick and stone and gold,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares.
The bank may break, the factory burn,
Some breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands would scarcely earn
A living that would suit his turn ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit ?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit ;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit ?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from enjoyment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit ?
A patience learned by being poor ;
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it ;
A fellow feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

Oh, rich man's son, there is a toil
That with all others level stands ;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whitens, soft white hands ;
This is the best crop from thy lands—
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

Oh, poor man's son, scorn not thy state !
There is worse weariness than thine,—
In being merely rich and great :
Work only makes the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign,—
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last—
Both children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast,
By record of a well-filled past !
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

J. R. LOWELL.

111. THE FIGHT OF PASO DEL MAR.

GUSTY and raw was the morning,
A fog hung over the seas,
And its gray skirts, rolling inland,
Were torn by the mountain trees ;
No sound was heard, but the dashing
Of waves on the sandy bar,
When Pablo of San Diego
Rode down to the Paso del Mar.

The pescadór, out in his shallop,
Gathering his harvest so wide,
Sees the dim bulk of the headland
Loom over the waste of the tide ;
He sees, like a white thread, the pathway
Wind round on the terrible wall,
Where the faint, moving speck of the rider
Seems hovering close to its fall !

Stout Pablo of San Diego
Rode down from the hills behind ;
With the bells on his gray mule tinkling,
He sang through the fog and wind.
Under his thick, misted eyebrows,
Twinkled his eye like a star,
And fiercer he sang, as the sea-winds
Drove cold on the Paso del Mar.

Now Bernal, the herdsman of Corral,
Had travelled the shore since dawn,
Leaving the ranches behind him—
Good reason had he to be gone !
The blood was still red on his dagger,
The fury was hot in his brain,
And the chill, driving scud of the breakers
Beat thick on his forehead in vain.

With his blanket wrapped gloomily round him,
He mounted the dizzying road,
And the chasms and steepes of the headland
Were slippery and wet, as he trode ;
Wild swept the wind of the ocean,
Rolling the fog from afar,
When near him a mule-bell came tinkling,
Midway on the Paso del Mar !

“ Back ! ” shouted Bernal, full fiercely,
And “ Back ! ” shouted Pablo, in wrath ;
As his mule halted, startled and shrinking,
On the perilous line of the path !
The roar of devouring surges
Came up from the breakers’ hoarse war ;
And “ Back, or you perish ! ” cried Bernal,
“ I turn not on Paso del Mar ! ”

The gray mule stood firm as the headland ;
He clutched at the jingling rein,
When Pablo rose up in his saddle,
And smote, till he dropped it again.
A wild oath of passion swore Bernal,
And brandished his dagger, still red,
While fiercely stout Pablo leaned forward,
And fought o’er his trusty mule’s head.

They fought, till the black wall below them
 Shone red through the misty blast ;
 Stout Pablo then struck, leaning further,
 The broad breast of Bernal at last.
 And, phrensied with pain, the swart herdsman
 Closed round him his terrible grasp,
 And jerked him, despite of his struggles,
 Down from the mule, in his clasp.

They grappled with desperate madness
 On the slippery edge of the wall,
 They swayed on the brink, and together
 Reeled out to the rush of the fall !
 A cry of the wildest death-anguish
 Rang faint through the mist afar,
 And the riderless mule went homeward
 From the fight of the Paso del Mar !

BAYARD TAYLOR.

112. LAMENT OF THE INDIAN CHIEFTAIN.

At Onondaga burned the sacred fire
 A thousand winters, with unwasting blaze ;
 In guarding it, son emulated sire,
 And far abroad were flung its dazzling rays :
 Followed were happy years by evil days ;
 Blue-eyed and pale, came children of the Dawn,
 Tall spires on site of bark-built town to raise ;
 Change graves of beauty to a naked lawn,
 And whirl their chariot wheels where led the doe her fawn.
 Where are the mighty ?—morning finds them not !
 I call—and echo gives response alone ;
 The fiery bolt of Ruin hath been shot—
 The blow is struck—the winds of death have blown—
 Cold are their hearths—their altars overthrown !
 For them with smoking venison the board,
 Reward of toilsome chase, no more will groan :
 Sharper than hatchet proved the Conqueror's sword,
 And blood, in fruitless strife, like water they outpoured.
 Oh ! where is Garangùla—Sachem wise,—
 Who was the father of his people ?—where

King Hendrick—Cay-en-guacto?—who replies?

And, Skenandoah, was thy silver hair
Brought to the dust in sorrow and despair
By pale oppressors, though thy bow was strung
To guard their *Thirteen Fires*?—they did not spare
E'en thee, old chieftain! and thy tuneful tongue
The death-dirge of thy race, in measured cadence, sung.

The-an-de-ne-a-ya* of the martial brow,

Gy-ant-wa†—Hon-ne-yà-wus,‡ where are they?
Sa-gay-ye-wat-hah§! is he silent now,

Will listening throngs no more his voice obey?
Like visions have the mighty passed away:
Their tears descend in raindrops, and their sighs
Are heard in wailing winds when evening gray
Shadows the landscape, and their mournful eyes
Gleam in the misty light of moon-illuminated skies.

Gone are my tribesmen, and another race,

Born of the foam, disclose with plough and spade
Secrets of battle-field and burial-place;

And hunting-grounds, once dark with pleasant shade,
Bask in the golden light;—but I have made

A pilgrimage from far to look once more
On scenes through which in childhood's hour I strayed;
Though robbed of might my limbs—my locks all hoar,
And on this holy mount mourn for the days of yore.

Around me soon will bloom unfading flowers,

Ye glorious Spirit-Islands of the just!
No fatal axe will hew away your bowers,
Or lay the green-robed forest king in dust;—
Far from the spoiler's fury, and his lust

Of boundless power, will I my fathers meet,
Tiaras wearing never dimmed by rust;
And they, while airs waft music passing sweet,
To blest abodes will guide my silver-sandalled feet.

W. H. C. HOSMER.

* Brant.

† Farmer's Brother.

‡ Corn-planter.

§ Red Jacket.

113. ORIGIN OF THE CROW.

(A LEGEND OF THE SENECA.)

WEARY and worn old Tar-yon-eè
 Was slumbering in the days of yore,
 Under a leafy white-wood tree,
 That grew beside his cabin door ;
 Giving the wood a deeper brown,
 A raven, huge and black, came down,
 And hungering for human prey,
 In his talons bore the Chief away.

A rush of wings—a dismal shriek,
 The Tribe, with horror voiceless, heard,
 While sailed to a distant mountain peak,
 With bleeding prize, that cruel bird :
 Soon finished was its dread repast,
 And up the monster hurried fast,
 Leaving, to whiten in the wind,
 A pile of naked bones behind.

Heh-nu—dark Thunder-God !—espied
 The creature flying to its nest,
 Far in those regions blue and wide,
 That over stormy Cloudland rest :—
 On his resounding bow he laid
 A shaft of ragged lightning made,
 While the gorged monster, at the sight,
 Clapped pinions for a swifter flight.

Outstretched was its long neck in vain,
 Soaring through air with frightful cries,
 To reach its azure perch again
 On wall that fenced remoter skies :
 O'ertaken by a missile dire,
 Scorched was each plume by hissing fire,
 And redly the dismembered form
 Was showered to earth in atoms warm.

A hunter on the hills, in fear,
 Watched the torn fragments as they fell,
 Forgetful of a wounded deer
 That limped for shelter to the dell ;

But wilder terror thrilled his heart,
 When shape took each disrupted part,
 And darkly, from the ground uprose,
 Croaking their joy, a flock of crows.

Beneath a cedar tall and green,
 The bones of Tar-yon-ee were laid;
 His mountain tomb may yet be seen
 Within its ever-during shade:
 Ill-omened ravens blacken oft
 Its branches towering aloft,
 And load with clamor loud the air,
 As if they held a council there.

W. H. C. HOSMER.

114. WATCHWORDS.

WE are living,—we are dwelling
 In a grand and awful time;
 In an age, on ages telling,
 To be living—is sublime.

Hark! the waking up of nations,
 Gog and Magog, to the fray;
 Hark! what soundeth, is Creation's
 Groaning for its latter day.

Will ye play then! will ye dally,
 With your music, with your wine?
 Up! it is Jehovah's rally!
 God's own arm hath need of thine.

Hark, the onset! will ye fold your
 Faith-clad arms in lazy lock!
 Up, oh up, thou drowsy soldier!
 Worlds are charging to the shock.

Worlds are charging—Heaven beholding;
 Thou hast but an hour to fight;
 Now, the blazoned cross unfolding,
 On—right onward, for the right!

What! still hug thy dreamy slumbers?
 'Tis no time for idling play:

Wreaths, and dance, and poet-numbers,
Flout them! we must work to-day!

Fear not! spurn the worldling's laughter;
Thine ambition—trample thou!
Thou shalt find a long Hereafter,
To be more than tempts thee now.

On! let all the soul within you,
For the truth's sake, go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God!

A. C. Cox.

115. TO THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHEN freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings from the morning light!
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

Flag of the free heart's only home,
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome
And all thy hues were born in heaven;
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us?
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us.

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal trumpet's tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on:
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,

Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
 Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
 To where thy meteor glories burn ;
 And as his springing steps advance,
 Catch war and vengeance from the glance !
 And when the cannon's mouthings loud
 Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
 And gory sabres rise and fall,
 Like shoots of flame on midnight pall !—
 There shall thy victor glances glow,
 And cowering foes shall fall beneath
 Each gallant arm that strikes below
 That lovely messenger of death !

Flag of the seas ! on ocean's wave,
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,
 When death, careering on the gale,
 Sweeps darkly round the swelling sail,
 And frightened waves rush wildly back
 Before the broadside's reeling rack,
 Each dying wanderer of the sea
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
 And smile to see thy splendors fly
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.

J. R. DRAKE.

 116. OLD IRONSIDES.

Ax, tear her tattered ensign down !
 Long has it waved on high ;
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky ;
 Beneath it rung the battle shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar ;—
 The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck,—once red with heroes' blood,
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
 And waves were white below,—

Nor doubting, though a stranger, that his seed
Should be as ocean's sands.

And can ye deem it strange
That from their planting such a branch should bloom
As nations' envy? Would a germ, embalmed
With prayer's pure tear-drops, strike no deeper root
Than that which mad ambition's hand doth strew
Upon the winds, to reap the winds again?
Hid by its veil of waters from the hand
Of greedy Europe, their bold vine spread forth
In giant strength.

Its early clusters, crushed
In England's wine-press, gave the tyrant host
A draught of deadly wine.—Oh, ye who boast
In your free veins the blood of sires like these,
Lose not their lineaments! Should Mammon cling
Too close around your heart, or wealth beget
That bloated luxury which eats the core
From manly virtue, or the tempting world
Make faint the Christian purpose in your soul,
Turn ye to Plymouth's beach—and on that rock
Kneel in their foot-prints, and renew the vow
They breathed to God.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

118. TIME.

REMORSELESS Time!

Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe!—What power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on,
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag,—but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinions. Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast

Of dreaming sorrow ; cities rise and sink
 Like bubbles on the water ; fiery isles
 Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
 To their mysterious caverns ; mountains rear
 To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
 Their tall heads to the plain ; new empires rise,
 Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
 And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
 Startling the nations ; and the very stars,
 Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
 Glitter a while in their eternal depths,
 And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
 Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away
 To darkle in the trackless void ; yet, Time,
 Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
 Dark, stern, all pitiless, and pauses not,
 Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
 To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
 Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

119. THE YANKEE SHIPS.

OUR Yankee ships ! in fleet career,
 They linger not behind,
 Where gallant sails from other lands
 Court favoring tide and wind.
 With banners on the breeze, they leap
 As gayly o'er the foam
 As stately barks from prouder seas,
 That long have learned to roam.

The Indian wave, with luring smiles,
 Swept round them bright to-day ;
 And havens of Atlantic isles
 Are opening on their way ;
 Ere yet these evening shadows close,
 Or this frail song is o'er,
 Full many a straining mast will rise
 To greet a foreign shore.

High up the lashing northern deep,
 Where glimmering watch-lights beam,

Away in beauty where the stars
 In tropic brightness gleam,
 Where'er the sea-bird wets her beak,
 Or blows the stormy gale ;
 On to the water's furthest verge
 Our ships majestic sail.

They dip their keels in every stream
 That swells beneath the sky ;
 And where old ocean's billows roll
 Their lofty pennants fly :
 They furl their sheets in threatening clouds
 That float across the main,
 To link with love earth's distant bays,
 In many a golden chain.

J. T. FIELDS.

120. PRESS ON.

PRESS on ! surmount the rocky steeps,
 Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch :
 He fails alone who feebly creeps,
 He wins who dares the hero's march.
 Be thou a hero ! let thy might
 Tramp on eternal snows its way,
 And, through the ebon walls of night,
 Hew down a passage unto day.

Press on ! if once and twice thy feet
 Slip back and stumble, harder try ;
 From him who never dreads to meet
 Danger and death, they're sure to fly.
 To coward ranks the bullet speeds,
 While on their breasts who never quail
 Gleams, guardian of chivalric deeds,
 Bright courage, like a coat of mail.

Press on ! if Fortune play thee false
 To-day, to-morrow she'll be true ;
 Whom now she sinks, she now exalts,
 Taking old gifts and granting new.

The wisdom of the present hour
Makes up for follies past and gone :
To weakness strength succeeds, and power
From frailty springs—press on ! press on !

Therefore, press on ! and reach the goal,
And gain the prize, and wear the crown :
Faint not ! for to the steadfast soul
Come wealth, and honor, and renown.
To thine own self be true, and keep
Thy mind from sloth, thy heart from soil ;
Press on ! and thou shalt surely reap
A heavenly harvest for thy toil !

PARK BENJAMIN.

121. THE MARINERS.

How cheery are the mariners,
Those lovers of the sea !
Their hearts are like its yesty waves,
As bounding and as free.
They whistle when the storm-bird wheels
In circles round the mast ;
And sing when, deep in foam, the ship
Ploughs onward to the blast.

What care the mariners for gales ?
There's music in their roar,
When wide the berth along the lee,
And leagues of room before.
Let billows toss to mountain heights,
Or sink to chasms low ;
The vessel stout will ride it out,
Nor reel beneath the blow.

With streamers down and canvas furled,
The gallant hull will float
Securely as on inland lake
A silken-tasselled boat ;
And sound asleep some mariners,
And some with watchful eyes,
Will fearless be of dangers dark,
That roll along the skies.

God keep these cheery mariners !
 And temper all the gales,
 That sweep against the rocky coast,
 To their storm-shattered sails ;
 And men on shore will bless the ship
 That could so guided be,
 Safe in the hollow of his hand,
 To brave the mighty sea !

PARK BENJAMIN.

122. WHAT THE END SHALL BE.

WHEN another life is added
 To the heaving turbid mass ;
 When another breath of being
 Stains creation's tarnished glass ;
 When the first cry, weak and piteous,
 Heralds long-enduring pain,
 And a soul from non-existence
 Springs, that ne'er can die again ;
 When the mother's passionate welcome
 Sorrow-like bursts forth in tears,
 And the sire's self-gratulation
 Prophecies of future years—
 It is well we cannot see.
 What the end shall be.

When across the infant features
 Trembles the faint dawn of mind ;
 When the heart looks from the windows
 Of the eyes that were so blind ;
 When the incoherent murmurs
 Syllable each swaddled thought,
 To the fond ear of affection
 With a boundless promise fraught,
 Kindling great hopes for to-morrow,
 From that dull uncertain ray,
 As by glimmering of the twilight
 Is foreshown the perfect day—
 It is well we cannot see
 What the end shall be.

When the boy upon the threshold
 Of his all-comprising home,
 Parts aside the arm maternal
 That unlocks him ere he roam ;
 When the canvas of his vessel
 Flutters to the favoring gales,
 Years of solitary exile
 Hid behind its sunny sails ;
 When his pulses beat with ardor,
 And his sinews stretch for toil,
 And a hundred bold emprises
 Lure him to that eastern soil—
 It is well we cannot see
 What the end shall be.

Whatsoever is beginning
 That is wrought by human skill,
 Every daring emanation
 Of the mind's ambitious will ;
 Every first impulse of passion,
 Gush of love, or twinge of hate ;
 Every launch upon the waters,
 Wide horizoned by our fate ;
 Every venture in the chances
 Of life's sad, oft desperate, game,
 Whatsoever be our motive,
 Whatsoever be our aim—
 It is well we cannot see
 What the end shall be.

ANONYMOUS.

 123. REST.

Oh ! give me sweet rest, from ambition's wild dream,
 From a world that's all heartless and vain ;
 Give me rest from the tempests that rage o'er life's stream—
 From temptation, from sorrow, and pain !
 Oh ! if mine were the power, undaunted by fear,
 I'd unroll the great volume of fate,
 And there find a reprieve to my wanderings here,
 In this dark and inconstant estate.
 Is there rest far away on the ocean's blue wave,
 O'er the path of the wide-rolling deep,

Where the white-crested billows unceasingly lave,
 And the winds their hoarse revellings keep ?
 I'll plunge in the surge, and I'll breast the wild foam—
 I'll brave, in the storm, the cloud-rack ;
 No voice of fond love shall then whisper of home,
 No larum shall frighten me back.

Is it rest, all alone on the bosom of earth,
 'Neath the deep and blue vault of the sky,
 To awake the sweet musings of heavenly birth,
 And feel that our Father is nigh ?
 I'll away to the mount—contemplation's own height—
 And, alone in the realms of the air,
 My freed spirit I'll lave in those floods of pure light,
 And my life shall be aye a long prayer.

No true rest shall there be, the Almighty has said,
 In the days of man's pilgrimage here ;
 For, by striving still onward and upward, he's led
 To the prize of his earthly career.
 But the bliss of sweet rest shall return once again,
 In the mansions on high of the blest :
 The wicked shall cease aye from troubling him then,
 And the weary shall win a long rest.

EDWARD C. MARSHALL.

124. ANOTHER LIFE.

A BRUISED sea-weed on the strand,
 Vile and worthless lay,
 Tossed by the surges on the land,
 Sport of the angry spray.

Such is man on the beach of life—
 Son of toil and care,
 Tossed on the sea of angry strife,
 Of pain and sorrow heir.

The bruised sea-weed wastes away ;
 Its atoms on the breezes ride ;
 They are wafted far on a sunny day,
 To a smiling mountain side.

They mingle with the teeming earth,
 Where fragrant wild-flowers bloom,
 And a violet springs to joyous birth,
 And flings a sweet perfume.

Thus man shall know another life,
 Not shrouded o'er with gloom,
 Where the soul's sweet bliss shall lull her strife,
 As the violet's sweet perfume.

And a seraph there in robes of white,
 He shall bask in the Eternal's ray,
 And faintly reflect his holy light
 In realms of endless day.

EDWARD C. MARSHALL.

125. THE FLIGHT OF THE NUNDOWAGAS, OR SENECA INDIANS,
 FROM SENECA LAKE.

IN the gloom of the wild, by the smooth silver lake,
 Lo! the red men from sweet, silent slumbers awake.
 What panic enshrouds the bronze features with fear,
 Which nor sorrow or torment has soiled with a tear?
 Why gather their trophies in phrensy, to haste,
 With their loved ones bewailing, to flee o'er the waste?
 Can the Indian forget his old braves' council-fires,
 The proud seat of his nation, the graves of his sires?

Ah! yonder the pale faces, hastening in wrath,
 And thirsting for vengeance, are scenting their path;
 No fleeter the hounds for the startled deer run,
 Nor more joyously course the swift steeds of the sun.
 As the leaves of the forest, or sands of the tide,
 Unnumbered they loom from the eastern hill side;
 They wind through the thicket, approach the morass,
 And soon to the home of the red men will pass.

Swift flee the dusk forms on the wings of the wind,
 Nor leave at their castle one soul of their kind,
 Save the chief, Guyanguahta, of locks hoary white,
 Who would die at his birth-place, and scorned at their flight.
 The breezes were flaunting his silvered hair,
 His brawny arms tossed in wild rage through the air,
 And proud was the taunting and bitter the sneer,
 His aged lips uttered in tones shrill and clear:

“ Away, craven-hearted, away !
I bid ye no longer to stay.
Away, and forget ye the fires
Of your braves, the great deeds of your sires,
The proud Nundowagas of old,
The fame of whose prowess so bold,
By Six-Nations exultingly sung,
To the far Montezumas has rung.
Away ! and your sachem will sleep,
In the Good Spirit's home of the deep,
With the sprites of the emerald caves,
Far down 'neath the beautiful waves ;
And his kinsmen's dishonor and flight,
Their blue covering shall shroud from his sight.”

He finished, and bowed in deep sorrow his head,
Then straight to the lake's pebbly margin he sped :
He loosed from its moorings his bounding canoe,
And silently stole to the lake's deepest blue ;
While the watery elves the frail bark onward bore,
And merrily danced at the plash of his oar,
And laughingly sang him a fairy-like song,
As their loved Indian sachem they wafted along.

Ah ! boldly he paddled, and free was the sweep
Of his soft-gliding bark to the midst of the deep,
And the soul of a brave proudly rushing to death,
Bade defiance in mutters deep throbbing his breast.
Afar to the fathomless* waters he flew,
Then stayed the swift flight of his fleeting canoe ;
To the Manito uttered a heart-spoken prayer,
And plunged—his bent form deftly cleaving the air.

The old sachem has gone to his watery bed,
While far from their home his dark kinsmen have fled,
And sweetly he sleeps 'neath the beautiful wave,
By the Good Spirit soothed in his moss-cladden grave.
And oft on the lake, like a phantom bark, will float,
In the dim mist of evening, his light bounding boat ;
And the elves break the ice with the wild dashing foam,
And a requiem sigh in the wintry wind's moan.

EDWARD C. MARSHALL.

* Seneca Lake is supposed to be fathomless, and its Indian name, Canadesaga, signifies “ the beautiful water.”

126. IRON.

As, in lonely thought, I pondered
On the marvellous things of earth,
And, in fancy's dreaming, wondered
At their beauty, power, and worth,
Came, like words of prayer, the feeling—
Oh! that God would make me know,
Through the spirit's clear revealing,
What, of all his works below,
Is to man a boon the greatest,
Brightening on from age to age,
Serving truest, earliest, latest,
Through the world's long pilgrimage.

Soon vast mountains rose before me,
Shaggy, desolate, and lone,
Their scarred heads were threatening o'er me,
Their dark shadows round me thrown;
Then a voice, from out the mountains,
As an earthquake, shook the ground,
And, like frightened fawns, the fountains
Leaping, fled before the sound;
And the Anak oaks bowed lowly,
Quivering, aspen-like, with fear—
While the deep response came slowly,
Or it must have crushed mine ear.

"Iron! Iron! Iron!"—crashing,
Like the battle-axe and shield,
Or the sword on helmet clashing,
Through a bloody battle-field:
"Iron! Iron! Iron!"—rolling,
Like the far-off cannon's boom,
Or the death-knell, slowly tolling,
Through a dungeon's charnel gloom:
"Iron! Iron! Iron!"—swinging,
Like the summer winds at play,
Or as bells of Time were ringing
In the blest millennial day.

Then the clouds of ancient fable
Cleared away before mine eyes;

Truth could tread a footing stable
O'er the gulf of mysteries.
Words, the prophet bards had uttered,
Signs, the oracle foretold,
Spells, the weird-like Sibyl muttered,
Through the twilight days of old,
Rightly read, beneath the splendor,
Shining now on history's page,
All their faithful witness render—
All portend a better age.

Rugged strength and radiant beauty—
These were one in nature's plan ;
Humble toil and heavenward duty—
These will form the perfect man !
Darkly was this doctrine taught us
By the gods of heathendom ;
But the living light was brought us
When the gospel morn had come ;
How the glorious change, expected,
Could be wrought, was then made free ;
Of the earthly, when perfected,
Rugged Iron forms the key !

While our faith in good grows stronger,
Means of greater good increase ;
Iron, slave of war no longer,
Leads the onward march of peace ;
Still new modes of service finding,
Ocean, earth, and air it moves,
And the distant nations binding,
Like the kindred tie it proves ;
With its Atlas-shoulder, sharing
Loads of human toil and care ;
On its wing of lightning bearing
Thought's swift mission through the air !

MRS. S. J. HALE.

127. ROME.

THE Coliseum's lonely walls still tower,
In all their massy strength, to greet the skies ;

The Cæsars' hundred palaces of power
In undecayed magnificence still rise ;
And towers, and tombs, and temples desolate,
Tell of the solemn grandeur of her state.

We walk amid those temples tottering ;
Each foot-fall starts the young owl from her rest ;
Where mantling vines round moldering arches cling,
To furnish forth the bat her dusky nest ;
And every breeze that through the ruin strays,
Seems like the ghost of Rome's departed days.

Romans and Roman matrons wandered here ;
Here blushed the cheek at its sweet beauty spoken .
Trembled the delicate hand, and sparkled clear
The bright drop in the eye, at love's fond token ;
And children's voices woke these streets all day,
And echoed the light laugh of maidens gay.

Tempest and terror, war, and flood, and fire,
And cruelty, and guilt, and avarice,
These have been here, and wreaked their vengeance dire,
On pillared fane, and smouldering precipice ;
Yet sits she still amid the solemn scene,
Queen of the hills, in majesty a queen.

Rome's greatness and Rome's grandeur may not be
The greatness and the grandeur that we prize ;
Yet, though her soul was chained, her mind was free,
And power was there which men cannot despise :
She lifted her proud arm—each flag was furled ;
And at her haughty beck, bowed down the world.

And with her, though a tyrant in her mood,
Was genius, learning, talent consecrate ;
And though on land and sea her track was blood,
Yet intellectual greatness marked her state ;
For while was heard the trumpet's deafening clang,
The forum thundered with the loud harangue.

W. T. BACON

128. THE LAST REVOLUTIONARY.

Oh! where are they, those iron men
Who braved the battle's storm of fire,
When war's wild halo filled the glen,
And lit each humble village spire?
When hill sent back the sound to hill,
And might was right, and law was will?

Oh! where are they, whose manly breasts
Beat back the pride of England's might?
Whose stalwart arm, laid low the crests
Of many an old and valiant knight?
When evening came with murderous flame,
And liberty was but a name?

I see them in the distance, form
Like spectres on a misty shore;
Before them rolls the dreadful storm,
And hills send forth their rills of gore;
Around them death, with lightning breath,
Is twining an immortal wreath.

They conquer! God of glory, thanks!
They conquer! Freedom's banner waves
Above oppression's broken ranks,
And withers o'er her children's graves;
And loud and long the pealing song
Of jubilee is borne along.

'Tis evening, and December's sun
Goes swiftly down behind the wave;
And there I see a gray-haired one,
A special courier to the grave;
He looks around on vale and mound,
Then falls upon his battle-ground.

Beneath him rests the hallowed earth,
Now changed like him, and still and cold;
The blood that gave young freedom birth
No longer warms the warrior old;
He waves his hand with stern command,
Then dies, the last of glory's band.

J. ERSKINE DOW

129. THE SHIPWRECK.

HARK ! from the sullen deep a fearful sound,
Which dies away where echo ne'er replies :—
While clouds of fiery vapor roll around,
And, like a wintry fog, obscure the skies.
The ship's a wreck !—in scattered fragments lies,
A smoking ruin on the combing swell !
The red flues have collapsed, and havoc flies
In volleyed thunder !—like the bolt that fell
On that ill-fated boat—the lost, the mourned Moselle !

A moment past, and the proud ship was gliding,
Like a swift dolphin, through the yielding seas,—
A moment past, and Beauty, coy, confiding,
Charming as love, and courteous still to please,
Rung her light bells and wrangled with the breeze.
Where are they now ?—the lovely and the brave,
The staid, the gay, so late in health and ease ?—
Some, in their berths below, have found a grave,
Some toss upon the surge,—some struggle down the wave !

O what a cry of woe burst from the deep !
What shrieks of terror pierced the vaulted sky !
What icy chills around each heart did creep !—
What black despair gleamed from each straining eye !
Some, flayed alive, upon the waters lie,
And writhe and groan in agony of pain :—
O it were mercy now bestowed, to die,
And sink unconscious down th' unfathom'd main,
For life is misery,—death is the wretch's gain !

Some vainly grapple with the burning wreck,
That slowly settling, tends the depths below ;
While others, maddened in life's sudden check,
Blaspheme their God ! and the last hope forego,
Despairing in th' extremity of woe !
A few resigned upon the waters lie,
And gazing upward with a dying throe,
Await their dissolution,—not a sigh
Disturbs the soul whose wing is quivering for the sky.

The dying boy invokes his sinking sire,
The struggling sire no foothold may recover,—

Husband and wife in either's arms expire,
In either's arms, the maiden and her lover ;—
Strangers and friends are calling to each other,
Childhood imploring aid,—alas ! in vain !
The dashing seas each cry of anguish smother,
Hearts cease to beat, and voices to complain,
And Death sits paramount,—triumphant on the main !

Silence is on the sea !—save the dull moan
Of the dirge-chanting wind and hoarser swell ;
While bends night's goddess from her azure zone,
To kiss the enamored wave that owns her spell.
For these,—the dead, there tolls no funeral bell,
Nor hearse, nor pall, nor mourning friends appear :—
Th' affrighted sea-bird screams their passing knell,
Upon whose grave no flowers the Spring shall rear,
But sea-weed floats around to deck their watery bier.

EDWARD A. McLAUGHLIN.

130. GOLD.

GOLD !—many hunted, sweat, and bled for gold ;
Waked all the night, and labored all the day ;—
And what was this allurements, dost thou ask ?
A dust, dug from the bowels of the earth,
Which, being cast into the fire, came out
A shining thing, that fools admired and called
A god ; and, in devout and humble plight,
Before it kneeled—the greater to the less !
And on its altar sacrificed ease, peace,
Truth, faith, integrity—good conscience, friends,
Love, charity, benevolence, and all
The sweet and tender sympathies of life ;
And, to complete the horrid, murderous rite,
And signalize their folly, offered up
Their souls, and an eternity of bliss,
To gain them—what ?—an hour of dreaming joy—
A feverish hour, that hastened to be done,
And ended in the bitterness of woe !

POLLOK

131. THE STORMING OF VERA CRUZ.

THE night is wild and bitter, the prairie lies in snow ;
And hark ! the wolves are howling, as round the fort they go.
Close in their guarded stable the horses snort with fear :
Pile on the logs still higher, we'll give the night to cheer !

While some the haunch are broiling, and others spice the wine,
And some deck out the table with torches of the pine,
And some bring in the red game, or pastry crisply done,
I'll tell the story, comrades, how Vera Cruz was won !

You should have seen our transports, a hundred in a row :
Like stately swans they floated, majestic and slow.
Two days we headed southward, out on the boundless sea,
Two days gray Orizaba towered upon our lea.
At last the distant city flashed on the sea-board dim ;
And crouched before it, watching, the lion-castle grim.

Close by the beach we anchored : with a mighty shout
The boats were launched, the oars were down, and the long line
shot out

A moment in the breakers :—God help the gallant band !
The creamy foam is o'er them !—huzza ! they gain the land !
The starry flag is planted, a beacon blazing wide !
A hundred guns exulted ; ten thousand men replied.

That night we slept untented, and often waked to hear
The jackal snarling round us, the foeman scouting near.
With day the battle opened : a dread incessant roar
From fleet, and fort, and castle, billowed o'er the sea and shore ;
And while we dug the trenches, still blew the fiery gale,
And still above, about us, pattered the iron hail.

Sudden a trumpet sounded : we looked, and o'er the crest
Galloped a thousand lancers, their lances laid in rest.
" Now at them ! " cried our leader : we mounted quick and bold.
" One charge upon the cravens ! " and in the dust they rolled.
" Again ! " and riding down them, we crushed the rabble rout,
As with his hounds the hunter the harvest tramples out.

The norther next assailed us : the sand in clouds arose,
As when across the desert the deadly Simoom blows ;
The tents went down like rushes when tempests hurtle by ;
The whizzing bombs incessant hissed viewless through the sky ;

And the great sun in anger broke redly through the haze,
Like some fierce god of battle, his armor all a-blaze !

Till night the conflict deepened ; and when the darkness fell,
Death fiercer rode the whirlwind of raging shot and shell.
From trench and fleet we thundered : the leaguered walls
replied ;

The stout old castle answered, flaming on every side ;
The hum of bombs enormous filled all the hollow air,
And the sky blazed with comets shaking their fiery hair.

We heard the plunge of round-shot, embrasures crumbling down,
The shrieks and wails of women from out the fated town,
The bells in terror ringing, the crash of falling domes :
We saw the red fire leaping high over happy homes ;
It played on roof and steeple, it flashed from ocean's swell,
Till sea and town shone lurid like the red mouth of hell !

Four days the battle lasted ; four hapless nights and days :
Days black with smoke of Tophet, nights lit with sulphurous
blaze.

The fifth beheld a ruin. Where once had stood the town,
Were wall, and church, and dwelling, in chaos tumbled down.
The foe implored our mercy, and ere the set of sun,
Our flag was on the ramparts. Thus Vera Cruz was won.

ANONYMOUS.

132. AMBITION, FALSE AND TRUE.

I would not wear the warrior's wreath,
I would not court his crown ;
For love and virtue sink beneath
His dark and vengeful frown.

I would not seek my fame to build
On glory's dizzy height ;—
Her temple is with orphans filled ;
Blood soils her sceptre bright.

I would not wear the diadem,
By folly prized so dear ;
For want and woe have bought each gem,
And every pearl's a tear.

I would not heap the golden chest,
That sordid spirits crave ;
For every grain (by penury cursed)
Is gathered from the grave.

No ; let my wreath unsullied be,
My fame be virtuous youth ;
My wealth be kindness, charity ;
My diadem be truth !

ANONYMOUS.

133. THE OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view !
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew ;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell ;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure—
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell !
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
When, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips !
Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from that loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,

As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well.
The old oaken bucket—the iron-bound bucket—
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

S. WOODWORTH.

134. THE GLADIATOR.

THEY led a lion from his den,
The lord of Afric's sun-scorched plain;
And there he stood, stern foe of men,
And shook his flowing mane.
There's not of all Rome's heroes, ten
That dare abide this game.
His bright eye naught of lightning lacked;
His voice was like the cataract.

They brought a dark-haired man along,
Whose limbs with gyves of brass were bound:
Youthful he seemed, and bold and strong,
And yet unscathed of wound.
Blithely he stepped among the throng,
And careless threw around
A dark eye, such as courts the path
Of him who braves a Dacian's wrath.

Then shouted the plebeian crowd,—
Rung the glad galleries with the sound;
And from the throne there spake aloud
A voice,—“Be the bold man unbound!
And by Rome's sceptre yet unbowed,
By Rome earth's monarch crowned,
Who dares the bold, the unequal strife,
Though doomed to death, shall save his life.”

Joy was upon that dark man's face;
And thus, with laughing eye, spake he:
“Loose ye the lord of Zaara's waste,
And let my arms be free:
'He has a martial heart,' thou sayest;—
But oh! who will not be
A hero, when he fights for life,
For home and country, babes and wife!”

And he has bared his shining blade,
And springs he on the shaggy foe ;
Dreadful the strife, but briefly played ;—
The desert-king lies low :
His long and loud death-howl is made ;
And there must end the show.
And when the multitude were calm,
The favorite freed-man took the palm.

“Kneel down, Rome’s emperor beside !”
He knelt, that dark man ;—o’er his brow
Was thrown a wreath in crimson died ;
And fair words gild it now :
“Thou art the bravest youth that ever tried
To lay a lion low ;
And from our presence forth thou go’st
To lead the Dacians of our host.”

Then flushed his cheek, but not with pride,
And grieved and gloomily spake he :
“My cabin stands where blithely glide
Proud Danube’s waters to the sea :
I have a young and blooming bride,
And I have children three :—
No Roman wealth or rank can give
Such joy as in their arms to live.

“My wife sits at the cabin door,
With throbbing heart and swollen eyes ;—
While tears her cheek are coursing o’er,
She speaks of sundered ties.
She bids my tender babes deplore
The death their father dies ;
She tells these jewels of my home,
I bleed to please the rout of Rome.

“I cannot let those cherubs stray
Without their sire’s protecting care ;
And I would chase the griefs away
Which cloud my wedded fair.”
The monarch spoke ; the guards obey ;
And gates uncloséd are :
He’s gone !—No golden bribes divide
The Dacian from his babes and bride.

135. THE KAISER.

THE Kaiser's* hand from all his foes
 Had won him glory and repose :
 Richly through his rejoicing land
 Were felt the blessings of his hand ;
 And when at eve he sought his rest,
 A myriad hearts his slumbers blessed.

In midnight's hush a tempest broke ;—
 Throughout his realm its myriads woke ;
 And by the lightning's rapid flash,
 And 'mid the thunder's bellowing crash,
 In faith to heaven their prayers they spake,
 For Christ's and for the Kaiser's sake.

But with a start, and with a pang,
 Up from his couch the Kaiser sprang ;
 What ! feareth he who never feared
 When bloody deaths through hosts careered ?
 What ! can the tempest's passing sound
 That heart of battles thus confound ?

No ! no ! but in its deepest deep
 It wakes a cry no more to sleep ;
 And there ! and there ! in wrath begin
 The pangs—the power of secret sin.
 A blow is dealt,—a strife is stirred,—
 Without, the storm may pass unheard !

And, therefore, from his palace door
 He passed into the loud uproar ;
 In wildest wind, and blackest night,
 He passed away in sudden flight :
 'Mid lightning, rain, and thunder's roll,
 He went,—a fire within his soul.

The Kaiser went in storm and night,
 But ne'er returned in peace and light ;
 Astonished thousands asked his lot,
 Love sought and sought, but found him not ;
 But conscience did what conscience would,
 And sealed its errand—blood for blood !

W. HOWITT.

* Henry V., of Germany.

136. ALBUQUERQUE.

A STORM was on the deep ;
And lightning, in its wrath,
Called the darkness from its sleep,
In the fierce tornado's path :
The ocean waves went up among
The thunder-spirit's choir,
Recoiling as the death-note rung
From their canopy of fire.

" Awake ! awake !—behold
Death throned among the clouds !
The sands of life are told—
The waves must be our shrouds."
Thus spake the chief, while, clinging round,
The shrieking concourse stood,
Waiting the sulphurous bolt to sound
Their requiem for the flood.

Stern Albuquerque that hour
Showed horror on his brow,
While conscience, in her power,
Made his haughty heart to bow ;
Hot lightning blackened many a corse,
And cleft his bending mast,
While bounding like a reinless horse,
On went the proud ship fast.

Pressed down with guilty fear,
He knew his turn might be—
Another bolt fell near,
And burst upon the sea ;—
When from a mother's bosom blest,
He snatched her infant care,
And clasping it before his breast,
Defied the lightning's glare.

" Now strike !—I stand prepared ;
Hurl down, proud Heaven, thy worst !
For innocence is bared
Before a bosom cursed !"

He stood—the tempest fell asleep—
The hurricane passed o'er,—
His arms that keep the mighty deep
Showed mercy, and forbore!

RUFUS DAWES.

137. LOOK ALOFT.

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,—
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,—
“Look aloft,” and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are arrayed,
“Look aloft,” to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,—
Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,
“Look aloft” to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are nearest and dearest thy heart,—
Thy relations and friends—in sorrow depart,—
“Look aloft,” from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil where affection is ever in bloom.

And oh, when Death comes, in terrors, to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,—
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, “look aloft,” and depart.

JONATHAN LAWRENCE.

138. THE OCEAN.

O THOU, vast Ocean! ever-sounding Sea!
Thou symbol of a dread immensity!
Thou thing that windest round the solid world
Like a huge animal, which downward hurled
From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone!
Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep

Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
Thou speakest in the east and in the west
At once, and on thy heavily laden breast
Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life
Or motion, yet are moved, and meet in strife.
The earth hath naught of this : no chance nor change
Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
Give answer to the tempest-waken air ;
But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range
At will, and wound its bosom as they go.
Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow ;
But to their stated rounds the seasons come,
And pass, like visions, to their viewless home,
And come again and vanish ; the young spring
Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming,
And winter always winds his sullen horn
When the wild autumn, with a look forlorn,
Dies in his stormy manhood ; and the skies
Weep, and flowers sicken when the summer flies.

Thou only, terrible Ocean ! hast a power,
A will, a voice, and in thy wrathful hour,
When thou dost lift thine anger to the clouds,
A fearful and magnificent beauty shrouds
Thy broad, green forehead. If thy waves be driven
Backwards and forwards, by the shifting wind,
How quickly dost thou thy great strength unbind,
And stretch thine arms, and war at once with heaven !

Thou trackless and immeasurable Main !
On thee no record ever lived again
To meet the hand that writ it : line nor lead
Hath ever fathomed thy profoundest deeps,
Where, haply, the huge monster swells and sleeps,
King of his watery limit, who, 'tis said,
Can move the mighty Ocean into storm—
Oh ! wonderful thou art, great element ;
And fearful in thy spleeny humors bent,
And lovely in repose : thy summer form
Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach
Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—
" Eternity, eternity, and power."

BARRY CORNWALL

139. THE CHARNEL SHIP.

THE storm had ceased—its wrath had rent
The icy wall asunder ;
And many a piercing glance they sent
Around in awe and wonder ;
And sailor hearts their rude praise gave
To God, that morn, from o'er the wave.

But lo !—still further off appears
A form more dim and dark ;
And anxious eyes, and hopes, and fears,
Its slow, strange progress mark ;
As it moves towards them by the breeze
Borne onward from more northern seas.

Near, and more near—and can it be
(More vent'rous than their own)
A ship, whose seeming ghost they see
Among those icebergs thrown ;
With broken masts, dismantled all,
And dark sails, like a funeral pall ?

“ God of the Mariner ! protect
Her inmates as she moves along
Through perils which, ere now, had wrecked—
But that thine arm is strong.”
Ha ! she has struck—she grounds—she stands
Still as if held by giant hands.

“ Quick, man the boat !”—away they sprang,
The stranger ship to aid ;
And loud their hailing voices rang,
And rapid speed they made ;
But all in silence, deep, unbroke,
The vessel stood—none answering spoke.

'Twas fearful : not a sound arose—
No moving thing was there
To interrupt the dread repose
Which filled each heart with fear.
On deck they silent stepped, and sought,—
Till one, a man, their sad sight caught.

He was alone : the damp, chill mold
Of years hung on his cheek ;

A pen in his hand had meekly told
The tale no voice might speak :
"Seventy days," the record stood,
"Had they been in the ice, and wanted food."

They took his book, and turned away,
But soon discovered where
The wife, in her death-sleep, gently lay,
Near him, in life most dear :
Who, seated beside his young heart's pride,
Long years before had calmly died.

There was a solemn, sacred feeling
Kindled in every breast ;
And softly from the cabin stealing,
They left them to their rest—
The fair, the young, the constant pair,
They left them with a blessing there ;

And to their boat returning, each
With thoughtful brows and haste,
And o'ercharged hearts, too full for speech,
Left 'midst the frozen waste
That Charnel Ship, which years before
Had sailed from distant Albion's shore.

They left her in the icebergs, where
Few venture to intrude :
A monument of death and fear,
'Mid ocean's solitude !
And, grateful for their own release,
Thanked God, and sought their homes in peace.

ANONYMOUS.

140. THE PHANTOM SHIP.

THE breeze had sunk to rest,
The noonday sun was high,
And ocean's breast lay motionless
Beneath a cloudless sky.
There was silence in the air,
There was silence in the deep ;
And it seemed as though that burning calm
Were nature's final sleep.

The mid-day watch was set,
Beneath the blaze of light,-
When there came a cry from the tall mast head,
A sail! a sail, in sight!
And o'er the far horizon
A snowy speck appeared,
And every eye was strained to watch
The vessel as she neared.

There was no breath of air,
Yet she bounded on her way,
And the dancing waves around her prow
Were flashing into spray.
She answered not their hail,
Alongside as she passed;
There were none who trod her spacious deck,
Not a seaman on the mast:

No hand to guide her helm;
Yet on she held her course;
She swept along that waveless sea,
As with a tempest's force;
A silence, as of death,
Was o'er that vessel spread:
She seemed a thing of another world,
The world where dwell the dead.

She passed away from sight,
The deadly calm was o'er,
And the spell-bound ship pursued her course
Before the breeze once more;
And clouds across the sky
Obscured the noonday sun,
And the winds arose at the tempest's call,
Before the day was done.

Midnight, and still the storm
Raged wrathfully and loud,
And deep in the trough of the heaving sea
Labored that vessel proud:
There was darkness all around,
Save where lightning flashes keen
Played on the crests of the broken waves,
And lit the depths between.

Around her and below,
 The waste of waters roared,
 And answered the crash of the falling masts,
 As they cast them overboard.
 At every billow's shock
 Her quivering timbers strain ;
 And as she rose on a crested wave,
 That strange ship passed again.

And o'er that stormy sea
 She flew before the gale,
 Yet she had not struck her lightest spar,
 Nor furled her loftiest sail.
 Another blinding flash,
 And nearer yet she seemed,
 And a pale blue light along her sails
 And o'er her rigging gleamed.

But it showed no seaman's form,
 No hand her course to guide ;
 And to their signals of distress
 The winds alone replied.
 The Phantom Ship passed on,
 Driven o'er her pathless way,
 But helplessly the sinking wreck
 Amid the breakers lay.

The angry tempest ceased,
 The winds were hushed to sleep,
 And calm and bright the sun again
 Shone out upon the deep.
 But that gallant ship no more
 Shall roam the ocean free ;
 She has reached her final haven,
 Beneath the dark blue sea.

And many a hardy seaman,
 Who fears nor storm nor fight,
 Yet trembles when the Phantom Ship
 Drives past his watch at night ;
 For it augurs death and danger ;
 It bodes a watery grave,
 With sea-weeds for his pillow,
 For his shroud, the wandering wave.

ANONYMOUS.

141. THE SERPENT OF THE STILL.

THEY tell me of the Egyptian asp,
The bite of which is death :
The victim yielding, with a gasp,
His hot and hurried breath.
The Egyptian queen, says history,
The reptile vile applied ;
And, in the arms of agony,
Victoriously died.

They tell me that in Italy
There is a reptile dread,
The sting of which is agony,
And dooms the victim dead.
But it is said that music's sound
May soothe the poisoned part,
Yea, heal the galling, ghastly wound,
And save the sinking heart.

They tell me, too, of serpents vast,
That crawl on Afric's shore,
And swallow men : historians past
Tell us of one of yore ;—
But there is yet one, of a kind
More fatal than the whole,
That stings the body and the mind :
Yea, it devours the *soul*.

'Tis found almost o'er all the earth,
Save Turkey's wide domains ;
And there, if e'er it had a birth,
'Tis kept in mercy's chains.
'Tis found in our own gardens gay,
In our own flowery fields ;
Devouring, every passing day,
Its thousands at its meals.

The poisonous venom withers youth,
Blasts character and health.
All sink before it : hope and truth,
And comfort, joy, and wealth.
It is the author, too, of shame ;
And never fails to kill.
Reader, dost thou desire the name ?
The SERPENT OF THE STILL.

142. WASHINGTON.

LAND of the West! though passing brief
The record of thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all
On history's wide page!
Let all the blasts of fame ring out—
Thine shall be loudest far:
Let others boast their satellites—
Thou hast the planet star.

Thou hast a name whose characters
Of light shall ne'er depart;
'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain,
And warms the coldest heart;
A war-cry fit for any land
Where freedom's to be won.
Land of the West! it stands alone—
It is thy Washington!

Rome had its Cæsar, great and brave;
But stain was on his wreath:
He lived the heartless conqueror,
And died the tyrant's death.
France had its eagle; but his wings,
Though lofty they might soar,
Were spread in false ambition's flight,
And dipped in murder's gore.

Those hero-gods, whose mighty sway
Would fain have chained the waves—
Who fleshed their blades with tiger zeal,
To make a world of slaves—
Who, though their kindred barred the path,
Still fiercely waded on—
Oh, where shall be their "glory" by
The side of Washington?

No car of triumph bore him through
A city filled with grief;
No groaning captives at the wheels,
Proclaimed him victor chief;

He broke the gyves of slavery,
 With strong and high disdain,
 And cast no sceptre from the links
 When he had crushed the chain.

He saved his land, but did not lay
 His soldier trappings down
 To change them for the regal vest,
 And don a kingly crown.
 Fame was too earnest in her joy—
 Too proud of such a son—
 To let a robe and title mask
 A noble Washington.

ELIZA COOK.

143. THE SEVENTH PLAGUE OF EGYPT.

'Twas morn—the rising splendor rolled
 On marble towers and roofs of gold ;
 Hall, court, and gallery below,
 Were crowded with a living flow ;
 Egyptian, Arab, Nubian there,
 The bearers of the bow and spear ;
 The hoary priest, the Chaldee sage,
 The slave, the gemmed and glittering page—
 Helm, turban, and tiara, shone
 A dazzling ring round Pharaoh's throne.

There came a man—the human tide
 Shrank backward from his stately stride :
 His cheek with storm and time was tanned ;
 A shepherd's staff was in his hand ;
 A shudder of instinctive fear
 Told the dark king what step was near ;
 On through the host the stranger came,
 It parted round his form like flame.

He stooped not at the footstool stone,
 He clasped not sandal, kissed not throne ;
 Erect he stood amid the ring,
 His only words—"Be just, O king !"
 On Pharaoh's cheek the blood flushed high,
 A fire was in his sullen eye ;

Yet on the chief of Israel
No arrow of his thousands fell :
All mute and moveless as the grave
Stood chilled the satrap and the slave.

"Thou'rt come," at length the monarch spoke ;
Haughty and high the words outbroke :
"Is Israel weary of its lair,
The forehead peeled, the shoulder bare ?
Take back the answer to your band ;
Go, reap the wind ; go, plough the sand ;
Go, vilest of the living vile,
To build the never-ending pile,
Till, darkest of the nameless dead,
The vulture on their flesh is fed.
What better asks the howling slave
Than the base life our bounty gave ?"

Shouted in pride the turbaned peers,
Upclashed to heaven the golden spears.
"King ! thou and thine are doomed !—Behold !"
The prophet spoke—the thunder rolled !
Along the pathway of the sun
Sailed vapory mountains, wild and dun.
"Yet there is time," the prophet said :
He raised his staff—the storm was stayed :
"King ! be the word of freedom given :
What art thou, man, to war with heaven ?"

There came no word—the thunder broke !
Like a huge city's final smoke,
Thick, lurid, stifling, mixed with flame,
Through court and hall the vapors came.
Loose as the stubble in the field,
Wide flew the men of spear and shield ;
Scattered like foam along the wave,
Flew the proud pageant, prince and slave :
Or, in the chains of terror bound,
Lay, corpse-like, on the smouldering ground.
"Speak, king !—the wrath is but begun—
Still dumb ?—then, Heaven, thy will be done !"

Echoed from earth a hollow roar
Like ocean on the midnight shore

A sheet of lightning o'er them wheeled,
The solid ground beneath them reeled ;
In dust sank roof and battlement ;
Like webs the giant walls were rent ;
Red, broad, before his startled gaze,
The monarch saw his Egypt blaze.
Still swelled the plague—the flame grew pale ;
Burst from the clouds the charge of hail ;
With arrowy keenness, iron weight,
Down poured the ministers of fate ;
Till man and cattle, crushed, congealed,
Covered with death the boundless field.

Still swelled the plague—uprose the blast,
The avenger, fit to be the last ;
On ocean, river, forest, vale,
Thundered at once the mighty gale.
Before the whirlwind flew the tree,
Beneath the whirlwind roared the sea ;
A thousand ships were on the wave—
Where are they?—ask that foaming grave !
Down go the hope, the pride of years,
Down go the myriad mariners ;
The riches of Earth's richest zone,
Gone ! like a flash of lightning, gone !

And, lo ! that first fierce triumph o'er ;
Swells Ocean on the shrinking shore ;
Still onward, onward, dark and wide,
Engulfs the land the furiest tide.
Then bowed thy spirit, stubborn king,
Thou serpent, reft of fang and sting ;
Humbled before the prophet's knee,
He groaned, " Be injured Israel free."

To heaven the sage upraised his wand ;
Back rolled the deluge from the land ;
Back to its caverns sank the gale ;
Fled from the noon the vapors pale ;
Broad burned again the joyous sun :
The hour of wrath and death was done.

144. FRIENDS SEPARATED BY DEATH.

FRIEND after friend departs ;
Who has not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end ;
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time—
Beyond the reign of death—
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath ;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown ;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone ;
And Faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that glorious sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are past away ;
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day :
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

MONTGOMERY

145. THE CHARGE.

THE horn and the trumpet are ringing afar,
As the summons to battle is sounding ;
And the steed, as he catches the signal of war,
In the pride of his spirit is bounding ;
Shrill it echoes afar, over hill and o'er plain,
And the wide distant mountains repeat it again ;
And the shout of the warrior, and nearer the song,
Peal aloud as the glittering bands are hurrying along ;

As on, on, on, on, pours the tide of fight,
Still aloft floats the tossing flag, in the glance of morning's
light.

We leap to our saddles, we range us in line

As the voice of the trumpet is calling :

On the crown of yon ridge, bright their drawn sabres shine ;

Down its slope, like a flood, they are falling.

" Give the spur to the charge, ere the foeman is nigh :

Rush amain, as the forest rings loud with your cry :

Speed on to the shock, in his midway career—

For our sires still were first in fight; they never thought of
fear!"

So on, on, on, on, o'er the sounding plain,

To the wild conflict fierce they rush, and together dash amain.

PERCIVAL.

146. ON LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE BUNKER-HILL
MONUMENT.

O, is not this a holy spot ?

'Tis the high-place of freedom's birth !

God of our fathers ! is it not

The holiest spot of all the earth ?

Quenched is thy flame on Horeb's side ;

The robber roams o'er Sinai now ;

And those old men, thy seers, abide

No more on Zion's mournful brow.

But on this hill, thou, Lord, hast dwelt,

Since round its head the war-cloud curled,

And wrapped our fathers, where they knelt,

In prayer and battle for a world.

Here sleeps their dust : 'tis holy ground :

And we, the children of the brave,

From the four winds are gathered round,

To lay our offering on their grave.

Free as the winds around us blow,

Free as the waves below us spread,

We rear a pile, that long shall throw

Its shadow on their sacred bed.

But on their deeds no shade shall fall,
 While o'er their couch thy sun shall flame
 Thine ear was bowed to hear their call,
 And thy right hand shall guard their fame.

PIERPON

147. THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

YE sons of Freedom, wake to glory !
 Hark ! hark ! what myriads bid you rise !
 Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
 Behold their tears, and hear their cries.
 Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
 With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
 Affright and desolate the land,
 While peace and liberty lie bleeding ?
 To arms ! to arms, ye brave !
 Th' avenging sword unsheath :
 March on, march on, all hearts resolved
 On victory or death !

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
 Which treacherous kings, confederate, raise ;
 The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
 And lo ! our fields and cities blaze ;
 And shall we basely view the ruin,
 While lawless force, with guilty stride,
 Spreads desolation far and wide,
 With crimes and blood his hands imbruing ?
 To arms ! to arms, ye brave !
 Th' avenging sword unsheath :
 March on, march on, all hearts resolved
 On victory or death !

With luxury and pride surrounded,
 The vile insatiate despots dare,
 Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
 To mete and vend the light and air.
 Like beasts of burden would they load us ;
 Like gods, would bid their slaves adore ;
 But man is man, and who is more ?
 Then shall they longer lash and goad us ?

To arms! to arms, ye brave!
 Th' avenging sword unsheath:
 March on, march on, all hearts resolved
 On victory or death!

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
 Once having felt thy generous flame?
 Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee;
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
 Too long the world has wept, bewailing,
 That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
 But freedom is our sword and shield,
 And all their arts are unavailing.

To arms! to arms, ye brave!
 Th' avenging sword unsheath:
 March on, march on, all hearts resolved
 On victory or death!

J. R. DE L'ISLE.

148. SPEAK NOT HARSHLY.

SPEAK not harshly when reproving
 Those from duty's path who stray:
 If we would reclaim the erring,
 Kindness must each action sway.

Speak not harshly to the wayward;—
 Win their confidence—their love;
 They will feel how pure the motive
 That hath led us to reprove.

Speak not harshly to the stranger,
 Though he come in humble guise;
 Think how slight a thing would kindle
 Gladness in a stranger's eyes.

Speak not harshly to the felon,
 Though like adamant his heart;
 Touch one chord of fond affection,
 And the scalding tear may start.

Speak not harshly to the orphan,
 They have borne of grief their share;

Add not to their heavy burden,
Add not to corroding care.

Speak not harshly, was the precept
Which to man the Saviour taught ;—
May that precept ever guide us—
Gentle words will cost us naught.

FRANCES J. CROSBY

149. THE DEATH OF MAJOR RINGGOLD.

THEY bore him from the battle-field
And clash of arms away ;
Extended on a lowly couch,
The dying hero lay.

The life-blood issues from the wound—
All human aid is vain ;—
A faithful band in silence weeps
Their brave commander slain.

Through foemen's ranks he proudly rode,
They marked his lofty brow ;
His keen dark eye had defiance flashed ;—
But oh ! he has fallen now.

He beckoned to one who near him stood—
Leaned his head on his friendly breast,
And then in accents weak and low,
These words to him addressed.

"I know that life is ebbing fast ;
All, all will soon be o'er ;—
My Country ! I have fought for thee,
But I fight for thee no more.

"And when these eyes in death are closed,
And tolls my funeral knell,
To Cadwal'der and his brave corps,
Bear thou my last farewell."

FRANCES J. CROSBY.

150. THE DEATH OF COLONEL CLAY.

Lo! on the bloodstained battle-field
A wounded hero lying!
Dim is the lustre of his eye—
For he, alas! is dying.

See how with feeble hand he grasps
The sword so faithful ever!
Now drops the weapon by his side,
To be resumed—no, never.

Oh, gallant Clay! though for thy brow
Its laurels fame is wreathing,—
Vain trophies these, thy bosom now
Its last faint sigh is heaving.

Back! tyrants! would ye deeper make
The wounds already given?
You from an aged father's heart
Another tie have riven.

Intrepid Warrior! thou hast left
A deathless name behind thee;
That name unsullied, bright shall shine,
Though the dark grave may hide thee

Thou by thy General's side hast fought,
And Taylor will deplore thee;
And many a heart that loved thee dear
Will weep in silence o'er thee.

FRANCES J. CROSBY

151. GENERAL SCOTT.

HAIL, son of Columbia! the patriot flame
Burns bright in each breast while we tell of thy fame;
We have heard of the deeds thou so nobly hast done,
We have heard of thy battles so fearlessly won.

Thou hast carried our flag to a far distant shore;
See! it streams from the towers of Juan d'Ulloa;

And the eagle hath perched on those battlements high,
To rest in his course through the blue vaulted sky.

When the war-cloud hung dark, 'twas thy voice that inspired,
And the hearts of thy soldiers with energy fired ;
The foremost in battle, the fearless in fight,
While thy sword in the sunbeam was glittering bright.

In the halls of Mont'zuma now revel the brave,
'Tis thine arm that hath conquered the Mexican slave ;
Thou hast buried thy sword in the enemy's breast,
They quailed at thy glance—thou hast laid them at rest.

A prey to the vultures that thirsted for gore,
They fell by the town of St. Juan d'Ulloa ;
And the raven's wild screech will their requiem be,
While around them is floating the flag of the free.

The bugle is hushed, and the cannon's loud roar
Shall wake thee from slumber to battle no more ;
Thy hand we now grasp, and we hail thee with pride,
As we would all the heroes who fought by thy side.

Yes, welcome, thrice welcome, again and again !
With transport unbounded we echo the strain ;
Thy triumphs so glorious shall ne'er be forgot—
Hurrah for the patriot General Scott !

FRANCES J. CROSBY.

152. THE DEATH OF GENERAL TAYLOR.

A wail is in the Capitol,
A wail of anguish deep,
That startles with a fearful sound
The night wind from its sleep.
The brave old oak hath bowed its head,
A victim to the blast ;
Death holds within his conquering arm
The conqueror at last.

There's mourning in the Capitol :
With slow and solemn tread,
Go hang with weeds of cypress now
The chambers of the dead.

Ye may not speak at such a time,
But gaze in mute despair ;
Ye would but mock those weeping ones
Who kneel heart-broken there.

A gloom is in the Capitol,
And like a dismal pall,
It must, with melancholy hue,
On the whole nation fall.
For she will see the radiant gem
Which she so proudly wore,
Drop from her brilliant coronet,
To sparkle there no more.

Oh ! Taylor ! thou hast nobly won
A hero's deathless name ;
But what to thee are titles now ?—
What honor, rank, or fame ?
Where thou didst raise thy country's flag,
In triumph it shall wave ;
But all thy glorious deeds must end
Untimely in the grave.

'Tis sweet to think that with *thine own*
Was breathed thy latest sigh ;
What comfort in thy parting words—
“ I am prepared to die.”
The storms of battle thou hast braved,
And many a conflict passed ;
Now peaceful in thy native land
Thine eyes are closed at last.

A *warning* from the Capitol,
A deep sepulchral sound !
List to the mournful requiem
With solemn awe profound.
Nor let the turbid, restless tide
Of party feeling flow ;
He was a Nation's President,
Be ours a Nation's woe.

FRANCES J CROSBY.

153. TIPPERARY.

(A "Song of the Nation" in the late Irish rebellion.)

LET Britain boast her British hosts,
 About them all right little care we ;
 Not British seas nor British coasts
 Can match The Man of Tipperary !

Tall is his form, his heart is warm,
 His spirit light as any fairy—
 His wrath is fearful as the storm
 That sweeps The Hills of Tipperary !

Lead him to fight for native land,
 His is no courage cold and wary ;
 The troops live not on earth would stand
 The headlong Charge of Tipperary !

Yet meet him in his cabin rude,
 Or dancing with his dark-haired Mary.
 You'd swear they knew no other mood
 But Mirth and Love in Tipperary !

You're free to share his scanty meal,
 His plighted word he'll never vary :
 In vain they tried with gold and steel
 To shake The Faith of Tipperary !

Let Britain, too, her banner brag,
 We'll lift The Green more proud and airy ;
 Be mine the lot to bear that flag,
 And head The Men of Tipperary !

Though Britain boasts her British hosts,
 About them all right little care we—
 Give us, to guard our native coasts,
 The Matchless Men of Tipperary !

THOMAS DAVIS.

154. THE VOW OF TIPPERARY.

(A "Song of the Nation" in the late Irish rebellion.)

FROM Carrick streets to Shannon shore,
 From Slievenamon to Ballindeary,
 From Longford Pass to Galtymore,
 Come hear The Vow of Tipperary.

Too long we fought for Britain's cause,
And of our blood were never chary ;
She paid us back with tyrant laws,
And thinned The Homes of Tipperary.

Too long, with rash and single arm,
The peasant strove to guard his eyrie,
Till Irish blood bedewed each farm,
And Ireland wept for Tipperary.

But never more we'll lift a hand—
We swear by God and Virgin Mary !
Except in war for Native Land,
And *that's* The Vow of Tipperary !

THOMAS DAVIS.

155. THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK.*

(A "Song of the Nation," in the late Irish rebellion.)

Oh, hurrah ! for the men, who, when danger is nigh,
Are found in the front, looking death in the eye.
Hurrah ! for the men who kept Limerick's wall,
And hurrah ! for bold Sarsfield, the bravest of all.

King William's men round Luimneach lay,
His cannon crashed from day to day,
Till the Southron wall was swept away

At the city of Luimneach lionnglas.†

'Tis afternoon, yet hot the sun,
When William fires the signal gun,
And, like its flash, his columns run

On the city of Luimneach lionnglas.

The brèach gaped out two perches wide,
The fosse is filled, the batteries plied ;
Can the Irishmen that onset bide

At the city of Luimneach lionnglas ?

Across the ditch the columns dash,
Their bay'nets o'er the rubbish flash,
When sudden comes a rending crash

From the city of Luimneach lionnglas.

* August 27, 1590.

† "Limerick, of the azure river."

The bullets rain in pelting shower,
 And rocks and beams from wall and tower ;
 The Englishmen are glad to cower
 At the city of Luimneach lionnglas ;
 But, rallied soon, again they pressed,
 Their bay'nets pierced full many a breast,
 Till they bravely won the breach's crest
 At the city of Luimneach lionnglas.

Then fiercer grew the Irish yell,
 And madly on the foe they fell,
 Till the breach grew like the jaws of hell—
 Not the city of Luimneach lionnglas.
 The women fought before the men,
 Each man became a match for ten,
 So back they pushed the villains then,
 From the city of Luimneach lionnglas.

But Bradenburgh the ditch has crossed,
 And gained our flank at little cost—
 The bastion's gone—the town is lost ;
 Oh ! poor city of Luimneach lionnglas.
 When, sudden, Sarsfield springs the mine—
 Like rockets rise the Germans fine,
 And come down dead, 'mid smoke and shine,
 At the city of Luimneach lionnglas.

Out, with a roar, the Irish sprung,
 And back the beaten English flung,
 Till William fled, his lords among,
 From the city of Luimneach lionnglas.
 'Twas thus was fought that glorious fight,
 By Irishmen, for Ireland's right—
 May all such days have such a night
 As the Battle of Luimneach lionnglas.

Oh ! hurrah for the men, who, when danger is nigh,
 Are found in the front, looking death in the eye.
 Hurrah ! for the men who kept Limerick's wall,
 And hurrah ! for bold Sarsfield, the bravest of all.

THOMAS DAVEN.

156. PADDIES EVERMORE.

(A "Song of the Nation" in the late Irish rebellion.)

THE hour is past to fawn or crouch
As suppliants for our right ;
Let word and deed unshrinking vouch
The banded millions' might :
Let them who scorned the fountain rill,
Now dread the torrent's roar,
And hear our echoed chorus still,
We're Paddies evermore.

What though they menace, suffering men
Their threats and them despise ;
Or promise justice once again,
We know their words are lies ;
We stand resolved those rights to claim
They robbed us of before,
Our own dear nation and our name,
As Paddies evermore.

What reck we though six hundred years
Have o'er our thraldom rolled,
The soul that roused O'Connor's spears,
Still lives as true and bold ;
The tide of foreign power to stem
Our fathers bled of yore,
And we stand here to-day, like them,
True Paddies evermore.

Where's our allegiance ? With the land,
For which they nobly died ;
Our duty ? By our cause to stand,
Whatever chance betide ;
Our cherished hope ? To heal the woes,
That rankle at her core ;
Our scorn and hatred ? To her foes,
Like Paddies evermore.

The hour is past to fawn or crouch
As suppliants for our right ;
Let word and deed unshrinking vouch
The banded millions' might ;

Let them who scorned the fountain rill,
 Now dread the torrent's roar,
 And hear our echoed chorus still,
 We're Paddies evermore.

ANONYMOUS.

157. THE SONG OF THE POOR.

(A "Song of the Nation" in the late Irish rebellion.)

HARP of Erin, freshly pealing !
 Harp, by patriot genius strung !
 Scatter wide each finer feeling,
 Let not strife alone be sung.
 Pleased, enchanted, have I heard thee
 High-born valor's praise impart,
 But a nobler theme ne'er stirred thee
 Than the Irish peasant's heart !
 Let the hero's brow be braided,
 Let the victor's crest be raised ;
 But the poor man strives unaided,
 But the poor man sinks unpraised.
 Yet, whilst woes and wrongs importune,
 And gaunt death uprears his dart,
 Where's the field of feller fortune
 Than the Irish peasant's heart ?
 Well he bears him in the quarrel ;
 Never knight of high degree,
 For a meed of gold or laurel,
 Showed a firmer front than he.
 If, for wife and children only,
 Blinding tears will sometimes start,
 What, in all its conflict lonely,
 Guides the Irish peasant's heart ?
 'Neath a despot's frigid scanning,
 From a height he deems secure,
 'Neath a bigot's saintly fanning,
 Execrately demure,
 Still we see one sacred feeling
 Solitary light impart,
 Where his *Soggarth*,* lowly kneeling,
 Schools the Irish peasant's heart.

* Irish for *priest*.

"Tranquil wait the birth of time!
 Temp'rate, word and action be!
 Whosoe'er commits a crime,
 Wrongs his cause, himself, and me.
 Sage endurance conquers fate,
 Let oppression wince and start"—
 Dangerous doctrine, men of state,
 For the Irish peasant's heart!

Harp of Erin, strongly waking!
 Harp, by patriot virtue strung!
 Freedom's hand thy chords is shaking,
 Freedom's hymn is o'er them sung.
 Sound it ever! never sparing
 Tyrant's rage or bigot's art;
 But a peaceful promise bearing
 To the Irish peasant's heart.

ANONYMOUS.

158. THE O'KAVANAGH.

THE Saxons had met, and the banquet was spread,
 And the wine in fleet circles the jubilee led;
 And the banners that hung round the festal that night,
 Seemed brighter by far than when lifted in fight.

In came the O'Kavanagh, fair as the morn,
 When earth to new beauty and vigor is born:
 They shrank from his glance, like the waves from the prow,
 For Nature's nobility sat on his brow.

Attended alone by his vassal and bard—
 No trumpet to herald, no clansmen to guard—
 He came not attended by steed or by steel:
 No danger he knew, for no fear did he feel.

In eye and on lip his high confidence smiled—
 So proud, yet so knightly—so gallant, yet mild:
 He moved like a god through the light of that hall,
 And a smile, full of courtliness, proffered to all.

"Come pledge us, lord chieftain! come pledge us!" they cried;
 Unsuspectingly free to the pledge he replied;
 And this was the peace-branch O'Kavanagh bore—
 "The friendships to come, not the feuds that are o'er!"

But, minstrel, why cometh a change o'er thy theme?
 Why sing of red battle—what dream dost thou dream?
 Ha! "Treason" 's the cry, and "Revenge" is the call,
 As the swords of the Saxon surrounded the hall!

A kingdom for Angelo's mind! to portray
 Green Erin's undaunted avenger that day;
 The far-flashing sword, and the death-darting eye,
 Like some comet commissioned with wrath from the sky.

Through the ranks of the Saxon he hewed his red way—
 Through lances, and sabres, and hostile array;
 And, mounting his charger, he left them to tell
 The tale of that feast, and its bloody farewell.

And now on the Saxons his clansmen advance,
 With a shout from each heart, and a soul in each lance:
 He rushed, like a storm, o'er the night-covered heath,
 And swept through their ranks, like the angel of death.

Then hurrah! for thy glory, young chieftain, hurrah!
 Oh! had we such lightning-souled heroes to-day,
 Again would our sunburst* expand in the gale,
 And Freedom exult o'er the green Innisfail!

J. AUGUSTUS SHEA.

159. WOMAN'S SUFFERINGS.

WARRIORS and statesmen have their meed of praise,
 And what they do or suffer men record;
 But the long sacrifice of woman's days
 Passes without a thought, without a word;
 And many a holy struggle for the sake
 Of duties sternly, faithfully fulfilled,—
 For which the anxious mind must watch and wake,
 And the strong feelings of the heart be stilled,—
 Goes by unheeded as the summer wind,
 And leaves no memory and no trace behind!
 Yet, it may be, more lofty courage dwells
 In one meek heart which braves an adverse fate,
 Than his, whose ardent soul indignant swells,
 Warned by the fight, or cheered through high debate.

* The Irish national banner.

The soldier dies surrounded ;—could he live
Alone to suffer, and alone to strive ?

Answer, ye graves, whose suicidal gloom
Shows deeper horror than a common tomb !
Who sleep within ? The men who would evade
An unseen lot of which they felt afraid.
Embarrassment of means, which worked annoy,—
A past remorse,—a future blank of joy,—
The sinful rashness of a blind despair,—
These were the strokes which sent your victims there.

In many a village churchyard's simple grave,
Where all unmarked the cypress-branches wave ;
In many a vault where Death could only claim
The brief inscription of a woman's name ;
Of different ranks, and different degrees,
From daily labor to a life of ease,
(From the rich wife who, through the weary day,
Wept in her jewels, grief's unceasing prey,
To the poor soul who trudged o'er marsh and moor,
And with her baby begged from door to door,)
Lie hearts, which, ere they found that last release,
Had known no nights of rest, no days of peace ;
Hearts, whose long struggle through unpitied years
None saw but He who marks the mourner's tears ;
The obscurely noble ! who evaded not
The woe which He had willed should be their lot,
But nerved themselves to bear.

MRS. NORTON.

160. THE POWER OF DREAMS.

STRANGE is the power of dreams ! Who hath not felt,
When in the morning light such visions melt,
How the veiled soul, though struggling to be free,
Ruled by that deep, unfathomed mystery,
Wakes, haunted by the thoughts of good or ill,
Whose shadowy influence pursues us still ?

Sometimes remorse doth weigh our spirits down ;
Some crime committed earns heaven's angriest frown ;

Some awful sin, in which the tempted heart
Hath scarce, perhaps, forborne its waking part,
Brings dreams of judgment ; loud the thunders roll,
The heavens shrink blackened like a flaming scroll ;
We faint, we die, beneath the avenging rod,
And vainly hide from our offended God.
For, oh ! though Fancy change our mortal lot,
And rule our slumbers, Conscience sleepeth not :
That strange, sad dial, by its own true light,
Points to our thoughts, how dark soe'er the night ;
Still by our pillow watchful guard it keeps,
And bids the sinner tremble while he sleeps.

Sometimes, with fearful dangers doomed to cope,
'Reft of each wild and visionary hope,
Stabbed with a thousand wounds, we struggle still,
The hand that tortures, powerless to kill.
Sometimes, 'mid ocean storms, in fearful strife,
We stem the wave, and, shrieking, gasp for life ;
While crowding round us, faces rise and gleam—
Some known and loved, some pictures of our dream :
High on the buoyant waters wildly tossed,
Low in its foaming caverns darkly lost,
Those flitting forms the dangerous hour partake,
Cling to our aid, or suffer for our sake.
Conscious of present life, the slumbering soul
Still floats us onward, as the billows roll,
Till, snatched from death, we seem to touch the strand,
Rise on the shoreward wave, and dash to land !
Alone we come : the forms whose wild array
Gleamed round us while we struggled, fade away ;
We know not, reckon not, who the danger shared,
But, vaguely dreaming, feel that we are spared.

Sometimes a grief, of fond affection born,
Gnaws at our heart, and bids us weep till morn ;
Some anguish, copied from our waking fears,
Wakes the eternal fount of human tears,
Sends us to watch some visioned bed of death,
Hold the faint hand, and catch the parting breath,
Where those we prized the most and loved the best,
Seem darkly sinking to the grave's long rest.
Lo ! in our arms they fade, they faint, they die,
Before our eyes the funeral train sweeps by ;

We hear the orphan's sob, the widow's wail—
O'er our dim senses woful thoughts prevail,
Till, with a burst of grief, the spell we break,
And, weeping for th' imagined loss, awake!

MRS. NORTON.

161. THE FALLEN LEAVES.

We stand among the fallen leaves,
Young children at our play,
And laugh to see the yellow things
Go rustling on their way :
Right merrily we hunt them down,
The autumn winds and we,
Nor pause to gaze where snow-drifts lie,
Or sunbeams gild the tree.
With dancing feet we leap along
Where withered boughs are strown ;
Nor past nor future checks our song—
The present is our own.

We stand among the fallen leaves
In youth's enchanted spring,
When Hope (who wearies at the last)
First spreads her eagle wing :
We tread with steps of conscious strength
Beneath the leafless trees,
And the color kindles on our cheek,
As blows the winter breeze ;
While, gazing towards the cold gray sky,
Clouded with snow and rain,
We wish the old year all past by,
And the young spring come again.

We stand among the fallen leaves
In manhood's haughty prime,
When first our pausing hearts begin
To love " the olden time ;"
And as we gaze, we sigh to think
How many a year hath passed,
Since, 'neath those cold and faded trees,
Our footsteps wandered last ;

And old companions—now, perchance,
 Estranged, forgot, or dead—
 Come round us, as those autumn leaves
 Are crushed beneath our tread.

We stand among the fallen leaves
 In our *own* autumn day,
 And, tottering on with feeble steps,
 Pursue our cheerless way.
 We look not back—too long ago
 Hath all we loved been lost ;
 Nor forward—for we may not live
 To see our new hope crossed :
 But on we go ; the sun's faint beam
 A feeble warmth imparts :
 Childhood, without its joy returns ;—
 The present fills our hearts !

Mrs. NORTON.

162. WEEP NOT FOR HIM THAT DIETH.

WEEP not for him that dieth,
 For he sleeps, and is at rest ;
 And the couch whereon he lieth
 Is the green earth's quiet breast :
 But weep for him who pineth
 On a far land's hateful shore,
 Who wearily declineth
 Where ye see his face no more !

Weep not for him that dieth,
 For friends are round his bed,
 And many a young lip sigheth
 When they name the early dead :
 But weep for him that liveth
 Where none will know or care,
 When the groan his faint heart giveth
 Is the last sigh of despair.

Weep not for him that dieth,
 For his struggling soul is free,
 And the world from which it fieth
 Is a world of misery ;

But weep for him that weareth
The captive's galling chain :
To the agony he beareth,
Death were but little pain.

Weep not for him that dieth,
For he hath ceased from tears,
And a voice to his replieth
Which he hath not heard for years ;
But weep for him who weepeth
On that cold land's cruel shore :
Blest, blest is he that sleepeth !—
Weep for the dead no more !

Mrs. Norton.

163. ADVICE TO THE ASPIRANT FOR FAME.

If thou wouldst win a lasting fame ;
If thou the immortal wreath wouldst claim,
And make the future bless thy name ;

If thou canst plan a noble deed,
And never flag till it succeed,
Though in the strife thy heart should bleed ;

If thou canst dine upon a crust,
And still hold on with patient trust,
Nor pine that Fortune is unjust ;

If thou canst see with tranquil breast,
The knave or fool in purple dressed,
While thou must walk in tattered vest ;

If thou in darkest days canst find,
An inner brightness in thy mind,
To reconcile thee to thy kind ;

Whatever obstacles control,
Thine hour will come ;—go on, true soul !
Thou'lt win the prize, thou'lt reach the goal.

If not, what matters ?—tried by fire,
And purified from low desire,
Thy spirit shall but soar the higher.

But, if so bent on worldly fame,
That thou must gild thy living name,
And snatch the honors of the game ;

If failure might thy soul oppress,
And fill thy veins with heaviness,
And make thee love thy kind the less ;

Pause, ere thou 'tempt the hard career—
Thou'lt find the conflict too severe,
And heart will break and brain will sear.

Content thee with a meaner lot :
Go plough thy field, go build thy cot,
Nor sigh that thou must be forgot.

CHARLES MACKAY.

DIALOGUES.

1. A QUARREL SCENE.

Glenalvon and Norval.

Glenalvon. His port I love ; he's in a proper mood
To chide the thunder, if at him it roared !
Has Norval seen the troops ?

Norval. The setting sun
With yellow radiance lightened all the vale ;
And as the warriors moved each polished helm,
Corslet or spear glanced back his gilded beams.
The hill they climbed ; and, halting at its top,
Of more than mortal size towering, they seemed
A host angelic clad in burning arms.

Glenalvon. Thou talk'st it well ! No leader of our host,
In sounds more lofty speaks of glorious war.

Norval. If I shall e'er acquire a leader's name,
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration
Vents itself freely ; since no part is mine
Of praise, pertaining to the great in arms.

Glenalvon. You wrong yourself, brave sir ! Your martial
deeds

Have ranked you with the great : but, mark me, Norval ;
Lord Randolph's favor now exalts your youth
Above his veterans of famous service.

Let me who know these soldiers counsel you :
Give them all honor ; seem not to command ;
Else they will scarcely brook your late-sprung power,
Which nor alliance props, nor birth adorns.

Norval. Sir, I have been accustomed, all my days,
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth ;
And though I have been told that there are men

Who borrow Friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,
Yet, in such language I am little skilled.
Therefore, I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,
Although it sounded harshly. Why remind
Me of my birth obscure? Why slur my power
With such contemptuous terms?

Glenalvon. I did not mean
To gall your pride, which now I see is great.

Norval. My pride?

Glenalvon. Suppress it, as you wish to prosper;
Your pride's excessive! yet, for Randolph's sake,
I will not leave you to its rash direction.
If thus you swell and frown at high-born men,
Will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn?

Norval. A shepherd's scorn!

Glenalvon. Yes;—if you presume
To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,
As if you took the measure of their minds,
And said, in secret, "You are no match for me,"
What will become of you?

Norval. Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self?

Glenalvon. Ha!—dost thou threaten me?

Norval. Didst thou not hear?

Glenalvon. Unwillingly, I did; a nobler foe
Had not been questioned thus. But, such as thou!

Norval. Whom dost thou think me?

Glenalvon. Norval.

Norval. So I am;
And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes?

Glenalvon. A peasant's son,—a wand'ring beggar-boy,
At best no more, e'en if he speak the truth.

Norval. False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth?

Glenalvon. Thy truth!
Thou'rt all a lie, and false as fiends
Is the vain-glorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.

Norval. If I were chained, unarmed, or bed-rid old,
Perhaps I might revile; but as I am,
I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval
Is of a race who strive not but with deeds!
Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valor,
And make thee sink, too soon, beneath my sword,
I'd tell thee——what thou art——I know thee well.

Glenalvon. Dost thou not know Glenalvon born to command
Ten thousand slaves like thee?

Norval. Villain!—no more ;—
 Draw, and defend thy life. (*They draw their swords.*) I did
 design,
 To have defied thee in another cause ;
 But Heaven accelerates its vengeance on thee.
 Now for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs !—
 (*They fight.*)

(*Enter Lord Randolph.*)

Lord Randolph. Hold !—I command you both ;—
 The man that stirs makes me his foe.

Norval. Another voice than thine
 That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.

Glenalvon. Hear him, my lord, he's wondrous condescending :
 Mark the humility of shepherd Norval !

Norval. Now you may scoff in safety.—

(*Both sheathe their swords.*)

Lord Randolph. Speak not thus,
 Taunting each other ; but unfold to me
 The cause of quarrel : then I'll judge betwixt you.

Norval. Nay, my good lord, though I revere you much,
 My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment.
 I blush to speak—I will not—cannot speak
 The opprobrious words that I from him have borne.
 To the liege lord of my dear native land,
 I owe a subject's homage ; but even him,
 And his high arbitration, I'd reject !
 Within my bosom reigns another lord,
 Honor—sole judge, and umpire of itself.
 If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph,
 Revoke your favors, and let Norval go
 Hence as he came,—alone—but not dishonored.

Lord Randolph. Thus far I'll mediate with impartial voice :
 The ancient foe of Caledonia's land,
 Now waves his banners o'er her frightened fields.
 Suspend your purpose till your country's arms
 Repel the bold invader ; then decide
 The private quarrel.

Glenalvon. I agree to this

Norval. And I.

(*Exit Randolph.*)

Glenalvon. Norval,

Let not our variance mar the social hour,
 Nor wrong the hospitality of Randolph ;
 Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkled hate

Shall stain my countenance. Smooth thou thy brow,
Nor let our strife disturb the gentle dame.

Norval. Think not so lightly, Sir, of my resentment :
When we contend again, our strife is mortal.

Homa.

2. LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

Wizard. Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight :
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown ;
Woe, woe, to the riders that trample them down !
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark ! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far ?
'Tis thine, O Glenullin ! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning : no rider is there ;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin ! to death and captivity led !
Oh weep ! but thy tears cannot number the dead :
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,—
Culloden ! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Lochiel. Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer !
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

Wizard. Ha ! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn !
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark-rolling clouds of the north ?
Lo ! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad ;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high,
Ah ! home let him speed,—for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?
'Tis the fire shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyry, that beacons the darkness of heaven.

O, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
 Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
 Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn:
 Return to thy dwelling; all lonely, return!
 For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
 And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

Lochiel. False wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clant,
 Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one;
 They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
 And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
 Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
 Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
 But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
 When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
 When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
 Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
 All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

Wizard. Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day!
 For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal;
 But man cannot cover what God would reveal:
 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
 And coming events cast their shadows before.
 I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
 With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king:
 Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
 Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!—
 Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:
 Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
 'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moore:
 Culloden is lost, and my country deplores!
 But where is the iron-bound prisoner?—Where?—
 For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
 Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
 Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
 Ah! no:—for a darker departure is near:—
 The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
 His death-bell is tolling! O mercy, dispel
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!—
 Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims!
 Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
 Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

Lochiel. Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale

For never shall Albin a destiny meet
 So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.
 Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
 Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe !
 And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
 Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame.

CAMPBELL.

3. A SCENE FROM WILLIAM TELL.

Gezler, Tell, and Albert, Verner, Sarnem, and Soldiers.

Sarnem. Down, slave !
 Behold the governor. Down ! down ! and beg
 For mercy !

Gezler. Does he hear ?—Thy name ?

Tell. My name ?

It matters not to keep it from thee now :
 My name is Tell.

Ges. Tell !—William Tell ?

Tell. The same.

Ges. What ! he so famed 'bove all his countrymen
 For guiding o'er the stormy lake the boat !
 And such a master of his bow, 'tis said
 His arrows never miss !—(*Aside.*) Indeed ! I'll take
 Exquisite vengeance !—Mark ! I'll spare thy life,
 Thy boy's too. Both of you are free,—on one
 Condition.

Tell. Name it:

Ges. I would see you make
 A trial of your skill with that same bow
 You shoot so well with.

Tell. Name the trial you
 Would have me make. (*Tell looks on Albert.*)

Ges. You look upon your boy,
 As though instinctively you guessed it.

Tell. Look

Upon my boy!—What mean you? Look upon
 My boy, as though I guessed it! Guessed the trial
 You'd have me make! Guessed it
 Instinctively! You do not mean—No—no—
 You would not have me make a trial of
 My skill upon my child! Impossible!
 I do not guess your meaning.

Ges. I would see

Thee hit an apple at the distance of
 A hundred paces.

Tell. Is my boy to hold it?

Ges. No.

Tell. No!—I'll send the arrow through the core!

Ges. It is to rest upon his head.

Tell. Great Heaven,

Thou hear'st him!

Ges. Thou dost hear the choice I give—
 Such trial of the skill thou'rt master of,
 Or death to both of you, not otherwise
 To be escaped.

Tell. O, monster!

Ges. Wilt thou do it?

Alb. He will! he will!

Tell. Ferocious monster! Make
 A father murder his own child!

Ges. Take off

His chains, if he consents.

Tell. With his own hand!

Ges. Does he consent?

Alb. He does.

*(Gesler signs to his Officers, who proceed to take off
 Tell's chains, Tell all the while unconscious of
 what they do.)*

Tell. With his own hand!

Murder his child with his own hand!
 The hand I've led him, when an infant, by!

(His chains fall off.) What's that you
 Have done to me? *(To the Guard.)*

Villains! put on my chains again.

My hands

Are free from blood, and have no gust for it,
 That they should drink my child's!—

I'll not

Murder my boy for Gesler.

Alb. Father—father!

You will not hit me, father!

Ges. Dost thou consent?

Tell. Give me my bow and quiver.

Ges. For what?

Tell. To shoot my boy!

Alb. No, father, no!

To save me!—You'll be sure to hit the apple.

Will you not save me, father?

Tell. Lead me forth,—

I'll make the trial!

Alb. Thank you!

Tell. Thank me!—Do

You know for what?—I will not make the trial,

To take him to his mother in my arms,

And lay him down a corse before her!

Ges. Then

He dies this moment; and you certainly

Do murder him, whose life you have a chance

To save, and will not use it.

Tell. Well—I'll do it!

I'll make the trial.

Alb. Father!

Tell. Speak not to me:

Let me not hear thy voice—thou must be dumb;

And so should all things be:—earth should be dumb

And heaven,—unless its thunders muttered at

The deed, and sent a bolt to stop it! Give me

My bow and quiver!

Ges. That is your ground.—Now shall they measure thence
A hundred paces. Take the distance.

Tell. Is

The line a true one?

Ges. True or not, what is't

To thee?

Tell. What is't to me? A little thing,

A very little thing:—a yard or two

Is nothing here or there, were it a wolf

I shot at!

Ges. Be thankful, slave,

Our grace accords thee life on any terms.

Tell. I will be thankful, Gesler!—Villain, stop
You measure to the sun. *(To the Attendant.)*

Ges. And what of that?

What matter, whether to or from the sun ?

Tell. I'd have it at my back.—The sun should shine
Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots.

I cannot see to shoot against the sun :—

I will not shoot against the sun !

Ges. Give him his way !—Thou hast cause to bless my mercy.

Tell. I shall remember it. I'd like to see
The apple I'm about to shoot at.

Ges. Show me

The basket.—There ! (*Gives a very small apple.*)

Tell. You've picked the smallest one.

Ges. I know I have.

Tell. Oh ! do you ?—But you see
The color of't is dark—I'd have it light,
To see it better.

Ges. Take it as it is :

Thy skill will be the greater if thou hitt'st it.

Tell. True—true,—I didn't think of that :—I wonder
I did not not think of that.—Give me some chance
To save my boy ! (*Throws away the apple.*) I will not murder
him,

If I can help it,—for the honor of
The form thou wear'st, if all the heart is gone.

Ges. Well ! choose thyself.

(*Hands a basket of apples.—Tell takes one.*)

Tell. Have I a friend among
The lookers on ?

Verner. Here, Tell !

Tell. I thank thee, Verner !—Take the boy
And set him, Verner, with his back to me.—
Set him upon his knees ;—and place this apple
Upon his head, so that the stem may front me—
Thus, Verner ; charge him to keep steady,—tell him
I'll hit the apple !—Verner, do all this
More briefly than I tell it thee.

Ver. Come, Albert ! (*Leading him out.*)

Alb. May I not speak with him before I go ?

Ver. No—

Alb. I would only kiss his hand—

Ver. You must not.

Alb. I must !—I cannot go from him without !

Ver. It is his will you should.

Alb. His will, is it ?

I am content, then,—come.

Tell. My boy! (*Holding out his arms to him.*)

Alb. My father! (*Running into Tell's arms.*)

Tell. If thou canst bear it, should not I?—Go now,
My son—and keep in mind that I can shoot.—

Go, boy—be thou but steady, I will hit

The apple. Go :—God bless thee!—Go.

My bow! (*Sarnem gives the bow.*)

Thou wilt not fail thy master, wilt thou?—Thou

Hast never failed him yet, old servant.—No,

I'm sure of thee—I know thy honesty ;

Thou'rt stanch—stanch :—I'd deserve to find thee treacherous,

Could I suspect thee so. Come, I will stake

My all upon thee! Let me see my quiver. (*Retires.*)

Ges. Give him a single arrow. (*To an Attendant.*)

Tell. Is't so you pick an arrow, friend?

The point, you see, is bent, the feather jagged ;

That's all the use 'tis fit for. (*Breaks it.*)

Ges. Let him have

Another. (*Tell examines it.*)

Tell. Why, 'tis better than the first,

But yet not good enough for such an aim

As I'm to take. 'Tis heavy in the shaft :

I'll not shoot with it! (*Throws it away.*) Let me see my
quiver.

Bring it! 'tis not one arrow in a dozen

I'd take to shoot with at a dove, much less

A dove like that!—What is't you fear? I'm but

A naked man, a wretched naked man!

Your helpless thrall, alone in the midst of you,

With every one of you a weapon in

His hand. What can I do in such a strait

With all the arrows in that quiver?—Come,

Will you give it me or not?

Ges. It matters not.

Show him the quiver.

(*Tell kneels and picks out an arrow then secretes one
in his vest.*)

Tell. See if the boy is ready.

Ver. He is.

Tell. I'm ready too!—Keep silence, for (*To the people.*)

Heaven's sake! and do not stir, and let me have

Your prayers—your prayers :—and be my witnesses,

That if his life's in peril from my hand,

'Tis only for the chance of saving it.

Now, friends, for mercy's sake, keep motionless
And silent !

(*Tell shoots ; and a shout of exultation bursts from the crowd.*)

Ver. (*Rushing in with Albert.*) Thy boy is safe ; no hair of him is touched !

Alb. Father, I'm safe !—your Albert's safe ! Dear father, Speak to me ! speak to me !

Ver. He cannot, boy !

Open his vest,
And give him air.

(*Albert opens his father's vest, and an arrow drops ; Tell starts, fixes his eyes on Albert, and clasps him to his breast.*)

Tell. My boy ! my boy !

Ges. For what

Hid you that arrow in your breast ? Speak, slave !

Tell. To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy !

Liberty

Would at thy downfall shout from every peak !

My country then were free !

J. S. KNOWLES.

4. GOODY GRIM V. LAPSTONE.

(In representing this selection as a dialogue, the one who personates the Judge can deliver the introduction and conclusion.)

INTRODUCTION. (*Delivered standing.*) What a profound study is THE LAW ! and how difficult to fathom ! Well, let us consider the law, for our laws are very considerable, both in bulk and numbers, according as the statutes declare ; *considerandi, considerando, considerandum*, and are not to be meddled with by those who don't understand them.

Law, always expressing itself with true grammatical precision, never confounding moods, cases, or genders, except, indeed, when a woman happens accidentally to be slain, there a verdict is always brought in manslaughter. The essence of the law is altercation, for the law can altercate, fulminate, deprecate, irritate, and go on at any rate. "Your son follows the law, I think, sir Thomas ?" "Yes, madam ; but I am afraid he will never overtake it : a man following the law is like two boys running round a table ; he follows the law, and the law follows him. However, if you take away the whereofs, whereases, wherefores, and

notwithstanding, the whole mystery vanishes: it is then plain and simple." Now, the quintessence of the law has, according to its name, five parts. The first is the beginning, or *incipiendum*; the second, the uncertainty, or *dubitandum*; the third, delay, or *puzzleendum*; fourthly, replication without *endum*; and, fifthly, *monstrum et hoverendum*: all which is clearly exemplified in the following case—*Goody Grim against Lapstone*. This trial is as follows:—Goody Grim inhabits an almshouse, No. 2; Will Lapstone, a superannuated cobbler, inhabits No. 3; and a certain Jew peddler, who happened to pass through the town where those almshouses are situated, could only think of No. One. Goody Grim was in the act of killing one of her own proper pigs, but the animal, disliking the ceremony, burst from her hold, ran through the semicircular legs of the afore-said Jew, knocked him in the mud, ran back to Will Lapstone's, the cobbler, upset a quart bottle full of gin, belonging to the said Lapstone, and took refuge in the cobbler's state-bed.

The parties being, of course, in the most opulent circumstances, consulted counsel learned in the law. The result was, that Goody Grim was determined to bring an action against Lapstone for the loss of her pig with a curly tail; and Lapstone to bring an action against Goody Grim, for the loss of a quart bottle full of Hollands gin; and Mordecai to bring an action against them both, for the loss of a tee-totum that fell out of his pocket in the rencontre. They all delivered their briefs to counsel, before it was considered they were all parties and no witnesses. But Goody Grim, like a wise old lady as she is, now changed her battery, and is determined to bring an action against Lapstone, and bind over Mordecai as an evidence.

The indictment sets forth (*reads from a paper*) "that he, Lapstone, not having the fear of the assizes before his eyes, but being moved by pig, and instigated by pruinence, did, on the first day of April, a day sacred in the annals of the law, steal, pocket, hide, and crib divers, that is to say, five hundred hogs, sows, boars, pigs, and porkers, with curly tails, and did secrete the said five hundred hogs, sows, boars, pigs, and porkers, with curly tails, in said Lapstone's bed, against the peace of our Lord the King, his crown and dignity."

Mordecai will be examined by Counsellor Puzzle. (*The Judge seats himself.*)

Puz. Well, sir, what are you?

Mor. I sells old cles, and sealing-wax, and puckles.

Puz. I did not ask you what you sold: I ask you what you are?

Mor. I am about five and forty.

Puz. I did not ask your age : I ask you what you are ?

Mor. I am a Jew.

Puz. Why couldn't you tell me that at first ? Well, then, if you are a Jew, tell me what you know of this affair.

Mor. As I vas a valking along—

Puz. Man, I didn't want to know where you were walking.

Mor. Vel, as I vas a valking along—

Puz. So you will walk along in spite of all that can be said.

Mor. Pless ma heart, you frighten me out of my vits—as I vas valking along, I seed de unclean animal coming towards me, and so says I—Oh ! Father Abraham, says I—

Puz. Father Abraham is no evidence.

Mor. You must let me tell my story my own vay, or I cannot tell it at all. As I vas valking along, I seed de unclean animal coming towards me. Oh, Father Abraham, said I, here comes de unclean animal towards me, and he runn'd between my legs, and upset me in te mut.

Puz. Now, do you mean to say, upon your oath, that that little animal had the power to upset you in the mud ?

Mor. I vill take my oath dat he upshet me in te mut.

Puz. And pray, sir, on what side did you fall ?

Mor. On te mutty side.

Puz. I mean, on which of your own sides did you fall ?

Mor. I fell on my left side.

Puz. Now, on your oath, was it your left side ?

Mor. I vill take my oath it vas my left side.

Puz. And pray what did you do when you fell down ?

Mor. I got up again as fast as I could.

Puz. Perhaps you can tell me whether the pig had a curly tail ?

Mor. I vill take ma oath his tail was so curly as my peerd.

Puz. And pray where was you going when this happened ?

Mor. I vas going to the sign of de Cock and Pottle.

Puz. Now, on your oath, what had a cock to do with a bottle ?

Mor. I don't know ; only it vas the sign of de house. And all more vat I know was, dat I lose an ivory tee-totum out of ma pocket.

Puz. Oh, you lost a tee-totum, did you ? I thought we should bring you to something at last. My Lord, I beg leave to take an exception to this man's evidence ! he does not come into court with clean hands.

Mor. How te devil should I, when I have been polishing ma goods all morning.

Puz. Now, my Lord, your Lordship is aware that tee-totum is derived from the Latin terms of *te* and *tutum*, which means, "Keep yourself safe." And this man, but for my sagacity, observation, and so forth, would have kept himself safe; but now he has, as the learned Lord Verulam expresses it, "let the cat out of the bag."

Mor. I will take ma oath "I had no cat in my bag."

Puz. My Lord, by his own confession he was about to vend a tee-totum. Now, my Lord, and gentlemen of the jury, it is my duty to point out to you that a tee-totum is an unlawful machine, made of ivory, with letters printed upon it, for the purpose of gambling. Now your Lordship knows the act commonly known by the name of "Little go Act," expressly forbids all games of chance whatever, whether put, whist, marbles, swabs, tee-totum, church-farthing, dumps, or what not. And, therefore, I do contend that the man's evidence is *contra bonos mores*, and he is consequently *non compos testimonæ*.

Judge. Counsellor Botherem will now proceed.

Both. My Lord, and gentlemen of the jury, my learned friend Puzzle has, in a most facetious manner, endeavored to cast a slur on the highly honorable evidence of the Jew merchant. And I do contend that he who buys and sells is *bona fide* inducted into all the mysteries of merchandise; ergo, he who merchandises is, to all intents and purposes, a merchant. My learned friend, in the twistings and turnings of his argument in handling the tee-totum, can only be called *obiter dictum*; he is playing, my Lord, a losing game. Gentlemen, he has told you the origin, use, and abuse of the tee-totum; but, gentlemen, he has forgot to tell you what that great luminary of the law, the late learned Coke, has said on the subject, in a case exactly similar to this, in the 234th folio volume of the Abridgment of the Statutes, page 1349, where he thus lays down the law in the case of *Hazard versus Blacklegs*: "*Gamblendum consistet, enactum gamblendi, sed non evendum macheni placendi.*" My Lord, I beg leave to say that if I prove my client was in the act of vending, and not playing with the said instrument, the tee-totum, I humbly presume that all my learned friend has said will come to the ground.

Judge. Certainly, brother Botherem, there's no doubt the learned Sergeant is incorrect. The law does not put a man *extralegium* for merely spinning a tee-totum.

Both. My Lord, one of the witnesses has owned that the pig had a curly tail. Now, my Lord, I presume if I prove the pig had a straight tail, I consider the objection must be fatal.

Judge. Certainly; order the pig into court.—The pig being produced, upon examination is found to have a straight tail.

In summing up the evidence, gentlemen of the jury, it is wholly unnecessary to recapitulate; for the removal of this objection removes all ground of action. And notwithstanding the ancient statute, which says *Serium pigum et boreum pigum, et vendi curlum tailum*, there is an irrefragable proof, by ocular demonstration, that Goody Grim's grunter had a straight tail, and therefore the prisoner must be acquitted. And really, gentlemen, if the time of the court is to be taken up with these frivolous actions, the designs of justice will be entirely frustrated; and the attorney who recommends this action should be punished, not in the ordinary way, but with the utmost rigor and severity of the law.

CONCLUSION. (*Delivered standing.*) This affair is thrown into Chancery, and it is expected it will be settled about the end of the year 1954.

MATHEWS.

5. DAVID AND GOLIAH.

Goliah. Where is the mighty man of war, who dares
Accept the challenge of Philistia's chief?
What victor-king, what general drenched in blood,
Claims this high privilege? What are his rights?
What proud credentials does the boaster bring
To prove his claim? What cities laid in ashes,
What ruined provinces, what slaughtered realms,
What heads of heroes, or what hearts of kings,
In battle killed, or at his altars slain,
Has he to boast? Is his bright armory
Thick-set with spears, and swords, and coats of mail
Of vanquished nations, by his single arm
Subdued? Where is the mortal man so bold,
So much a wretch, so out of love with life,
To dare the weight of this uplifted spear?

Come, advance!

Philistia's gods to Israel's. Sound, my herald,
Sound for the battle straight!

David. Behold thy foe!

Gol. I see him not.

Dav. Behold him here!

Gol. Say, where ?

Direct my sight. I do not war with boys.

Dav. I stand prepared ; thy single arm to mine.

Gol. Why, this is mockery, minion ! it may chance
To cost thee dear. Sport not with things above thee ;
But tell me who, of all this numerous host,
Expects his death from me ? Which is the man,
Whom Israel sends to meet my bold defiance ?

Dav. The election of my sovereign falls on me.

Gol. On thee ! on thee ! by Dagon, 'tis too much !
Thou curled minion ! thou a nation's champion !
'Twould move my mirth at any other time ;
But trifling's out of tune. Begone, light boy !
And tempt me not too far.

Dav. I do defy thee,
Thou foul idolater ! Hast thou not scorned
The armies of the living God I serve ?
By me he will avenge upon thy head
Thy nation's sins and thine. Armed with his name,
Unshrinking, I dare meet the stoutest foe
That ever bathed his hostile spear in blood.

Gol. Indeed ! 'tis wondrous well ! Now, by my gods !
The stripling plays the orator ! Vain boy !
Keep close to that same bloodless war of words,
And thou shalt still be safe. Tongue-valiant warrior !
Where is thy sylvan crook, with garlands hung,
Of idle field-flowers ? Where thy wanton harp,
Thou dainty-fingered hero ?

Now will I meet thee,
Thou insect warrior ! since thou darest me thus !
Already I behold thy mangled limbs,
Dissevered each from each, ere long to feed
The fierce, blood-snuffing vulture. Mark me well !
Around my spear I'll twist thy shining locks,
And toss in air thy head all gashed with wounds.

Dav. Ha ! say'st thou so ? Come on, then ! Mark us well.
Thou comest to me with sword, and spear, and shield !
In the dread name of Israel's God, I come ;
The living Lord of Hosts, whom thou defiest !
Yet though no shield I bring ; no arms, except
These five smooth stones I gathered from the brook,
With such a simple sling as shepherds use ;
Yet all exposed, defenceless as I am,
The God I serve shall give thee up a prey

To my victorious arm. This day I mean
 To make the uncircumcised tribes confess
 There is a God in Israel. I will give thee,
 Spite of thy vaunted strength and giant bulk,
 To glut the carrion kites. Nor thee alone;
 The mangled carcasses of your thick hosts
 Shall spread the plains of Elah; till Philistia,
 Through all her trembling tents and flying bands,
 Shall own that Judah's God is God indeed!
 I dare thee to the trial!

Gol. Follow me.

In this good spear I trust.

Dav. I trust in heaven!

The God of battles stimulates my arm,
 And fires my soul with ardor not its own.

HANNAH MORE.

6. THE INVALID AND THE POLITICIAN.

(Enter Feeble, in his night-gown.)

Quidnunc (*without*). Hold your tongue, you foolish fellow; he'll be glad to see me. Brother Feeble! brother Feeble!

Feeble. I was just going to bed. Bless my heart, what can this man want? I know his voice. I hope no new misfortune brings him at this hour. (*Enter Quid.*)

Quid. Brother Feeble, I give you joy! the nabob's demolished. Hurrah!

Feeb. Lack-a-day, Mr. Quidnunc! how can you serve me thus?

Quid. Súrja Dowla is no more! Hurrah!

Feeb. Poor man! he's stark, staring mad.

Quid. Our men diverted themselves with killing their bullocks and their camels, till they dislodged the enemy from the sotagon, and the counterscarp, and the bungalow—

Feeb. I'll hear the rest to-morrow morning. Oh! I'm ready to die!

Quid. Odds-heart, man, be of good cheer! The new nabob, Jaffer Alley Cawn, has acceded to a treaty; and the English company got all their rights in the Phiemad and the Fushbulhoornons.

Feeb. But, dear heart, Mr. Quidnunc, why am I to be disturbed for this?

Quid. We had but two seapoys killed, three chokeys, four gaul-walls, and two zemindars. Hurrah!

Feeb. Would not to-morrow morning do as well for this?

Quid. Light up your windows, man!—light up your windows! Chandernagore is taken! Hurrah!

Feeb. Well, well! I'm glad of it. Good night. (*Going.*)

Quid. Here—here's the "Gazette."

Feeb. Oh, I shall certainly faint! (*Sits down.*)

Quid. Ay, ay, sit down, and I'll read it to you. (*Begins to read. Feeb. moves away.*) Nay, don't run away: I've more news to tell you. There's an account from Williamsburgh, in America. The superintendent of Indian affairs—

Feeb. Dear sir! dear sir! (*Avoiding him.*)

Quid. He has settled matters with the Cherokees— (*Following him.*)

Feeb. Enough, enough! (*Moving away.*)

Quid. In the same manner he did before with the Catawbas— (*Following him.*)

Feeb. Well, well!—your servant. (*Moving off.*)

Quid. So that the white inhabitants— (*Following him.*)

Feeb. I wish you would let me be a quiet inhabitant of my own house.

Quid. So that the white inhabitants will now be secured by the Cherokees and Catawbas—

Feeb. You better go home, and think of appearing before the commissioners.

Quid. Go home! No, no! I'll go and talk the matter over at our coffee-house. (*Going.*)

Feeb. Do so, do so!

Quid. (*turning back.*) I had a dispute about the balance of power. Pray, now, can you tell—

Feeb. I know nothing of the matter.

Quid. Well, another time will do for that. I have a great deal to say about that. (*Going—returns.*) Right! I had like to have forgot. There's an erratum in the last "Gazette."

Feeb. With all my heart.

Quid. Page 3, 1st col., 1st and 3d lines, for *bombs* read *booms*.

Feeb. Read what you will.

Quid. Nay, but that alters the sense, you know. Well, now, your servant. If I hear any more news, I'll come and tell you.

Feeb. For heaven's sake, no more!

Quid. I'll be with you before you're out of your first sleep.

Feeb. Good night, good night! (*Hurries off.*)

Quid. (*screaming after him*). I forgot to tell you—the emperor of Morocco is dead. So now, I have made him happy. I'll go and knock up my friend Razor, and make him happy, too; and then I'll go and see if anybody is up at the coffee-house, and make them all happy there, too.

MURPHY.

7. THE LAWYER AND THE POLITICIAN.

Quidnunc and Codicil.

Cod. Mr. Quidnunc, your servant. The door was open; and I entered upon the premises. I'm just come from the hall.

Quid. 'Sbodkins, this man has now come to keep me at home. (*Aside.*)

Cod. Mr. Quidnunc, I am instructed to expound the law to you.

Quid. What, the law of nations?

Cod. I am instructed, sir, that you're a bankrupt. *Quasi bancus ruptus—banque route faire.* And my instructions say further, that you are summoned to appear before the commissioners to-morrow.

Quid. That may be, sir, but I can't go to-morrow; and so I shall send them word. I am to be to-morrow at Slaughter's Coffee House, with a private committee, about business of great consequence in the affairs of Europe.

Cod. Then, sir, if you don't go, I must instruct you that you will be guilty of a felony: it will be deemed to be done *malo animo*;—it is held so in the books; and what says the statute? By the 5th Geo. II, chap. 30, not surrendering, or embezzling, is felony, without benefit of clergy.

Quid. Ay, you tell me news.

Cod. Give me leave, sir: I am instructed to expound the law to you. Felony is thus described in the books:—*Felonia*, saith Hotoman (*De Verbis Feudalibus*), *significat capitale facinus*,—a capital offence.

Quid. You tell me news—you do indeed!

Cod. It was so apprehended by the Goths and the Longbards. And what saith Sir Edward Coke?—*Fieri debeat felleo animo.*

Quid. You've told me news:—I did not know it was felony. But if the Flanders mail should come in while I'm there, I should know nothing at all of it.

Cod. But why should you be uneasy?—*cui bono*, Mr. Quidnunc?—*cui bono*?

Quid. Not uneasy! If the Papists should beat the Protestants?

Cod. But I tell you, they can get no advantage of us. The laws against the further growth of Popery will secure us. There are provisos in favor of Protestant purchasers under Papists:—10th Geo. 1, chap. 4, and 6th George II, chap. 5.

Quid. Ay!

Cod. And, besides, Popish recusants can't carry arms; so can have no right of conquest, *vi et armis*.

Quid. That's true, that's true! I am easier in my mind—

Cod. To be sure; what are you uneasy about? The Papists can have no claim to Silesia.

Quid. Can't they?

Cod. No, they can set up no claim. If the queen, on her marriage, had put all her lands into Hotchpot; then, indeed,—and it seemeth, saith Littleton, that this word Hotchpot is, in English, a pudding—

Quid. You reason very clearly, Mr. Codicil, upon the rights of the powers of war; and so now, if you will, I am ready to talk a little of my affairs.

Cod. Nor does the matter rest here; for how can she set up a claim, when she has made a conveyance to the house of Brandenburg? The law, Mr. Quidnunc, is very severe against fraudulent conveyances. (*Codicil continues, and Quidnunc becomes very impatient.*)

Quid. 'Sbodkins, you have satisfied me!

Cod. Why, therefore, then, if he will levy fines, and suffer a common recovery, he can bequeath it as he likes, in *feodum simplex*, provided he takes care to put in his *sis heres*.

Quid. I am heartily glad of it. So that, with regard to my effects—

Cod. Why, then, suppose she was to bring it to a trial at bar—

Quid. I say, with regard to the full disclosure of my effects—

Cod. What would she get by that? It would go off upon a special pleading; and as to equity—

Quid. Pray must I now surrender my books and my pamphlets?

Cod. What would equity do for her? Equity can't relieve her; he might keep her at least twenty years before a master, to settle the account—

Quid. You have made me easy about the Protestants in this war—you have, indeed. So that, with regard to my appearing before the commissioners—

Cod. And as to the ban of the empire, he may demur to that; for all tenures by knight-service are abolished, and the statute 12, Charles II, has declared all lands to be held under a common socage.

Quid. Pray, now, Mr. Codicil, must not my creditors appear to prove my debts?

Cod. Why, therefore, then, if they're held in common socage, I submit it to the court, whether the empire can have any claim to knight-service. They can't call on him for a single man for the wars—*unum hominem ad guerram*. For what is common socage?—*socagium idem est quod servitium soccae*,—the service of the plough.

Quid. I'm ready to attend to them; but, pray, now, when my certificate is signed—it is of great consequence to me to know this—I say, sir, when my certificate is signed, mayn't I then—Hey! hey! what do I hear?

Cod. I apprehend—I humbly conceive, when your certificate is signed—

Quid. Hold your tongue! Did I not hear the "Gazette?"

Newsman (without). Great news in the "London Gazette!"

Quid. Yes, yes, it is—it is the "Gazette"—it is the "Gazette!"

Cod. The law, in that case, Mr. Quidnunc, *prima facie*—

Quid. I can't hear you;—I have not time. (*Endeavors to pass out.*)

Cod. I say, sir, it is held in the books—

Quid. I care for no books: I want the "Gazette." (*Stamping his foot.*)

Cod. Throughout all the books—(*Quid. rushes out.*) Bo! the man's *non compos*; and his friends, instead of a commission of bankruptcy, should take out a commission of lunacy.

MURPHY.

8. A NAUTICAL EXAMINATION.

Examiner. How would you scud a ship under bare poles, in a gale of wind?

Candidate. I should get the four and main yards a-cock-bill, rib in the jib-boom, put the helm hard-up, lash the cook and steward to the tafferel, with their heads clean shaven, and let her go. That is what I call scudding a ship under bare poles.

Ex. When scudding under bare poles in a hurricane, how would you go to work to bring the ship to the wind, and lay her to?

Can. I would cut away the mizzen-mast, take a good swig at the main-brace, lash the helm hard-a-port, and call all hands to give three cheers!

Ex. Very well, indeed. Can you pudden an anchor, or gammon a bowsprit?

Can. No; but I can dispose of a pudding, or stow away a gammon of bacon, with any old salt who ever turned a quid.

Ex. Under what circumstances should you consider it necessary to box-haul a ship? and how would you do it?

Can. This should be done only on the approach of a thunder-squall, and it is a delicate manœuvre. Sway up the spanker peak, and lash the boom amidships, let fly the jib-sheets, square the fore and main yards by the lifts and braces, send a stout hand aloft to loose the main royal, jam the helm a-lee, and let the thunder-gust come! You will soon find yourself in a bad box—and this is called box-hauling.

Ex. Can you work a mousing, man-fashion, on the collar of the main-stay?

Can. I am not so certain of that; but I can clap a mousing on the cook's head with a handspike.

Ex. How do you heave a ship in stays?

Can. Order every man to his station; the cook to the fore sheet, and the boatswain to dance a hornpipe on the capstan head; and when the skipper sings out, "Hard-a-lee," let every man shout with all the strength of his lungs, "Let go and haul!"

Ex. Can you clear a ship's hawse when there is a round turn in the cables?

Can. I dare say I can; and, what is more, I can ride a Flemish horse without saddle, martingale, stirrup, or bridle.

Ex. Can you tell me how to work a traverse?

Can. Yes; Tom Cox's traverse—up one hatchway and down the other

Ex. How do you perform the evolution of club-hauling?

Can. Hoist the broad pennant at the jib-boom end, and sway up the cabin-boy to the end of the fore-topmast studding-sail boom; cut away the best bower-anchor, and knock down with a heaver the first man you can hit. That is what is meant by club-hauling.

Ex. Did you ever see a bumpkin on board ship without whiskers?

Can. Yes; Jonathan Flail, on board the bark Powderhorn. Both sides of his cheeks were as smooth as the palm of my hand.

Ex. How would you manage to raise a breeze when it was a dead calm?

Can. Put all hands on half allowance, and set them at work scraping the topmasts and cleaning the ship's bottom, without allowing them even a dog's watch. If that does not raise a breeze, whistle "Hey, Betty Martin, tip-toe tye," until you see a cat's-paw stretching across the water.

Ex. Who has the hardest time on board a ship at sea?

Can. The "sweet little Cherub" which keeps watch while sitting up aloft.

Ex. Who has the hardest time in port?

Can. The little nun buoy, who keeps watching the anchor, and is never relieved excepting to be bled.

Ex. Why is a ship like a hen?

Can. Because she often keeps cackling.

Ex. Why is a ship like a well-bred Frenchman?

Can. Because she prides herself on her graceful bows.

Ex. Why is a ship like a comet?

Can. Because she moves rapidly along, and leaves a brilliant and sometimes marvellously crooked wake behind.

Ex. Why is a ship like the keeper of a livery stable?

Can. Because she is well provided with horses, bridles, saddles, stirrups, whips, and martingales.

Ex. What animal does a ship most remind you of?

Can. A cat. Because she has cat-heads, cat-harpings, cat-blocks—is partial to cat's-paws—and is often provided with a cat with nine tails.

Ex. What do you mean by cat-harpings?

Can. Cat-harpings is undoubtedly a corruption of cat's-harp-strings, meaning catgut.

Ex. Very well explained. Is there ever a dog on board ship?

Can. Always; and he keeps the watch from six to eight

o'clock in the evening. He also looks closely after the wind, and is sometimes called a dog-vane.

Ex. I wish to ask you one more question. Why is a ship like a woman?

Can. Because she is one of the most beautiful objects of nature or art—looks best with a neat figure-head—is proud of her fine and well-fitted rigging—takes delight in ear-rings, jewels, and gingerbread work—makes use of stays to keep upright—moves with a swimming gait—wears caps to which are fastened many strings, and occasionally claps on a bonnet; besides, it is desirable that she should be well mated and properly manned; for, if left to her own guidance, she would soon founder on the ocean, or be wrecked upon the rocks.

Ex. Well done! You answer like a real sailor. There can be no doubt that you possess all the qualifications necessary to command an Indiaman. Clerk, make out this man's certificate.

ANONYMOUS.

9. SCENE FROM PIZARRO.

Pizarro and Gomez.

Piz. How now, Gomez, what bringest thou?

Gom. On yonder hill, among the palm-trees, we have surprised an old Peruvian. Escape by flight he could not, and we seized him unresisting.

Piz. Drag him before us. (*Gomez leads in Orozembo.*) What art thou, stranger?

Oro. First tell me who is the captain of this band of robbers?

Piz. Audacious! This insolence has sealed thy doom. Die thou shalt, gray-headed ruffian. But first confess what thou knowest.

Oro. I know that which thou hast just assured me of, that I shall die.

Piz. Less audacity might have preserved thy life.

Oro. My life is as a withered tree, not worth preserving.

Piz. Hear me, old man. Even now we march against the Peruvian army. We know there is a secret path that leads to your stronghold among the rocks. Guide us to that, and name thy reward. If wealth be thy wish—

Oro. Ha, ha, ha!

Piz. D. st thou despise my offer ?

Oro. Yes, thee and thy offer ! Wealth !—I have the wealth of two gallant sons. I have stored in heaven the riches which repay good actions here ; and still my chiefest treasure do I wear about me.

Piz. What is that ? Inform me.

Oro. I will, for thou canst never tear it from me. An unsullied conscience.

Piz. I believe there is no other Peruvian who dares speak as thou dost.

Oro. Would I could believe there is no other Spaniard who dares act as *thou* dost.

Gom. Obdurate pagan ! how numerous is your army ?

Oro. Count the leaves of the forest.

Gom. Which is the weakest part of your camp ?

Oro. It is fortified on all sides by justice.

Gom. Where have you concealed your wives and children ?

Oro. In the hearts of their husbands and fathers.

Piz. Knowest thou Alonzo ?

Oro. Know him ! Alonzo ! Our nation's benefactor, the guardian angel of Peru !

Piz. By what has he merited that title ?

Oro. By not resembling thee.

Piz. Who is this Rolla, joined with Alonzo in command ?

Oro. I will answer that, for I love to speak the hero's name. Rolla, the kinsman of the king, is the idol of our army. In war a tiger, in peace a lamb. Cora was once betrothed to him, but finding she preferred Alonzo, he resigned his claim for Cora's happiness.

Piz. Romantic savage ! I shall meet this Rolla soon.

Oro. Thou hadst better not ; the terrors of his noble eye would strike thee dead.

Gom. Silence, or tremble !

Oro. Beardless robber ! I never yet have learned to tremble before *man*—why before *thee*, thou *less* than man ?

Gom. Another word, audacious heathen, and I strike !

Oro. Strike, Christian ! then boast among thy fellows, " I too have murdered a Peruvian."

KOTZEBUE.

10. THE SAME.—SECOND SCENE.

Sentinel, Rolla, and Alonzo.

(Enter Rolla, disguised as a Monk.)

Rolla. Inform me, friend, is Alonzo, the Peruvian, confined in this dungeon?

Sent. He is.

Rolla. I must speak with him.

Sent. You must not.

Rolla. He is my friend.

Sent. Not if he were your brother.

Rolla. What is to be his fate?

Sent. He dies at sunrise.

Rolla. Ha! then I am come in time—

Sent. Just to witness his death.

Rolla (advancing towards the door). Soldier, I must speak with him.

Sent. (pushing him back with his gun). Back! back! it is impossible.

Rolla. I do entreat you but for one moment.

Sent. You entreat in vain: my orders are most strict.

Rolla. Look on this wedge of massy gold! look on these precious gems! In thy land they will be wealth for thee and thine, beyond thy hope or wish. Take them—they are thine; let me but pass one moment with Alonzo.

Sent. Away! Wouldst thou corrupt me? *Me,* an old Castilian!—I know my duty better.

Rolla. Soldier! hast thou a wife?

Sent. I have.

Rolla. Hast thou children?

Sent. Four—honest, lovely boys.

Rolla. Where didst thou leave them?

Sent. In my native village, in the very cot where I was born.

Rolla. Dost thou love thy wife and children?

Sent. Do I love them! God knows my heart;—I do.

Rolla. Soldier! Imagine thou wert doomed to die a cruel death in a strange land:—what would be thy last request?

Sent. That some of my comrades should carry my dying blessing to my wife and children.

Rolla. What if that comrade was at thy prison door, and should there be told, thy fellow-soldier dies at sunrise, yet thou shalt not for a moment see him, nor shalt thou bear his dying

blessing to his poor children, or his wretched wife—what wouldst thou think of him who thus could drive thy comrade from the door?

Sent. How?

Rolla. Alonzo has a wife and child; and I am come but to receive for her, and for her poor babe, the last blessing of my friend.

Sent. Go in. (*Exit Sentinel.*)

Rolla (calls). Alonzo! Alonzo!

(*Enter Alonzo, speaking as he comes in.*)

Alon. How! is my hour elapsed? Well, I am ready.

Rolla. Alonzo!—know me!

Alon. Rolla! O *Rolla!* how didst thou pass the guard?

Rolla. There is not a moment to be lost in words. This disguise I tore from the dead body of a friar, as I passed our field of battle. It has gained me entrance to thy dungeon:—now take it thou, and fly!

Alon. And Rolla—

Rolla. Will remain here in thy place.

Alon. And die for me! *No!* rather eternal tortures rack me.

Rolla. I shall not die, Alonzo. It is *thy* life Pizarro seeks, not *Rolla's*; and thy arm may soon deliver me from prison. Or, should it be otherwise, I am as a blighted tree in the desert; nothing lives beneath my shelter. Thou art a husband and a father: the being of a lovely wife and helpless infant depend upon thy life. Go, go, Alonzo! not to save thyself, but Cora, and thy child.

Alon. Urge me not thus, my friend. I am prepared to die in peace.

Rolla. To die in peace! devoting her you have sworn to live for, to madness, misery, and death!

Alon. Merciful heavens!

Rolla. If thou art yet irresolute, Alonzo—now mark me well. Thou knowest that Rolla never pledged his word and shrunk from its fulfilment. Know then, if thou art proudly obstinate, thou shalt have the desperate triumph of seeing Rolla perish by thy side.

Alon. O Rolla! you distract me! Wear you the robe, and though dreadful the necessity, we will strike down the guard, and force our passage.

Rolla. What, the soldier on duty here?

Alon. Yes, else seeing two, the alarm will be instant death.

Rolla. For my nation's safety, I would not harm him ! That soldier, mark me, is a *man* ! All are not men that wear the human form. He refused my *prayers*, refused my *gold*, denying to admit, till his own *feelings* bribed him. I will not risk a hair of that man's head, to save my heart-strings from consuming fire. But haste ! A moment's further pause, and all is lost.

Alon. Rolla, I fear thy friendship drives me from honor and from right.

Rolla. Did Rolla ever counsel dishonor to his friend ? (*Throwing the friar's garment over his shoulders.*) There !—conceal thy face. Now, God be with thee !

KOTZEBUE.

11. PEDANTRY.

Digit, a mathematician ; *Trill*, a musician ; *Sesquipitalia*, a linguist and philosopher ; *Drone*, a servant of Mr. Morrell, in whose house the scene is laid.

(*Digit alone.*)

Digit. If theologians are in want of a proof that mankind are daily degenerating, let them apply to me, Archimedes Digit. I can furnish them with one as clear as any demonstration in Euclid's third or fifth book ; and it is this,—the sublime and exalted science of Mathematics is falling into general disuse. Oh that the patriotic inhabitants of this extensive country should suffer so degrading a circumstance to exist ! Why, yesterday, I asked a lad of fifteen which he preferred, Algebra or Geometry ; and he told me—oh horrible ! he told me he had never studied them ! I was thunderstruck, I was astonished, I was petrified ! Never studied Geometry ! never studied Algebra ! and fifteen years old ! The dark ages are returning. Heathenish obscurity will soon overwhelm the world, unless I do something immediately to enlighten it ; and for this purpose I have now applied to Mr. Morrell, who lives here, and is celebrated for his patronage of learning and learned men. (*A knock at the door.*) Who waits there ?

(*Enter Drone.*)

Is Mr. Morrell at home ?

Drone (*speaking very slow*). Can't say ; s'pose he is ; indeed, I am sure he is, or was just now.

Digit. Why, I could solve an equation while you are answer-

ing a question of five words,—I mean if the unknown terms were all on one side of the equation. Can I see him?

Drone. There is nobody in this house by the name of Quation.

Digit (aside). Now, here's a fellow that cannot distinguish between an algebraic term and the denomination of his master!—I wish to see Mr. Morrell upon an affair of infinite importance.

Drone. Oh, very likely, sir. I will inform him that Mr. Quation wishes to see him (*mimicking*) upon an affair of infinite importance.

Digit. No, no. Digit—Digit. My name is Digit.

Drone. Oh, Mr. Digy-Digy! Very likely. (*Exit Drone.*)

Digit (alone). That fellow is certainly a negative quantity. He is minus common sense. If this Mr. Morrell is the man I take him to be, he cannot but patronize my talents. Should he not, I don't know how I shall obtain a new coat. I have worn this ever since I began to write my theory of sines and cotangents; and my elbows have so often formed right angles with the plane surface of my table, that a new coat or a parallel patch is very necessary. But here comes Mr. Morrell.

(*Enter Sesquipedalia.*)

Sir (*bowing low*), I am your most Mathematical servant. I am sorry, sir, to give you this trouble; but an affair of consequence—(*pulling the rags over his elbows*)—an affair of consequence, as your servant informed you—

Sesquipedalia. *Servus non est mihi, Domine*; that is, I have no servant, sir. I presume you have erred in your calculation; and——

Digit. No, sir. The calculations I am about to present you are founded on the most correct theorems of Euclid. You may examine them, if you please. They are contained in this small manuscript. (*Producing a folio.*)

Sesq. Sir, you have bestowed a degree of interruption upon my observations. I was about, or, according to the Latins, *future sum*, to give you a little information concerning the luminary who appears to have deceived your vision. My name, sir, is Tullius Maro Titus Crispus Sesquipedalia; by profession a linguist and philosopher. The most abstruse points in physics or metaphysics are to me transparent as ether. I have come to this house for the purpose of obtaining the patronage of a gentleman who befriends all the literati. Now, sir, perhaps I

have induced conviction, in *mente tua*, that is, in your mind, that your calculation was erroneous.

Digit. Yes, sir, as to your person, I was mistaken; but my calculations, I maintain, are correct, to the tenth part of a circulating decimal.

Sesq. But what is the subject of your manuscript? Have you discussed the infinite divisibility of matter?

Digit. No, sir; I cannot reckon infinity; and I have nothing to do with subjects that cannot be reckoned.

Sesq. Why, I cannot reckon about it. I reckon it is divisible *ad infinitum*. But perhaps your work is upon the materiality of light; and if so, which side of the question do you espouse?

Digit. Oh, sir, I think it quite immaterial.

Sesq. What! light immaterial! Do you say light is immaterial?

Digit. No; I say it is quite immaterial which side of the question I espouse. I have nothing to do with it. And besides, I am a bachelor, and do not mean to espouse any thing at present.

Sesq. Do you write upon the attraction of cohesion? You know matter has the properties of attraction and repulsion.

Digit. I care nothing about matter, so I can find enough for mathematical demonstration.

Sesq. I cannot conceive what you have written upon, then. Oh, it must be the centripetal and centrifugal motions.

Digit (peevishly). No, no! I wish Mr. Morrell would come! Sir, I have no motions but such as I can make with my pencil upon my slate, thus. (*Figuring upon his hand.*) Six, minus four, plus two, equal eight, minus six, plus two. There, those are my motions.

Sesq. Oh, I perceive you grovel in the depths of Arithmetic. I suppose you never soared into the regions of Philosophy. You never thought of the vacuum which has so long filled the heads of philosophers.

Digit. Vacuum! (*Putting his hand to his forehead.*) Let me think.

Sesq. Ha! what! have you got it *sub manu*, that is, under your hand? Ha! ha! ha!

Digit. Eh! under my hand? What do you mean, sir?—that my head is a vacuum? Would you insult me, sir? insult Archimedes Digit? Why, sir, I'll cipher you into infinite divisibility. I'll set you on an inverted cone, and give you a centripetal and centrifugal motion out of the window, sir! I'll scatter your solid contents!

Sesq. *Da veniam*, that is, pardon me, it was merely a *lapsus linguæ*, that is—

Digit. Well, sir, I am not fond of *lapsus linguæ*, at all, sir. However, if you did not mean to offend, I accept your apology. I wish Mr. Morrell would come.

Sesq. But, sir, is your work upon mathematics?

Digit. Yes, sir. In this manuscript I have endeavored to elucidate the squaring of the circle.

Sesq. But, sir, a square circle is a contradiction in terms. You cannot make one.

Digit. I perceive you are a novice in this sublime science. The object is to find a square which shall be equal to a given circle; which I have done by a rule drawn from the radii of the circle and the diagonal of the square. And by my rule the area of the square will equal the area of the circle.

Sesq. Your terms are to me incomprehensible. Diagonal is derived from the Greek. *Dia* and *goneo*, that is, "through the corner." But I don't see what it has to do with a circle; for if I understand aright, a circle, like a sphere, has no corners.

Digit. You appear to be very ignorant of the science of numbers. Your life must be very insipidly spent in poring over philosophy and the dead languages. You never tasted, as I have, the pleasure arising from the investigation of a difficult problem, or the discovery of a new rule in quadratic equations.

Sesq. Poh! poh! (*Turns round in disgust, and hits Digit with his cane.*)

Digit. Oh, you villain!

Sesq. I wish, sir—

Digit. And so do I wish, sir, that that cane was raised to the fourth power, and laid over your head as many times as there are units in a thousand. Oh! oh!

Sesq. Did my cane come in contact with the sphere of attraction around your shin? I must confess, sir—

(Enter Trill.)

But here is Mr. Morrell, *Salve Domine!* Sir, your servant.

Trill. Which of you, gentlemen, is Mr. Morrell?

Sesq. Oh! neither, sir. I took you for that gentleman.

Trill. No, sir; I am a teacher of music. Flute, harp, viol, violin, violoncello, organ, or any thing of the kind; any instrument you can mention. I have just been displaying my powers at a concert, and come recommended to the patronage of Mr. Morre.

Sesq. For the same purpose are that gentleman and myself here.

Digit (still rubbing his shin). Oh! oh!

Trill. Has the gentleman the gout? I have heard of its being cured by music. Shall I sing you a tune? Hem! hem! Faw—

Digit. No, no; I want none of your tunes. I'd make that philosopher sing, though, and dance, too, if he hadn't made a vulgar fraction of my leg.

Sesq. *In veritate*, that is, in truth, it happened *forte*, that is, by chance.

Trill (talking to himself). If B be flat, *me* is in E.

Digit. Ay, sir; this is only an integral part of your conduct ever since you came into this house. You have continued to multiply your insults in the abstract ratio of a geometrical progression, and at last have proceeded to violence. The dignity of Archimedes Digit never experienced such a reduction descending before.

Trill (to himself). Twice *fa sol la*, and then comes *me* again.

Digit. If Mr. Morrell does not admit me soon, I'll leave the house, while my head is on my shoulders.

Trill. Gentlemen, you neither keep time nor chord. But if you can sing, we will carry a trio before we go.

Sesq. Can you sing an ode of Horace or Anacreon? I should like to hear one of them.

Digit. I had rather hear you sing a demonstration of the forty-seventh proposition, first book.

Trill. I never heard of those performers, sir; where did they belong?

Sesq. They did belong to Italy and Greece.

Trill. Ah! Italy! There are our best masters, such as Morrelli and Fuselli. Can you favor me with some of their compositions?

Sesq. Oh yes; if you have a taste that way, I can furnish you with them, and with Virgil, Sallust, Cicero, Cæsar, and Quintilian; and I have an old Greek Lexicon which I can spare.

Trill. *Ad libitum*, my dear sir, they will make a handsome addition to my musical library.

Digit. But, sir, what pretensions have you to the patronage of Mr. Morrell? I don't believe you can square the circle.

Trill. Pretensions, sir! I have gained a victory over the great Tantamarrarra, the new opera singer, who pretended to vie with

me. 'Twas in the symphony of Handel's Oratorio of Saul, where you know every thing depends upon the *tempo giusto*, and where the primo should proceed in *smorgando*, and the secondo, *agitati*. But he was on the third ledger line, I was an octave below, when, with a sudden *appoggiatura*, I rose to *D in alt*, and conquered him.

(Enter Drone.)

Drone. My master says how he will wait on you, gentlemen.

Digit. What is your name, sir?

Drone. Drone, at your service.

Digit. No, no; you need not drone at my service. A very applicable name, however.

Sesq. Drone? That is derived from the Greek *Draon*, that is, flying or moving swiftly.

Trill. He seems to move in andante measure, that is, to the tune of Old Hundred.

Drone. Very likely, gentlemen.

Digit. Well, as I came first, I will enter first.

Sesq. Right. You shall be the antecedent, I the subsequent, and Mr. Trill the consequent.

Trill. Right. I was always a man of consequence,—Fa, sol, la, Fa, sol, &c. (*Exeunt.*)

ANONYMOUS

12. IRISH COURTESY.

Stranger.—*O'Callaghan.*

Stranger. I have lost my way, good friend; can you assist me in finding it?

O'Callaghan. Assist you in finding it, sir? ay, by my faith and troth, and that I will, if it was to the world's end, and further too.

Str. I wish to return by the shortest route to the Black Rock.

O'Cal. Indade, and you will, so plase your honor's honor—and O'Callaghan's own self shall show you the way, and then you can't miss it, you know.

Str. I would not give you so much trouble, Mr. O'Callaghan.

O'Cal. It is never a trouble, so plase your honor, for an Irishman to do his duty. (*Bowing.*)

Str. Whither do you travel, friend ?

O'Cal. To Dublin, so plase your honor—sure all the world knows that Judy O'Flannaghan will be married to-morrow, God willing, to Pat Ryan; and Pat, you know, is my own foster-brother—because why, we had but one nurse betwane us, and that was my own mother; but she died one day—the Lord rest her swate soul! and left me an orphan, for my father married again, and his new wife was the devil's own child, and did nothing but bate me from morning till night. Och, why did I not die before I was born to see that day! for, by St. Patrick, the woman's heart was as cold as a hailstone.

Str. But what reason could she have for treating you so unmercifully, Mr. O'Callaghan ?

O'Cal. Ah, your honor, and sure enough there are always reasons as plenty as pratees for being hard-hearted. And I was no bigger than a dumpling at the time, so I could not help myself, and my father did not care to help me, and so I hopped the twig, and parted old Nick's darling; och, may the devil find her wherever she goes. But here I am alive and lapeing, and going to see Pat married; and faith, to do him justice, he's as honest a lad as any within ten miles of us, and no disparagement, neither; and I love Pat, and I love all his family; ay, by my shoul do I, every mother's skin of them—and by the same token, I have travelled many a long mile to be present at his wedding.

Str. Your miles in Ireland are much longer than ours, I believe.

O'Cal. Indade, and you may belave that, your honor, because why, St. Patrick measured them in his coach, you know. Och, by the powers!—the time has been—but, 'tis no matter, not a single copper at all at all now belongs to the family—but as I was saying, the day has been, ay, by my troth, and the night too, when the O'Callaghans, good luck to them, held their heads up as high as the best; and though I have not a rod of land belonging to me, but what I hire, I love my country, and would halve my last pratee with every poor creature that has none.

Str. Pray, how does the bride appear, Mr. O'Callaghan ?

O'Cal. Och, by my shoul, your honor, she's a nate article; and then she will be rigged out as gay as a lark and as fine as a peacock; because why, she has a great lady for her godmother, long life and success to her, who has given Judy two milch cows and five pounds in hard money; and Pat has taken as dacent apartments as any in Dublin—a nate comely parlor as you'd

wish to see, just six feet under ground, with a nice beautiful ladder to go down—and all so complete and genteel, and comfortable, as a body may say—

Str. Nothing like comfort, Mr. O'Callaghan.

O'Cal. Faith, and you may say that, your honor. (*Rubbing his hands.*) Comfort is comfort, says I to Mrs. O'Callaghan, when we are all sated so cleverly around a great big turf fire, as merry as grigs, with the dear little grunterns snoring so sweetly in the corner, defying wind and weather, with a dry thatch, and a sound conscience to go to slape upon—

Str. A good conscience makes a soft pillow.

O'Cal. Och, jewel, sure it is not the best beds that make the best slapers; for there's Kathleen and myself can slape like two great big tops, and our bed is none of the softest—because why, we slape on the ground, and have no bed at all at all.

Str. It is a pity, my honest fellow, that you should ever want one. There—(*giving him a guinea*)—good-by, Mr. O'Callaghan.

O'Cal. I'll drink your honor's health, that I will; and may God and the blessed Virgin bless you and yours, as long as grass grows and water runs.

SEDLEY.

13. ALDERMAN SMUGGLER—SIR HARRY WILDAIR—JOHN.

Sir Harry. Dear Mr. Alderman, I'm your most devoted and humble servant.

Alderman Smuggler. My best friend, Sir Harry, you're welcome to England.

Sir H. I'll assure you, sir, there's not a man in the king's dominions I am gladder to meet, dear, dear Mr. Alderman. (*Bowing very low.*)

Ald. S. Oh! my good sir, you travellers have the kindest, the most obliging ways with you.

Sir H. There is a business, Mr. Alderman, fallen out, which you may oblige me infinitely by—I am very sorry that I am forced to be troublesome—but necessity, Mr. Alderman—

Ald. S. Ay, sir, as you say, necessity. But, upon my word, dear sir, I am very short of money at present, but—

Sir H. That's not the matter, sir; I'm above an obligation that way; but the business is, I am reduced to an indispensable

necessity of being obliged to you for a beating. Here, take this cane.

Ald. S. A beating, Sir Harry! ha, ha, ha! I beat a knight baronet! An alderman turned cudgel-player! ha, ha, ha!

Sir H. Upon my word, sir, you must beat me, or I'll beat you; take your choice.

Ald. S. Psha! psha! you jest.

Sir H. Nay, 'tis sure as fate; so my dear, dear Mr. Alderman, I hope you'll pardon my curiosity. (*Strikes him.*)

Ald. S. Curiosity! Deuce take your curiosity, sir. What d'ye mean?

Sir H. Nothing at all. I'm but in jest, good sir.

Ald. S. Oh! I can take any thing in jest; but a man might imagine, by the smartness of the stroke, that you were in downright earnest.

Sir H. Not in the least, sir—(*strikes him*); not in the least, indeed, dear sir.

Ald. S. Pray, good sir, no more of your jests; for they are the bluntest jests that I ever knew.

Sir H. (*strikes him*). I heartily beg your pardon, with all my heart, sir.

Ald. S. Pardon, sir! well, sir, that is satisfaction enough from a gentleman; but seriously now, Sir Harry, if you pass any more of your jests upon me, I shall grow angry.

Sir H. I humbly beg your permission to break one or two more. (*Strikes him.*)

Ald. S. Oh! oh! sir, you'll certainly break my bones. Are you mad, sir? John! John! murder, felony, manslaughter, murder! (*Runs about.*)

Sir H. Sir, I beg you ten thousand pardons; but I am absolutely compelled to it, upon my honor, sir; nothing can be more averse to my inclination than to jest with my honest, dear, loving, obliging friend, the alderman. (*Striking him all the time.*)

(Enter John.)

John. Oh! goodness! Sir Harry's murdering the poor old man.

Ald. S. Oh! John, oh! John, I have been beaten in jest till I am almost murdered in good earnest.

John. Oh! for charity's sake, Sir Harry, remember what you are doing; forbear, sir, or I'll raise the neighborhood. (*Aside.*) Though, to tell the truth, the old rogue richly deserves it, and for my part, I enjoy the joke. (*Sir H. takes snuff.*)

Ald. S. Now, sir, I will have amends, sir, before I leave the place, sir; how durst you use me thus?

Sir. H. Sir?

Ald. S. Sir, I say that I will have satisfaction.

Sir H. Oh! sir, with all my heart. (*Throws snuff in his eyes.*)

Ald. S. Oh! murder, blindness, fire! Oh! John, John! get me some water! water, fire, water! (*Exit with John.*)

Sir H. How pleasant is resenting an injury without passion! 'tis the beauty of revenge.

Let statesmen plot, and under business groan,
And, settling public quiet, lose their own;
I make the most of life,—no hour misspend,
Pleasure's the mean, and pleasure is my end.
No spleen, no trouble, shall my time destroy;
Life's but a span, I'll every inch enjoy.

ANONYMOUS.

14. SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD—ASHFIELD.

Sir Philip. Come hither. I believe you hold a farm of mine.

Ashfield. Ees, zur, I do, at your zarvice.

Sir P. I hope a profitable one.

Ash. Zometimes it be, zur. But thic year it be all t'other way, as 'twur; but I do hope, as our landlords have a tightish big lump of the good, they'll be zo kind-hearted as to take a little bit of the bad.

Sir P. It is but reasonable. I conclude, then, you are in my debt.

Ash. Ees, zur, I be; at your zarvice.

Sir P. How much?

Ash. I do owe ye a hundred and fifty pounds; at your zarvice.

Sir P. Which you can't pay.

Ash. Not a varthing, zur; at your zarvice.

Sir P. Well, I am willing to allow you every indulgence.

Ash. Be you, zur? that be deadly kind. Dear heart! it will make my auld dame quite young again, and I don't think helping a poor man will do your honor's health any harm; I don't, indeed, zur. I had a thought of speaking to your worship aboat it; but then, thinks I, the gentleman mayhap be one of those that do like to do a good turn, and not have a

word zaid about it: zo, zur, if you had net mentioned what I owed you, I am zure I never should; should not, indeed, zur.

Sir P. Nay, I will wholly acquit you of the debt, on condition—

Ash. Ees, zur.

Sir P. On condition, I say, that you instantly turn out that boy—that Henry.

Ash. Turn out Henry! Ha, ha, ha! Excuse my tittering, zur; but you bees making your vun of I, zure.

Sir P. I am not apt to trifle: send him instantly from you, or take the consequences.

Ash. Turn out Henry! I do vow I shouldn't know how to set about it; I should not, indeed, zur.

Sir P. You hear my determination. If you disobey, you know what will follow. I'll leave you to reflect on it. (*Exit.*)

Ash. Well, zur, I'll argify the topic, and then you may wait upon me, and I'll tell ye. (*Makes the motion of turning out.*) I should be deadly awkward at it, vor zartain. However, I'll put the case. Well! I goes whiztling whoam; noa, drabbit it! I shouldn't be able to whiztle a bit, I'm zure. Well! I goes whoam, and I zees Henry sitting by my wife, mixing up someit to comfort the wold zoul, and take away the pain of her rheumatics. Very well! Then Henry places a chair vor I by the vire-side, and zays—"Varmer, the horses be fed, the sheep be folded, and you have nothing to do but to zit down, smoke your pipe, and be happy!" Very well! (*Becomes affected.*) Then I zays, "Henry, you be poor and friendless; so you must turn out of my house directly." Very well! Then my wife stares at I; reaches her hand towards the vire-place, and throws the poker at my head. Very well! Then Henry gives a kind of aguish shake, and getting up, sighs from the bottom of his heart; then holding up his head like a king, zays, "Varmer, I have too long been a burden to you. Heaven protect you, as you have me. Farewell! I go." Then I zays, "If thee doez, I'll be smashed." (*With great energy.*) Hollo! you Mister Sir Philip! you may come in.

(Enter Sir Philip Blandford.)

Zur, I have argified the topic, and it wouldn't be pretty; zo I can't.

Sir P. Can't!

Ash. Well, zur, there is but another word: I won't.

Sir P. Indeed!

Ash. No, zur, I won't. I'd see myself hanged first, and you too, zur! I would indeed. (*Bowing.*)

Sir. P. You refuse, then, to obey?

Ash. I do, zur; at your zarvice. (*Bowing.*)

Sir P. Then the law must take its course.

Ash. I be sorry for that too. I be, indeed, zur; but if corn wouldn't grow, I couldn't help it: it weren't poisoned by the hand that zowed it. Thic hand, zur, be as free from guilt as your own. Good morning to you. I do hope I have made myself agreeable; and zo I'll go whoam. (*Exeunt.*)

MORTON.

15. INDIGESTION.

Dr. Gregory.—Patient.

SCENE.—Dr. Gregory's study. Enter a plump Glasgow merchant.

Patient. Good morning, Dr. Gregory! I'm just come into Edinburgh about some law business, and I thought when I was here, at any rate, I might just as weel take your advice, sir, about my trouble.

Doctor. Pray, sir, sit down. And now, my good sir, what may your trouble be?

Pa. Indeed, doctor, I'm not very sure; but I'm thinking it's a kind of weakness that makes me dizzy at times, and a kind of pinkling about my stomach;—I'm just na right.

Dr. You are from the west country, I should suppose, sir?

Pa. Yes, sir, from Glasgow.

Dr. Ay; pray, sir, are you a glutton?

Pa. God forbid, sir; I'm one of the plainest men living in all the west country.

Dr. Then, perhaps, you are a drunkard?

Pa. No, Dr. Gregory; thank God, no one can accuse me of that. I'm of the dissenting persuasion, doctor, and an elder; so you may suppose I'm na drunkard.

Dr. I'll suppose no such thing till you tell me your mode of life. I'm so much puzzled with your symptoms, sir, that I should wish to hear in detail what you *do* eat and drink. When do you breakfast, and what do you take at it?

Pa. I breakfast at nine o'clock; tak a cup of coffee, and one or two cups of tea, a couple of eggs, and a bit of ham or

kippered salmon, or, may be, both, if they're good, and two or three rolls and butter.

Dr. Do you eat no honey, or jelly, or jam, at breakfast?

Pa. Oh, yes, sir! but I don't count that as any thing.

Dr. Come, this is a very moderate breakfast. What kind of a dinner do you make?

Pa. Oh, sir, I eat a very plain dinner indeed. Some soup, and some fish, and a little plain roast or boiled; for I dinna care for made dishes: I think, some way, they never satisfy the appetite.

Dr. You take a little pudding, then, and afterwards some cheese?

Pa. Oh, yes! though I don't care much about them.

Dr. You take a glass of ale or porter with your cheese?

Pa. Yes, one or the other; but seldom both.

Dr. You west-country people generally take a glass of Highland whiskey after dinner.

Pa. Yes, we do; it's good for digestion.

Dr. Do you take any wine during dinner?

Pa. Yes, a glass or two of sherry; but I'm indifferent as to wine during dinner. I drink a good deal of beer.

Dr. What quantity of port do you drink?

Pa. Oh, very little; not above half a dozen glasses or so.

Dr. In the west country, it is impossible, I hear, to dine without punch?

Pa. Yes, sir: indeed, 'tis punch we drink chiefly; but for myself, unless I happen to have a friend with me, I never take more than a couple of tumblers or so, and that's moderate.

Dr. Oh, exceedingly moderate indeed! You then, after this slight repast, take some tea and bread and butter?

Pa. Yes, before I go to the counting-house to read the evening letters.

Dr. And on your return you take supper, I suppose?

Pa. No, sir, I canna be said to tak supper; just something before going to bed;—a rizzured haddock, or a bit of toasted cheese, or a half hundred of oysters, or the like o' that, and may be, two-thirds of a bottle of ale; but I tak no *regular* supper.

Dr. But you take a little more punch after that?

Pa. No, sir, punch does not agree with me at bedtime. I tak a tumbler of warm whiskey-toddy at night; it is lighter to sleep on.

Dr. So it must be, no doubt. This, you say, is your every-day life; but, upon great occasions, you perhaps exceed a little?

Pa. No, sir, except when a friend or two dine with me, or I dine out, which, as I am a sober family man, does not often happen.

Dr. Not above twice a week?

Pa. No; not oftener.

Dr. Of course you sleep well and have a good appetite?

Pa. Yes, sir, thank God, I have; indeed, any ill health that I have is about meal-time.

Dr. (*assuming a severe look, knitting his brow, and lowering his eyebrows*). Now, sir, you are a very pretty fellow indeed. You come here and tell me you are a moderate man; but upon examination, I find by your own showing, that you are a most voracious glutton. You said you were a sober man; yet, by your own showing, you are a beer-swiller, a dram-drinker, a wine-bibber, and a guzzler of punch. You tell me you eat indigestible suppers, and swill toddy to force sleep. I see that you chew tobacco. Now, sir, what human stomach can stand this? Go home, sir, and leave your present course of riotous living, and there are hopes that your stomach may recover its tone, and you be in good health, like your neighbors.

Pa. I'm sure, doctor, I'm very much obliged to you (*taking out a bundle of bank notes*). I shall endeavor to—

Dr. Sir, you are not obliged to me:—put up your money, sir. Do you think I'll take a fee for telling you what you know as well as myself? Though you're no physician, sir, you are not altogether a fool. Go home, sir, and reform, or take my word for it, your life is not worth half a year's purchase.

ANONYMOUS.

16. OLLAPOD—SIR CHARLES CROPLAND.

Ollapod. Sir Charles, I have the honor to be your slave. Hope your health is good. Been a hard winter here: sore throats were plenty; so were woodcocks. Flushed four couple one morning, in a half-mile walk from our town, to cure Mrs. Quarles of a quinsy. May coming on soon, Sir Charles. Hope you come to sojourn. Shouldn't be always on the wing; that's being too flighty. Do you take, good sir, do you take?

Sir Charles. Oh, yes, I take. But by the cockade in your hat, Ollapod, you have added lately, it seems, to your avocations.

Olla. My dear Sir Charles, I have now the honor to be cornet in the volunteer association corps of our town. It fell out unexpected—pop on a sudden; like the going-off of a field-piece, or an alderman in an apoplexy.

Sir C. Explain.

Olla. Happening to be at home—rainy day—no going out to sport, blister, shoot, nor bleed—was busy behind the counter. You know my shop, Sir Charles—Galen's head over the door, —new-gilt him last week, by-the-by—looks as fresh as a pill.

Sir C. Well, no more on that head now: proceed.

Olla. On that head! That's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one. Churchwarden Posh, of our town, being ill of an indigestion, from eating three pounds of measly pork, at a vestry dinner, I was making up a cathartic for the patient; when, who should strut into the shop but Lieutenant Grains, the brewer—sleek as a dray-horse—in a smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-colored lapel. I confess his figure struck me. I looked at him as I was thumping the mortar, and felt instantly inoculated with a military ardor.

Sir C. Inoculated! I hope your ardor was of a very favorable sort.

Olla. Ha! ha! That's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one. We first talked of shooting;—he knew my celebrity that way, Sir Charles. I told him the day before I had killed six brace of birds;—I thumped on at the mortar. We then talked of physic. I told him the day before I had killed—lost, I mean—six brace of patients;—I thumped on at the mortar—eycing him all the while; for he looked mighty flashy, to be sure; and I felt an itching to belong to the corps. The medical and military both deal in death, you know: so 'twas natural. Do you take, good sir—do you take?

Sir C. Take? Oh, nobody can miss.

Olla. He then talked of the corps itself; said it was sickly; and if a professional person would administer to the health of the association—dose the men, and drench the horse—he could, perhaps, procure him a cornetcy.

Sir C. Well, you jumped at the offer!

Olla. Jumped! I jumped over the counter—kicked down churchwarden Posh's cathartic into the pocket of Lieutenant Grain's smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-colored lapel; embraced him and his offer; and I am now Cornet Ollapod, apothecary, at the Galen's Head, of the association corps of cavalry, at your service.

Sir C. I wish you joy of your appointment! You may now distil water for the shop from the laurels you gather in the field.

Olla. Water for—oh! laurel-water. Come, that's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one. Why, I fancy fame will follow, when the poison of a small mistake I made has ceased to operate.

Sir C. A mistake?

Olla. Having to attend Lady Kitty Carbuncle on a grand field-day, clapped a pint bottle of her ladyship's diet drink into one of my holsters, intending to proceed to the patient after the exercise was over. I reached the martial ground, and jalaped—galloped, I mean—wheeled and flourished with great éclat; but when the word "Fire!" was given, meaning to pull out my pistol, in a horrible hurry I presented, neck foremost, the villanous diet drink of Lady Kitty Carbuncle; and the medicine being unfortunately fermented by the jolting of my horse, it forced out the cork with a prodigious pop, full in the face of my gallant commander.

Sir C. But, in the midst of so many pursuits, how proceeds practice among the ladies? Any new faces since I left the country?

Olla. Nothing worth an item; nothing new arrived in our town. In the village, to be sure, hard by, Miss Emily Worthington, a most brilliant beauty, has lately given lustre to the estate of farmer Harrowby.

Sir C. My dear doctor, the lady of all others I wish most to know. Introduce yourself to the family, and pave the way for me. Come! mount your horse—I'll explain more as you go to the stable; but I am in a flame—in a fever, till I see you off.

Olla. In a fever! I'll send you physic enough to fill a baggage wagon.

Sir C. (aside). So! a long bill as the price of his politeness!

Olla. You need not bleed; but you must have medicine.

Sir C. If I must have medicine, Ollapod, I fancy I shall bleed pretty freely.

Olla. Come, that's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one. Before dinner, a strong dose of colocintida, senna, scammony, and gamboge—

Sir C. Oh, confound scammony and gamboge!

Olla. At night, a narcotic; next day, saline draughts, camphorated jalap, and—

Sir C. Zounds ! only go, and I'll swallow your whole shop.

Olla. Galen forbid ! 'Tis enough to kill every customer I have in the parish. Then we'll throw in the bark ;—by-the-by, talking of bark, Sir Charles, that Juno of yours is the prettiest pointer—

Sir C. Well, well—she is yours.

Olla. My dear Sir Charles ! such sport next shooting season ! If I had but a double-barrelled gun—

Sir C. Take mine that hangs in the hall.

Olla. My dear Sir Charles ! Here's morning's work ; senna and coloquintida. (*Aside.*)

Sir C. Well, begone, then. (*Pushing him.*)

Olla. I'm off ;—scammony and gamboge !

Sir C. Nay, fly, man !

Olla. I do, Sir Charles. A double-barrelled gun—I fly—the bark—I'm going—Juno—a narcotic !

Sir C. Off with you !

COLMAN.

17. OLD FICKLE—TRISTRAM FICKLE.

Old Fickle. What reputation, what honor, what profit can accrue to you from such conduct as yours ? One moment you tell me you are going to become the greatest musician in the world, and straight you fill my house with fiddlers.

Tristram. I am clear out of that scrape now, sir.

Old F. Then, from a fiddler, you are metamorphosed into a philosopher ; and for the noise of drums, trumpets, and haut-boys, you substitute a vile jargon, more unintelligible than was ever heard at the Tower of Babel.

Tri. You are right, sir. I have found out that philosophy is folly ; so I have cut the philosophers of all sects, from Plato and Aristotle down to the puzzlers of modern date.

Old F. How much had I to pay the cooper the other day for barrelling you up in a large tub, when you resolved to live like Diogenes ?

Tri. You should not have paid him any thing, sir, for the tub would not hold. You see the contents are run out.

Old F. No jesting, sir ; this is no laughing matter. Your follies have tired me out. I verily believe you have taken the whole round of arts and sciences in a month, and have been of fifty different minds in half an hour.

Tri. And, by that, shown the versatility of my genius.

Old F. Don't tell me of versatility, sir. Let me see a little steadiness. You have never yet been constant to any thing but extravagance.

Tri. Yes, sir, one thing more.

Old F. What is that, sir?

Tri. Affection for you. However my head may have wandered, my heart has always been constantly attached to the kindest of parents; and, from this moment, I am resolved to lay my follies aside, and pursue that line of conduct which will be most pleasing to the best of fathers and of friends.

Old F. Well said, my boy—well said! You make me happy indeed. (*Patting him on the shoulder.*) Now, then, my dear Tristram, let me know what you really mean to do.

Tri. To study the law—

Old F. The law!

Tri. I am most resolutely bent on following that profession.

Old F. No!

Tri. Absolutely and irrevocably fixed.

Old F. Better and better. I am overjoyed. Why, 'tis the very thing I wished. Now I am happy! (*Tristram makes gestures, as if speaking.*) See how his mind is engaged!

Tri. Gentlemen of the jury—

Old F. Why, Tristram—

Tri. This is a cause—

Old F. Oh, my dear boy! I forgive you all your tricks. I see something about you now that I can depend on. (*Tristram continues making gestures.*)

Tri. I am for the plaintiff in this cause—

Old F. Bravo! bravo!—excellent boy! I'll go and order your books directly.

Tri. 'Tis done, sir.

Old F. What, already?

Tri. I ordered twelve square feet of books when I first thought of embracing the arduous profession of the law.

Old F. What, do you mean to read by the foot?

Tri. By the foot, sir; that is the only way to become a solid lawyer.

Old F. Twelve square feet of learning! Well—

Tri. I have likewise sent for a barber—

Old F. A barber! What, is he to teach you to shave close?

Tri. He is to shave one-half of my head, sir.

Old F. You will excuse me if I cannot perfectly understand what that has to do with the study of the law.

Tri. Did you never hear of Demosthenes, sir, the Athenian orator? He had half his head shaved, and locked himself up in a coal-cellar.

Old F. Ah! he was perfectly right to lock himself up, after having undergone such an operation as that. He certainly would have made rather an odd figure abroad.

Tri. I think I see him now, awaking the dormant patriotism of his countrymen—lightning in his eye, and thunder in his voice; he pours forth a torrent of eloquence, resistless in its force; the throne of Philip trembles while he speaks; he denounces, and indignation fills the bosom of his hearers; he exposes the impending danger, and every one sees impending ruin; he threatens the tyrant—they grasp their swords; he calls for vengeance—their thirsty weapons glitter in the air, and thousands reverberate the cry. One soul animates a nation, and that soul is the soul of the orator.

Old F. Oh! what a figure he'll make in the King's Bench! But, come, I will tell you now what my plan is, and then you will see how happily this determination of yours will further it. You have (*Tristram makes extravagant gestures, as if speaking*) often heard me speak of my friend Briefwit, the barrister—

Tri. Who is against me in this cause—

Old F. He is a most learned lawyer—

Tri. But as I have justice on my side—

Old F. Zounds! he doesn't hear a word I say! Why, Tristram!

Tri. I beg your pardon, sir; I was prosecuting my studies.

Old F. Now, attend—

Tri. As my learned friend observes— Go on, sir, I am all attention.

Old F. Well, my friend the counsellor—

Tri. Say learned friend, if you please, sir. We gentlemen of the law always—

Old F. Well, well—my learned friend—

Tri. A black patch!

Old F. Will you listen, and be silent?

Tri. I am as mute as a judge.

Old F. My friend, I say, has a ward, who is very handsome, and who has a very handsome fortune. She would make you a charming wife.

Tri. This is an action—

Old F. Now, I have hitherto been afraid to introduce you to my friend, the barrister, because I thought your lightness and his gravity—

Tri. Might be plaintiff and defendant.

Old F. But now you are grown serious and steady, and have resolved to pursue his profession, I will shortly bring you together: you will obtain his good opinion, and all the rest follows of course.

Tri. A verdict in my favor.

Old F. You marry and sit down happy for life.

Tri. In the King's Bench.

Old F. Bravo! Ha, ha, ha! But now run to your study—run to your study, my dear Tristram, and I'll go and call upon the counsellor.

Tri. I remove by *habeas corpus*.

Old F. Pray have the goodness to make haste, then. (*Hurrying him off.*)

Tri. Gentlemen of the jury, this is a cause—(*Exit.*)

Old F. The inimitable boy! I am now the happiest father living. What genius he has! He'll be lord chancellor one day or other, I dare be sworn. I am sure he has talents! Oh, how I long to see him at the bar!

ALLINGHAM.

18. DOCTOR WISEPATE—THADY O'KEEN—ROBERT.

Doctor Wisepate, in a morning-gown and velvet night-cap, discovered at a table at breakfast. A wig-box near him, lying open.

Doctor Wisepate. Plague on her ladyship's ugly cur!—it has broke three bottles of bark that I had prepared myself for Lord Spleen. I wonder Lady Apes troubled me with it. But I understand it threw down her flower-pots and destroyed all her myrtles. I'd send it home this minute, but I'm unwilling to offend its mistress; for, as she has a deal of money, and no relation, she may think proper to remember me in her will. (*Noise within.*) Eh! what noise is that in the hall?

(*Enter Thady O'Keen, dirty and wet, followed by Robert.*)

T. O'Keen. but I must and will, do you see. Very pretty, indeed, keeping people standing in the hall, shivering and shaking with the wet and cold!

Robert. The mischief's in you, I believe; you order me about as if you were my master.

Dr. W. Why, what's all this? who is this unmannerly fellow?

T. O'K. There! your master says you are an unmannerly fellow.

Rob. Sir, it's Lady Ape's servant: he has a letter, and says he won't deliver it into any one's hands but your honor's. Now, I warrant my master will teach you better behavior. (*Exit.*)

T. O'K. Oh, are you sure you are Doctor Wisepate?

Dr. W. Sure! to be sure I am.

T. O'K. Och! plague on my hat, how wet it is! (*Shakes his hat about the room, &c.*)

Dr. W. (*lays his spectacles down and rises from the table.*) Sounds! fellow, don't wet my room in that manner!

T. O'K. Eh! Well—Oh, I beg pardon—there's the letter: and since I must not dry my hat in your room, why, as you particularly desire it, I will go down to the kitchen, and dry it and myself before the fire. (*Goes out.*)

Dr. W. Here, you, sir, come back. I must teach him better manners. (*Re-enter Thady O'Keen.*) Hark you, fellow—whom do you live with?

T. O'K. Whom do I live with? why, with my mistress, to be sure, Lady Apes.

Dr. W. And pray, sir, how long have you lived with her ladyship?

T. O'K. How long? Ever since the first day she hired me.

Dr. W. And has her ladyship taught you no better manners?

T. O'K. Manners? she never taught me any, good or bad.

Dr. W. Then, sir, I will; I'll show you how you should address a gentleman when you enter a room. What's your name?

T. O'K. Name?—why, its Thady O'Keen, my jewel. What in wonder is he going to do with my name! (*Aside.*)

Dr. W. Then, sir, you shall be Dr. Wisepate for a while, and I'll be Thady O'Keen, just to show you how you should enter a room and deliver a letter.

T. O'K. Eh! what? make a swap of ourselves! With all my heart. Here's my wet hat for you.

Dr. W. There, sit down in my chair. (*Going.*)

T. O'K. Stop, stop, honey—by my shoul you can never be Thady O'Keen without you have this little shillelagh in **your** fist.—There.

Dr. W. Very well. Sit you down. (*Takes Thady's hat, &c., and goes out.*)

T. O'K. (solus). Let me see ; I can never be a doctor either, without some sort of a wig. Oh, here is one—and here is my spectacles, faith. On my conscience, I'm the thing ! (*Puts on the wig awkwardly, and the spectacles ; then sits in the doctor's chair. Dr. Wisepate knocks.*) Walk in, honey. (*Helps himself to chocolate and bread and butter.*)

(*Re-enter Dr. Wisepate, bowing.*)

Dr. W. Please your honor—(*Aside.*)—What assurance the fellow has !

T. O'K. Speak out, young man, and don't be bashful. (*Eating, &c.*)

Dr. W. Please your honor, my lady sends her respectful compliments—hopes your honor is well.

T. O'K. Pretty well, pretty well, I thank you.

Dr. W. And has desired me to deliver your honor this letter.

T. O'K. That letter, well, why don't you bring it to me ? Pray, am I to rise from the table ?

Dr. W. So, he's acting my character with a vengeance. But I'll humor him. (*Aside.*) There, your honor. (*Gives the letter, bowing.*)

T. O'K. (Opens the letter and reads.)

"Sir :—Since my dear Flora has given you so much uneasiness—Och, by my shoul, that's no lie—I beg leave to inform you that a gentleman shall call either to-day or to-morrow for her. If it should rain, I request the poor thing may have a—what's this ?—C o a—coat !—coat, no—coach. Yours."—Hem ! well—no answer's required, young man.

Dr. W. His impudence has struck me almost dumb. (*Aside.*) No answer, your honor ?

T. O'K. No, my good fellow—but come here—let me look at you. Oh, you seem very wet. Why it's you, I understand, who brought this troublesome cur a few days ago : you have been often backwards and forwards, but I could never see you till now. Hollo, Robert ! where's my lazy good-for-nothing servant ? Robert ! (*Rings a bell.*)

Dr. W. Eh ! what the deuce does he mean ? (*Aside.*)

(*Enter Robert, who stares at them both.*)

Rob. Eh !—Did—did you call, sir ? (*To Dr. Wisepate.*)

T. O'K. Yes, sirrah ! Take that poor fellow down to the kitchen ; he's come upon a foolish errand this cold wet day ; so, do you see, give him something to eat and drink—as much

as he likes—and bid my steward give him a guinea for his trouble.

Rob. Eh!

T. O'K. Tunder and ouns, fellow! must I put my words into my mouth, and take them out again, for you? Thady (*to the Doctor*), my jewel, just give that blockhead of mine a rap on his sconce with your little bit of a switch, and I'll do as much for you another time.

Dr. W. So, instead of my instructing the fellow, he has absolutely instructed me. (*Aside.*) Well, sir, you have convinced me what Dr. Wisepate should be, and now suppose we are ourselves again.

T. O'K. (rises). With all my heart, sir. Here's your honor's wig and spectacles, and now give me my comfortable hat and switch.

Dr. W. And, Robert, obey the orders that my representative gave you.

Rob. What! carry him down to the kitchen!

T. O'K. No, young man, I shan't trouble you to carry me down; I'll carry myself down, and you shall see what a beautiful hand master O'Keen is at a knife and fork. (*Exit with Robert.*)

Dr. W. (solus). Well, this fellow has some humor; indeed, he has fairly turned the tables upon me. I wish I could get him to give a dose of my prescribing to her ladyship's cats and dogs, for the foolish woman has absolutely bequeathed in her will an annual sum for the care of each, after her death. Oh, dear! dear! how much more to her credit would it be to consider the present exigencies of her country, and add to the number of voluntary contributions!

OULTON.

19. SCENE FROM CATILINE.

The Senate—Lictors—The Consul—Cicero speaking.

Cic. Our long dispute must close. Take one proof more Of this rebellion.—Lucius Catiline Has been commanded to attend the senate. He dares not come. I now demand your votes!— Is he condemned to exile?

*CATILINE comes in hastily, and flings himself on the bench ;
all the senators go over to the other side.*

Cic. (turning to Catiline). Here I repeat the charge, to
 gods and men,
Of treasons manifold ;—that, but this day,
He has received despatches from the rebels ;
That he has leagued with deputies from Gaul
To seize the province ; nay, has levied troops,
And raised his rebel standard :—that but now
A meeting of conspirators was held
Under his roof, with mystic rites, and oaths,
Pledged round the body of a murdered slave.
To these he has no answer.

Cat. (rising calmly). Conscript fathers !
I do not rise to waste the night in words ;
Let that plebeian talk ; 'tis not my trade ;
But here I stand for right—let him show proofs—
For Roman right ; though none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there,
Cling to your master ; judges, Romans—*slaves* !
His charge is false ; I dare him to his proofs.
You have my answer. Let my actions speak !

Cic. (interrupting him). Deeds shall convince you ! Has
 the traitor done ?

Cat. But this I will avow, that I have scorned,
And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrong ;
Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honor on me,—turning out
The Roman from his birthright ; and for what ! (*Looking round
him.*)

To fling your offices to every slave ;
Vipers that creep where man disdains to climb ;
And having wound their loathsome track to the top
Of this huge moldering monument of Rome,
Hang hissing at the nobler man below.

Cic. This is his answer ! Must I bring more proofs ?
Fathers, you know there lives not one of us,
But lives in peril of his midnight sword.
Lists of proscription have been handed round,
In which your general properties are made
Your murderer's hire.

(*A cry is heard without—"More prisoners!" An officer enters with letters for Cicero; who, after glancing at them, sends them round the Senate. Catiline is strongly perturbed.*)

Cic. Fathers of Rome! If man can be convinced
By proof, as clear as daylight, here it is!
Look on these letters! Here's a deep-laid plot
To wreck the provinces: a solemn league,
Made with all form and circumstance. The time
Is desperate,—all the slaves are up;—Rome shakes!
The heavens alone can tell how near our graves
We stand even here!—The name of Catiline
Is foremost in the league. He was their king.
Tried and convicted traitor! go from Rome!

Cat. (haughtily rising). Come, consecrated lictors, from your
thrones: [To the Senate.

Fling down your sceptres:—take the rod and axe,
And make the murder as you make the law.

Cic. (interrupting him). Give up the record of his banishment.
[To an officer.

(*The officer gives it to the Consul.*)

Cat. (indignantly). Banished from Rome! What's banished,
but set free

From daily contact of the things I loathe?
"Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?
Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
Banished—I thank you for it. It breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour—
But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords!
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you; here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face.
Your Consul's merciful.—For this, all thanks.
He dares not touch a hair of Catiline.

(*The Consul reads:*)—"Lucius Sergius Catiline: by the decree of the Senate, you are declared an enemy and alien to the State, and banished from the territory of the Commonwealth."

The Consul. Lictors, drive the traitor from the temple!

Cat. (furious). "Traitor!" I go—but I return. This—trial!

Here I devote your Senate! I've had wrongs
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
This day's the birth of sorrows!—this hour's work
Will breed proscriptions:—look to your hearths, my lords!
For there, henceforth shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus!—all shames and crimes!
Wan treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like Night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave!

The Senators rise in tumult and cry out,

Go, enemy and parricide, from Rome!

Cic. Expel him, lictors! Clear the Senate-house!

[They surround him.]

Cat. (struggling through them). I go, but not to leap the gulf alone.

I go—but when I come, 'twill be the burst
Of ocean in the earthquake—rolling back
In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well!
You build my funeral-pile, but your best blood
Shall quench its flame. Back, slaves! (*To the lictors*)—I will return!

[He rushes out; the scene closes.]

GEORGE CROLY

20. VAN DEN BOSCH AND VAN ARTEVELDE.

Artevelde. This is a mighty matter, Van den Bosch,
And much to be revolved ere it be answered.

Van den Bosch. The people shall elect thee with one voice.
I will insure the White-Hoods, and the rest
Will eagerly accept thy nomination,
So to be rid of some that they like less.
Thy name is honored both of rich and poor,

For all are mindful of the glorious rule
Thy father bore, when Flanders, prosperous then,
From end to end obeyed him as one town.

Art. They may remember it—and, Van den Bosch,
May I not, too, bethink me of the end
To which this people brought my noble father?
They gorged the fruits of his good husbandry,
Till, drunk with long prosperity, and blind
With too much fatness, they tore up the root
From which their common weal had sprung and flourished.

Van den B. Nay, Master Philip, let the past be past.

Art. Here on the doorstead of my father's house,
The blood of his they spilt is seen no more.
But when I was a child I saw it there;
For so long as my widow-mother lived
Water came never near the sanguine stain.
She loved to show it me, and then with awe,—
But hoarding still the purpose of revenge,
I heard the tale—which, like a daily prayer
Repeated, to a rooted feeling grew—
How long he fought, how falsely came like friends
The villains Guisebert Grutt and Simon Bette,—
All the base murder of the one by many!
Even such a brutal multitude as they
Who slew my father—yea, who slew their own
(For like one had he ruled the parricides),
Even such a multitude thou'dst have me govern.

Van den B. Why, what if Jacques Artevelde was killed?
He had his reign, and that for many a year,
And a great glory did he gain thereby.
And as for Guisebert Grutt and Simon Bette,
Their breath is in their nostrils as was his.
If you be as stout-hearted as your father,
And mindful of the villanous trick they played him,
Their hour of reckoning is well-nigh come.
Of that, and of this base false-hearted league
They're making with the earl, these two to us
Shall give account.

Art. They cannot render back
The golden bowl that's broken at the fountain,
Or mend the wheel that's broken at the cistern,
Or twist again the silver cord that's loosed.
Yea, life for life, vile bankrupts as they are,—
Their worthless lives, for his of countless price,—

Is their whole wherewithal to pay their debt.
 Yet retribution is a goodly thing,
 And it were well to wring the payment from them
 Even to the utmost drop of their hearts' blood.

Van den B. Then will I call the people to the square,
 And speak for your election.

Art. Not so fast.

Your vessel, Van den Bosch, hath felt the storm :
 She rolls dismasted in an ugly swell,
 And you would make a jury-mast of me,
 Whereon to spread the tatters of your canvas.
 And what am I ?—Why, I am as the oak
 Which stood apart, far down the vale of life,
 Growing retired beneath a quiet sky.
 Wherefore should this be added to the wreck ?

Van den B. I pray you, speak it in the Burghers' tongue :
 I lack the scholarship to talk in tropes.

Art. The question, to be plain, is briefly this :
 Shall I, who, chary of tranquillity,
 Not busy in this factious city's broils,
 Nor frequent in the market-place, eschewed
 The even battle,—shall I join the rout ?

Van der B. Times are sore changed, I see ; there's none
 Ghent

That answers to the name of Artevelde.
 Thy father did not carp nor question thus
 When Ghent invoked his aid. The days have been—
 When not a citizen drew breath in Ghent
 But freely would have died in Freedom's cause.

Art. The cause, I grant thee, Van den Bosch, is good :
 And were I linked to earth no otherwise
 But that my whole heart centered in myself,
 I could have tossed you this poor life to play with,
 Taking no second thought. But as things are,
 I will revolve the matter warily,
 And send thee word betimes of my conclusion.

Van den B. Betimes it must be, for the White-Hood chiefs
 Meet two hours hence, and ere we separate
 Our course must be determined.

Art. In two hours,
 If I be for you, I will send this ring
 In token I have so resolved. Farewell !

Van den B. Philip Van Artevelde, a greater man
 Than ever Ghent beheld, we'll make of thee,

If thou be bold enough to try this venture.
 God give thee heart to do so. Fare thee well.

[*Exit VAN DEN BOSCH.*]

Art. (after a long pause). Is it vain glory that thus whis-
 pers me,
 That 'tis ignoble to have led my life
 In idle meditations—that the times
 Demand me, that they call my father's name?
 Oh! what a fiery heart was his! such souls
 Whose sudden visitations daze the world,
 Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind
 A voice that in the distance far away
 Wakens the slumbering ages. Oh! my father!
 Thy life is eloquent, and more persuades
 Unto dominion than thy death deters!

HENRY TAYLOR.

21. TELL AND HIS COUNTRYMEN.

Tell, Erni, Verner, Furst.

SCENE—*A Lake and Mountains.*

Tell. Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
 I hold to you the hands ye first beheld,
 To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
 A spirit in your echoes answer me,
 And bid your tenant welcome to his home
 Again!—O, sacred forms, how proud you look!
 How high you lift your heads into the sky!
 How huge you are! how mighty and how free!
 Ye are the things that tower; that shine—whose smile
 Makes glad—whose frown is terrible—whose forms,
 Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
 Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty,
 I'm with you once again! I call to you
 With all my voice!—I hold my hands to you
 To show they still are free. I rush to you.
 As though I could embrace you!

Erni (without). William! William!

Tell. Here, Erni, here!

(Erni enters.)

Erni. You're sure to keep the time
That comes before the hour.

Tell. The hour
Will soon be here. Oh, when will liberty
Be here, my Erni? That's my thought, which still
I find beside. Scaling yonder peak,
I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow
O'er the abyss:—his broad-expanded wings
Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
As if he floated there without their aid,
By the sole act of his unlorded will,
That buoyed him proudly up. Instinctively
I bent my bow; yet kept he rounding still
His airy circle, as in the delight
Of measuring the ample range beneath,
And round about absorbed, he heeded not
The death that threatened him.—I could not shoot!
'Twas liberty!—I turned my bow aside,
And let him soar away!

(Enter Verner and Furst.)

Tell. Here, friends!—Well met!—Do we go on?

Verner. We do.

Tell. Then you can count upon the friends you named?

Verner. On every man of them.

Furst. And I on mine.

Erni. Not one I sounded, but doth count his blood
As water in the cause! Then fix the day
Before we part.

Verner. No, Erni; rather wait
For some new outrage to amaze and rouse
The common mind, which does not brood so much
On wrongs gone by, as it doth quiver with
The sense of present ones.

Tell (to Verner). I wish with Erni,
But think with thee. Yet when I ask myself
On whom the wrongs shall light for which we wait—
Whose vineyard they'll uproot—whose flocks they'll ravage—
Whose threshold they'll profane—whose hearth pollute—
Whose roof they'll fire?—when this I ask myself,
And think upon the blood of pious sons,
The tears of venerable fathers, and

The shrieks of mothers, fluttering round their spoiled
And nestless young—I almost take the part
Of generous indignation, that doth blush
At such expense to wait on sober prudence.

Furst. Yet it is best.

Tell. On that we're all agreed !

Who fears the issue when the day shall come ?

Verner. Not I !

Furst. Nor I !

Erni. Nor I !

Tell. I'm not the man

To mar this harmony. Nor I, no more
Than any of you ! You commit to me
The warning of the rest. Remember, then,
My dagger sent to any one of you,
As time may press, is word enough : the others
I'll see myself. Our course is clear—
When next we meet upon this theme,
All Switzerland shall witness what we do !

J. S. KNOWLES.

22. THE FRENCHMAN'S LESSON IN ENGLISH.

Frenchman. Ha, my friend ! I have met one very strange
word in my lesson. Vat you call h-o-u-g-h, eh ?

Tutor. Huff.

Fr. Tres bien, huff ; and snuff you spell s-n-o-u-g-h, eh ? *ending*

Tu. Oh no, no ! snuff is spelled s-n-u-ff. In fact, words in
ough are a little irregular.

Fr. Ah, very good ! 'tis beautiful language ! H-o-u-g-h is
huff. I will remember ; and of course c-o-u-g-h is cuff ; I have
one very bad cuff, ha ?

Tu. No, that is wrong ; we say kauff, not cuff.

Fr. Kauff, eh ? Huff and Kauff, and, pardonnez moi, how
you call d-o-u-g-h—duff, eh ? is it duff ?

Tu. No, not duff.

Fr. Not duff ! Ah, oui ; I understand, it is dauff, ha ?

Tu. No, d-o-u-g-h spells doe.

Fr. Doe ! It is very fine ! wonderful language ! it is doe ;
and t-o-u-g-h is toe, certainement. My beef-steak is very toe.

Tu. Oh no, no ! you should say tuff.

Fr. Tuff ? Le Satan ! and the thing the farmer uses, how you

call him, p-l-o-u-g-h—pluff, is it? Ha, you smile, I see that I am wrong; it must be plauff. No? Then it is ploee, like doe? It is one beautiful language! ver' fine—ploee!

Tu. You are still wrong, my friend; it is plow.

Fr. Plow! Wonderful language! I shall understand ver' soon. Plow, doe, kauff; and one more, r-o-u-g-h—what you call Gen. Taylor, Rauf and Ready? No? Then Row and Ready?

Tu. No. R-o-u-g-h spells ruff.

Fr. Ruff, ha? Let me not forget. R-o-u-g-h is ruff, and b-o-u-g-h is buff, ha?

Tu. No; bow.

Fr. Ah, 'tis ver' simple! wonderful language!—but I have had vat you call e-n-o-u-g-h—ha? vat you call him?—he! he! ha! ha!

ANONYMOUS.

23. THE POINT OF HONOR.

From "As You Like It."

Speakers.—The Duke (with attendants), Jaques, and Touchstone.

SCENE.—*The Forest.*

Touch. (*entering, to the Duke, &c.*) Salutation and greeting to you all.

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest; he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic, have undone three tailors; I had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir: I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, among the rest, to swear and to forswear, with a poor damsel, sir, an ill-favored one,—a poor humor of mine, sir, to take that no man else will. But rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house,—as your pearl in a foul oyster.

Duke. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause : how did you find the quarrel upon the seventh cause ?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed : as thus, sir, I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard ; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was : this is called the Retort courteous. If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself : this is called the Quip modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment : this is called the Reply churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true : this is called the Reproof valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie : this is called the Countercheck quarrelsome ; and so to the Lie circumstantial and the Lie direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut ?

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie direct ; and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order, now, the degrees of the lie ?

Touch. Oh ! sir, we quarrel in print, by the book ; as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous ; the second, the Quip modest ; the third, the Reply churlish ; the fourth, the Reproof valiant ; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome ; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance ; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lie direct ; and you may avoid that, too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not make up a quarrel ; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*,—as, “ If you said so, then I said so ; ” and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peacemaker : much virtue in an *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord ? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse ; and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE END.

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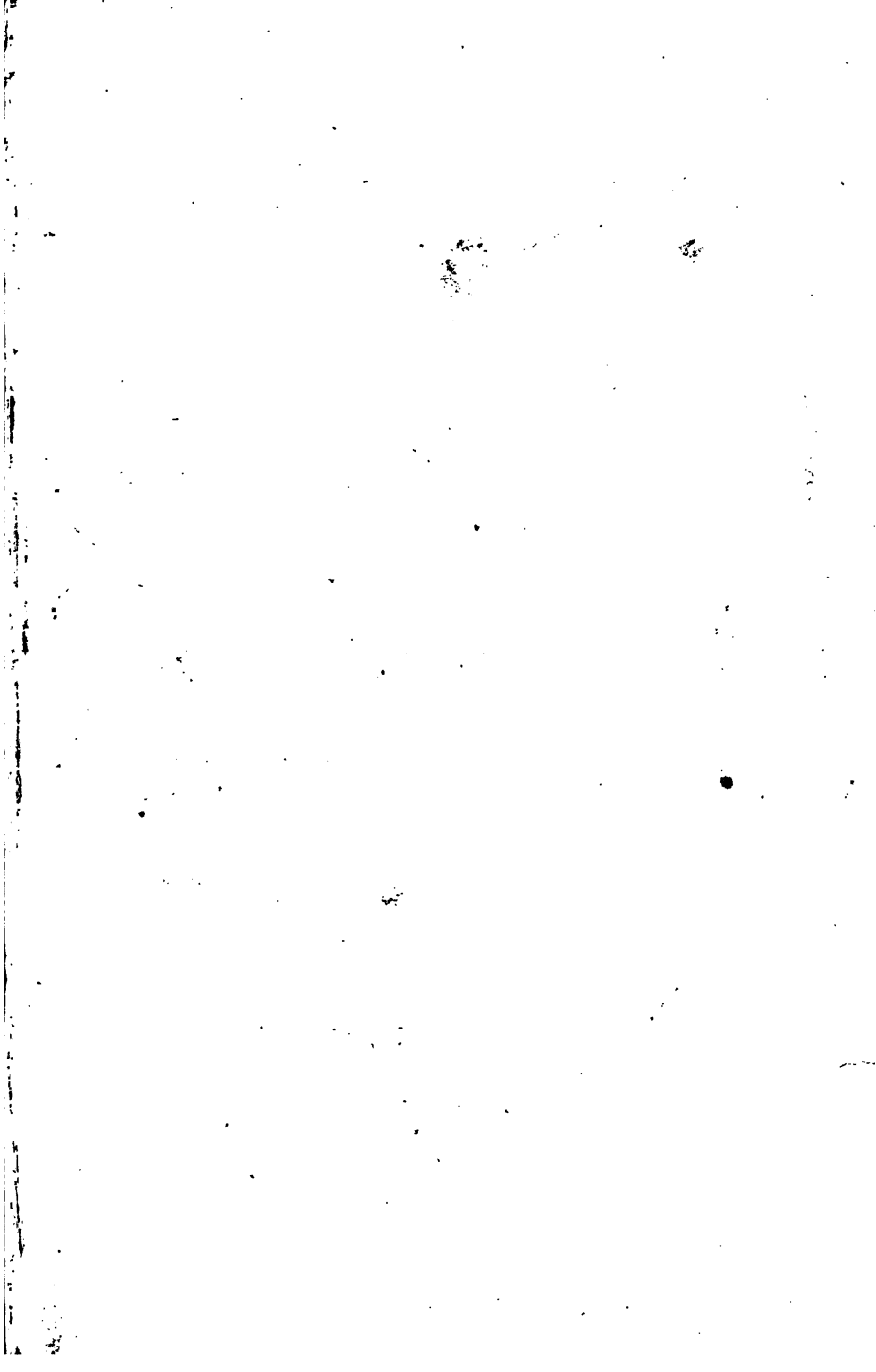
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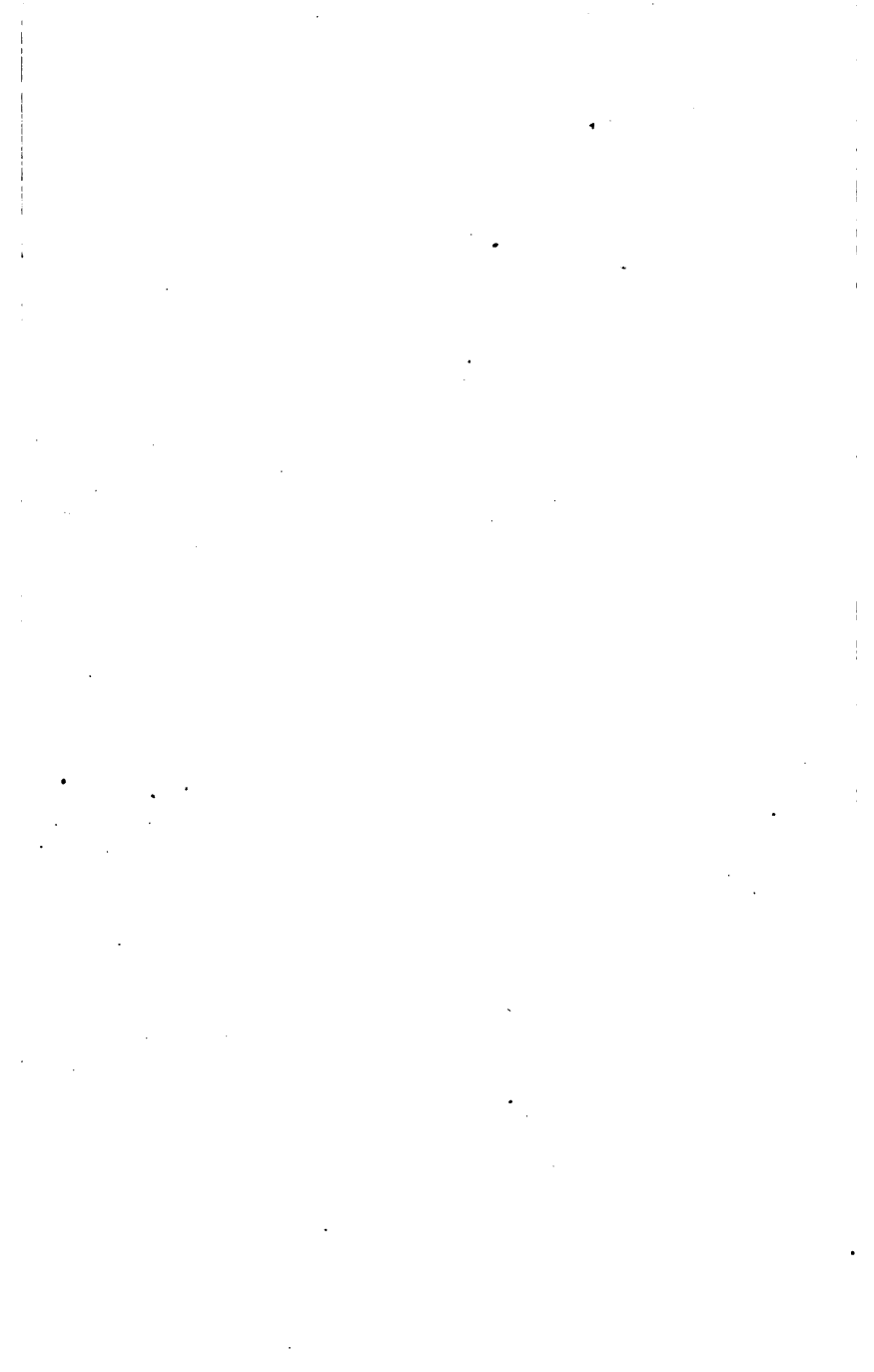
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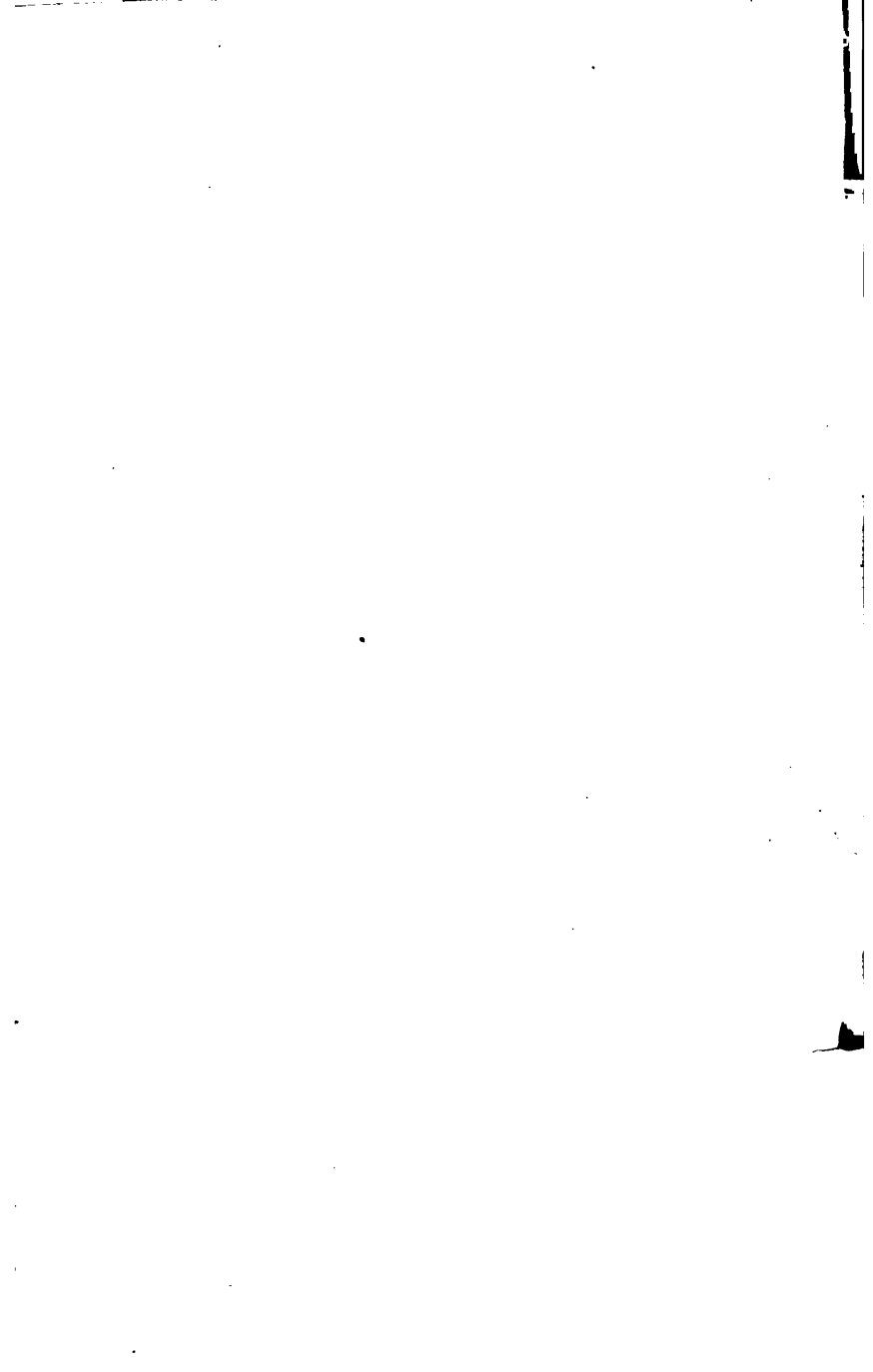
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